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THE

MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY MUSEUM

OF

KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.

No. VII.] FOR JULY, 1794. [Vol. VI.

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WITH TWO HANDSOME ENGRAVINGS.

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MDCCXCIV.

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We tender our thanks to our Harvard friends for their communications, particularly the author of the elegant Oration. Similar favours are requeſted from Yale and Dartmouth Univerſities.

The Memorialiſt is reſpectfully thanked for his offer. We gratefully accept it.

Anti-Neceſſarian.—We meddle not with polemic divinity.

View of Parnaſſus. We recommend to the author the waters of Lethe.

Clariſſa no Prude—the writer no wit.

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JOHN MARSTON, *Stock Broker.*

SUMMER.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

FOR *JULY*, 1794.

FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

DESCRIPTION of the PLATE.

SUMMER.

THE Plate is an emblematical repreſentation of Summer.

The *contemplative* mind ;—the mind, whoſe faculties are engaged in the ſublime employment of tracing the exiſtence of a Deity thro' the mazy fabric of creation, can dwell upon no theme more calculated for its purpoſe, than the regular and harmonious ſucceſſion of the ſeaſons.—The *vernal* charms of recuſcitated nature ;—her vigorous vegetation in *ſummer* ;—her bounteous flow of bleſſings in *autumn*, and her ſublime horrors when ice-crowned *winter* "cloſes the ſcene," are objects, which muſt equally excite the wonder, the praiſe, and the gratitude of man. The gradual ſucceſſion of the ſeaſons, is moſt admirably analogous to the natural gradations which divide and diverſify the variegated checkerment of human life.—Infancy is the ſpring ; youth, the ſummer ; maturity, the autumn ; and old age, the winter, of man's ſublunary exiſtence.

Morality here finds a ſubject, upon which ſhe dwells with melancholy fondneſs. The immutable laws of our nature, demand our willing ſubmiſſion. To die, is the lot of all below. *Mutation* is the deſtiny of *matter*. There is a dreary winter, which ends the year ;—there is a relentleſs death, that heaps the mould of the grave upon "human preſumption."

The ſeaſon of Summer is calculated to inſpire us with the moſt pleaſing and the moſt awful ſenſations.—Hark !—In the diſtant weſt, the muttering thunder proclaims the approach of creation's GOD !—advancing in gloomy majeſty, the ſable cloud lowers under the canopy of the ſky ! winged with energy reſiſtleſs, acroſs the ſable welkin darts the vivid lightning—hoarſe craſhing, peal on peal redoubling ;—the artilleries of heaven ſhake our ſyſtem to its centre ;—in mighty torrents down ruſh the burſting clouds !—all is terror, doubt, ſuſpenſe and confuſion.

How changed the ſcene !—The cloud

cloud has paſſed over. Far in the eaſt, a fire electric flaſhes, and the dying ſounds of exhauſted thunders, remind us of the danger that is paſt. Exulting Phœbus breaks from the clouds which had ſhrouded his ſplendor, and pours upon a rejoicing world the effulgence of day.—From the fields, the meadows, the mountains, and the dales, ariſe fragrant ſcents and wholeſome perfumes. Now, through the glittering foliage of the trees, ſports the zephyr of ſummer, ſcattering from his downy pinions, the odours of ſpring. All nature rejoices. The oriſons of devotion riſe to the throne of God, borne amid the incenſe of gratitude.—The mind, expanded and ennobled by the freſh and repeated inſtances of divine "and preſerving love," acknowledges the power of that Deity, who can deſtroy the univerſe with his omnipotent fiat, and adores that goodneſs, which deigns to protect his creature, *man*, when the elements are mingled in confuſion and in war.

But why do I enlarge on the ſubject?—Let the moralizing, the inſpired Thomſon, explain the annexed plate, and charm with the dignity of reaſon, and the melody of ſong.

"ALL-CONQU'RING Heat, oh intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not ſo fierce! Inceſſant ſtill you flow,
And ſtill another fervent flood ſucceeds,
Pour'd on the head profuſe. In vain I ſigh,
And reſtleſs turn, and look around for Night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
"Welcome, ye ſhades! ye bow'ry thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! Ye venerable oaks!
Ye aſhes wild, reſounding o'er the ſteep!
Delicious is your ſhelter to the ſoul,
As to the hunted hart the ſallying ſpring,
Or ſtream full flowing, that his ſwelling ſides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleaſing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the freſh expanded eye
And ear reſume their watch; the ſinews knit;
And life ſhoots ſwift thro' all the lighten'd limbs.
"Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now ſcarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now ſtarting to a ſudden ſtream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain.
A various group the herds and flocks compoſe,
Rural confuſion! On the graſſy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others ſtand
Half in the flood, and often bending, ſip
The circling ſurface. In the middle droops
The ſtrong laborious ox, of honeſt front,
Which incompos'd he ſhakes; and from his ſides
The troublous inſects laſhes with his tail,
Returning ſtill. Amid his ſubjects ſafe,
Slumbers the monarch ſwain, his careleſs arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moſs ſuſtain'd:
Here laid his ſcrip, with wholeſome viands fill'd;
There, liſt'ning ev'ry noiſe, his watchful dog."

The DRUNKARD: An ANECDODE.

A DEVOTEE to the ſhrine of the *Semelian deity* returning home, late at night, after a high campaign, took his rout through a wood. He had ſcarcely entered it when he ſaw an object, which, as he fancied, had the appearance of a man. As he approached it he was better ſatisfied. Impudence and audacity, the concomitants of inebriation,

inebriation, were by no means quiescent in our bacchanalian. The sense of his own superiority to a fellow worm was such as totally superseded the propriety, much more the expediency, of his going out of the path for the other. He paused, and demanded the road. His words were disregarded. He repeated them under the commination of a blow. Sill the object of his insult stood firm in the middle of the path, and did not deign to answer a word. Get out of the way in a moment, said the bacchanalian, or I will strike you to the ground. Immediately, going a little nearer for that purpose, the man, regardless of his threats, seized him about the waist, and held him locked fast in his arms. The bacchanalian was at length obliged to beg for freedom; but his begging was in vain. He then swore that, if the fellow did not let him go directly, he would stab him. Accordingly, he took a knife from his pocket and plunged it into his vitals! Then, being liberated from the dire gripe of his antagonist, went his way.

Before the close of the next day, reason had assumed her empire, and the rash man was smitten with such remorse of conscience, as extorted a voluntary confession of the horrid crime he had perpetrated in the hour of intoxication! The village was alarmed! A number was forthwith dispatched to take care of the *murdered*, while the humble and self convicted *murderer* was conducted to prison.

The astonishment and joy can be conceived better than described, when, instead of a *murdered man*, *a huge murdered bear* was found sprawled on the spot! Q.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The MAN of GENIUS.

A MAN, endued with great natural and acquired abilities, who constantly pursues the course, which reason, aided by revelation, has marked out, is a blessing of inestimable worth to his friends, his country, and the world. Like some vast river, which pours along its wonted channel with unremitting regularity, he diffuses life and happiness to all around. A man, however, who devotes his superior talents to sordid carnality and vice, is a monster more terrible than hydras, gorgons, and harpies. Like a mighty torrent, which has burst its mound, he spreads terror and devastation far and wide.

MODENA.

ANECDOTE.

MR. * was not remarkable for his punctual attendance on public worship. A friend once asked him why he was so frequently culpable in that respect? His reply we think a little singular. He said that *neighbour such a one, who sat near his pew, snored so intolerably that he could not sleep!*

Q.

Dr.

Dr. JOHNSON's MARRIAGE.

DR. JOHNSON gave the following curious account of his journey to church on the nuptial morn. The church at which we chose the ceremony should be performed lay in a distant parish, and we set out on horse back. *It was a love match on both sides*, but the bride had read the old romances and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, Sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice; and I resolved to begin as I could end. I therefore pushed on briskly till I was fairly out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it; and I contrived that she should soon come up with me. When she did, I observed her to be in tears.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

A SHORT ACCOUNT of the TOWN of CONCORD, illustrative of the annexed PLATE.

THE names of places, and of the various divisions of our globe, gain celebrity, as often from being theatres of great actions and brilliant exploits, as from the extent of their territory, their population or their wealth. The birth of a bard, of a hero, of a philosopher; contingencies the most accidental, and events the most unexpected, have stamped immortality upon the local designations of hamlets and villages, which must, otherwise, have been consigned to perpetual obscurity, and lost in the lapse of ages. The valour of *Leonidas* has transmitted Thermopylæ straits with brilliant honour to an admiring posterity. While we admire the hero, we are led to venerate the ground upon which he reaped his laurels. The diminutive town of UTICA is consecrated to eternal memory, on the same historic page, which records the grandeur of IMPERIAL ROME. The one was mistress of a subjugated world; the other was dignified by the senate of CATO; of that CATO whom Cæsar could not conquer.

Previous to our attempt of a description of the town of Concord, we must acknowledge our being indebted to Mr. William Jones, at present a student at law in that place, for all the particulars of the following account. As we had not room to insert his *topographical description* of *Concord*, which was presented by him to the *Historical Society*, entire, we have taken liberty to avail ourselves of his ingenious performance for the acquisition of *facts* conducive to the completion of our design, and in some places have used his style and expressions, verbatim.

CONCORD, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, is situated in the County of Middlesex, and is about 19 miles from the metropolis of the State. Its soil, consisting of rocky, sandy, and moist land, is happily calculated for the various kinds of agricultural improvement. Grain, hay, rye, and Indian corn, are raised in such abundance, as is sufficient, not only for the inhabitants,

A View of CONCORD, taken in 1776.

ants, but a valuable part of their produce is sent to market.

There are no hills of any consequence, except one, at the northwest part of the town. A fine river, and three ponds, adorn and fertilize that pleasant village. These ponds and the river, afford plenty of fish, supplying the inhabitants, especially the poorer class of them, with many a wholesome and delicious repast.

The public edifices in Concord, are the meeting house, the court house, and the prison. The first is pleasantly situated on the east side of the mill pond, and is an elegant building, worthy of the design for which it was erected, and of the excellent clergyman, who in it dispenses the word of God. A new court house is now erecting upon an eminence, which will form a convenient and elegant temple for the administration of justice. A desire to ornament their town, and to add to the welfare of the State, distinguishes the enterprizing inhabitants of this place. Happy in the possession of a fertile glebe, and of the means to increase their property by industry, their patriotic wishes are with facility carried into effect and execution. The county of Middlesex, demands our applause for the expense which it has been at, in erecting the prison in Concord, and which is the best in the Commonwealth. The style of architecture in which it is built is the *Tuscan*. The apartments of it are numerous, neat, and convenient. A fine stream of water runs under it, by which it is cleansed; conducing much to the health and comfort of its hapless tenants. The philanthropic Howard would have viewed this unwished for and unwelcome *retreat* of the unfortunate and the vicious; this mansion, erected by sad *necessity*, and peopled by justice, with a mixture of joy and approbation. The lot of misery is here alleviated as much as the nature of the case can possibly admit; and the chains of the criminal, are deprived of half their irksomeness by the mild influence of pitying humanity.

The roads, from the upper part of Middlesex to Boston, lead thro' Concord, and are kept in good repair. At a small distance from the centre of the town, a very handsome bridge has been lately completed, at the expense of a few spirited and patriotic individuals, for the service of the public. Not many roods below this bridge, stands the famous NORTH BRIDGE, where the Americans first engaged the British troops, several of whom lie buried upon the banks of the river. It was at this place that British insolence received a most vigorous chastisement from a small party of the Massachusetts yeomanry. This event shall adorn one of the most interesting pages of our country's history, as it has given birth to a brilliant era in the annals of time.

Most of the inhabitants of Concord are *farmers;* however, near its centre, there are a number of professional men and traders, who transact business to considerable advantage. There is a library, consisting of well chosen books in the various branches of literature, belonging to a company, and purchased by subscription. The town, upon the whole, is in a prosperous situation; the people are industrious, enterprising, patriotic, and hospitable.

CONCORD was incorporated September 3, 1635, and was the first settlement at so great a distance from the sea shore in New-England. The inhabitants never had any contests with the Indians. This quietness of the *aborigines* is imputed "to the full satisfaction they receiv-

ed

ed at the time of purchaſe. The General Court has frequently ſet in this town, and enacted laws conducive to the ſafety and to the happineſs of our Commonwealth. The *Provincial Congreſs* was held at Concord in 1774. Of late years three fifths of the courts of juſtice in the county have met in this flouriſhing place, alternately dividing the county buſineſs between Concord and Cambridge.

We know not how to conclude this account better, than by extracting from the aforementioned performance of Mr. Jones, the following intereſting ſentences.

" A large quantity of proviſions and military ſtores being depoſited here, induced General Gage, who commanded the Britiſh troops at Boſton, on the memorable 19th of April, 1775, to ſend a detachment to deſtroy them. Who, after they had thrown a conſiderable quantity of flour and ammunition into the mill pond, knocked of the trunnions and burnt the carriages of ſeveral field pieces, and committed other outrages, were oppoſed at the North Bridge by the militia of this and the neighbouring towns; and after a ſhort engagement, in which ſeveral on both ſides were ſlain, they were forced to retreat with great precipitation.

" While the troops were in town, they fired the court houſe, in the garret of which there was a great quantity of powder. This fire, by the interceſſion of one Mrs. Moulton, a woman of above eighty years of age, the troops extinguiſhed; otherwiſe, the houſes adjoining, would have been deſtroyed by the exploſion of the powder. Indeed, in every part of the conduct of the inhabitants, there appeared to be a ſurpriſing preſence of mind, which protected them from the inſults of the ſoldiery, and, in a great meaſure, defeated the deſign of the expedition. A tavern keeper, whoſe houſe they came to plunder, declared in a ſpirited manner, that they ſhould not take the leaſt article without paying for it. A gentleman who is now in town, and had at that time the ſuperintendence of a conſiderable quantity of the public ſtores, preſerved the ſame by an innocent evaſion, which few in his ſituation would have dared to attempt. When the troops came to his door, he appeared to be very complaiſant, invited them in, told them he was glad to ſee them, aſked them to ſit and eat ſome bread and cheeſe and drink ſome cider, which they did. After this, they went out of doors, and were about to break open his corn houſe. He called them to ſtop, and not to trouble themſelves to ſplit the door; if they would wait a minute, he would fetch the keys and open it himſelf, which he did. There being a large quantity of flour in the corn houſe, belonging to the public, he ſays, " Gentlemen, I am a miller, I improve thoſe mills yonder, by which I get my living, and every gill of this flour," at the ſame time putting his hand upon a bag of flour, that was *really* his own, " I raiſed and manufactured on my own farm, and it is all my own; this is my ſtore houſe; I keep my flour here, until ſuch time as I can make a market for it." Upon this, the commanding officer ſays, " Well, I believe you are a pretty honeſt old chap; you don't look as if you could do any body much hurt, and we won't meddle with you." Then he ordered his men to march. By this, and ſeveral other ſuch inſtances of policy and reſolution, but few of the public ſtores were deſtroyed."

The

The SPECULATOR. No. IV.

There would he dream of graves, and corſes pale;
And ghoſts, that to the charnel dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till ſilenc'd by the owl's terrific ſong,
Or blaſt that ſhrieks by fits the ſhuddering iſles along.

BEATTIE.

OF the various kinds of ſuperſtition which have in any age influenced the human mind, none appear to have operated with ſo much effect as what has been termed the Gothic. Even in the preſent poliſhed period of ſociety, there are thouſands who are yet alive to all the horrors of witchcraft, to all the ſolemn and terrible graces of the appalling ſpectre. The moſt enlightened mind, the mind free from all taint of ſuperſtition involuntarily acknowledges the power of Gothic agency; and the late favourable reception which two or three publications in this ſtyle have met with, is a convincing proof of the aſſertion. The enchanted foreſt of Taſſo, the ſpectre of Camoens, and the apparitions of Shakſpeare, are to this day highly pleaſing, ſtriking, and ſublime features in theſe delightful compoſitions.

And although this kind of ſuperſtition be able to arreſt every faculty of the human mind, and to ſhake as it were, all nature with horror, yet does it alſo delight in the moſt ſportive and elegant imagery. The traditionary tales of elves and fairies ſtill convey to a warm imagination an inexhauſted ſource of invention, ſupplying all thoſe wild, romantic, and varied ideas with which a wayward fancy loves to ſport. The Provencal bards, and the neglected Chaucer and Spencer, are the originals from whence this exquiſite mythology has been drawn, improved, and applied with ſo much inventive elegance by Shakſpeare. The flower and the leaf of Chaucer is replete with the moſt luxuriant deſcription of theſe præternatural beings.

Next to the Gothic in point of ſublimity and imagination comes the Celtic, which, if the ſuperſtition of the Lowlands be eſteemed a part of it, may, with equal propriety be divided into the terrible and the ſportive; the former, as diſplayed in the poems of Oſſian; the latter, in the ſongs and ballads of the Low Country. Oſſian has opened a new field for invention, he has coloured a ſet of beings unknown to Gothic fiction; his ghoſts are not the ghoſts of Shakſpeare, yet are they equally ſolemn and ſtriking. The abrupt and rapid fervor of imagination, the vived touches of enthuſiaſm, mark his compoſition, and his ſpectres ruſh upon the eye with all the ſtupendous vigour of wild and momentary creation. So deep and uniform a melancholy pervades the poetry of this author, that, whether from natural diſpoſition, or the preſſure of misfortune, from the face of the country which he inhabited, or the inſulated ſtate of ſociety, he ſeems ever to have avoided imagery of a light and airy kind; otherwiſe, from the originality of his genius, much in this way might have been expected. As to the ſuperſtition of the Lowlands, it differs ſo little from the lighter Gothic, that I know not whether I am warranted in drawing any diſtinction

tinction between them. It is not, however, peculiar to this district of Scotland, the Highlanders in many parts, especially in their beautiful little vales, being still enthusiastic in their belief of it.

These are then the two species of superstition which seem most capable of invigorating the powers of imagination; how feeble, cold, and insipid are the mythological fables of the classic bard, compared to the bold and daring fictions of the Gothic Muse.

It has been, however, too much the fashion among critical writers, to condemn the introduction of this kind of imagery, as puerile and absurd; but, whilst it is thus formed to influence mankind, to surprize, elevate, and delight, with a willing admiration, every faculty of the human mind, how shall criticism with impunity dare to expunge it? Genius has ever had a predilection for it, and it has ever been the favourite superstition of the poets. I may venture, I think, to predict, that if at any time this species of fabling be totally laid aside, our national poetry will degenerate into mere morality, criticism, and satire; and that the sublime, the terrible, and the fanciful in poetry, will no longer exist. The recent publication of Mr. Hole's Arthur, or the Northern Enchantment, will again call the attention of the public to these fertile sources of invention; for it is

In scenes like these, which daring to depart
From sober truth, are still to nature true,
And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view,
Th' heroic muse employ'd her Tasso's art!
How have I sat, when pip'd the pensive wind,
To hear his harp, by British Fairfax strung,
Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
Believ'd the magic wonders which he sung;
Hence at each sound imagination glows;
Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows;
Melting, it flows, pure, num'rous, strong and clear,
And fills th' impassion'd heart, and wins th' harmonious ear.

COLLINS.

The poet from whose works the above quotation has been taken, possessed all that fervor of enthusiasm, all that warmth of imagination characteristic of true genius; and although ignorance and bad taste have not unfrequently classed him with a Tickell and a Hammond, yet with the discerning few will he ever hold an exalted rank in the regions of pathos and invention.

By fairy hands his knell is rung;
By forms unseen his dirge is sung:
Oft "Fancy" comes "at twilight" gray,
To bless the turf that wraps his clay;
And "Pity" shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping "Votress" there.

But to return to our subject.—Although so great a disparity evidently obtains between the two species of Gothic superstition, the terrible and the sportive; yet no author, that I am acquainted with, has availed himself of this circumstance, and thrown them into immediate contrast. In a fragment lately published by Mrs. Barbauld, under the title of Sir Bertrand, the transition is immediately from the deep Gothic to the Arabic or Saracenic superstition; which, although calculated to surprize, would have given more pleasure, and would have rendered the preceding scenes of horror more striking, had it been of a light and contrasted

traſted kind. Struck, therefore, with the propriety of the attempt, and the exquiſite beauty that would probably reſult from ſuch an oppoſition of imagery, I have determined to devote a few Papers to this deſign, and to give exemplifications in an Ode and Tale; and, as I have often abſerved this kind of ſuperſtition to take great hold of the reader's curioſity, I doubt not they will meet with a favourable reception.

N.

ALEXIS: Or, The *COTTAGE* in the *WOODS*.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

(Continued from the 368th page.)

PART SECOND.

ALEXIS paſſes a twelvemonth in the Cottage.—He is forced to leave it.

CHAPTER I.

A NIGHT SCENE IN THE COTTAGE.

THE narrative of our hero's misfortune operated, in a ſingular manner, upon Candor, Germain, and Clara. Candor, above all, could not be tired on looking at him for the whole time the ſupper laſted. He had placed Alexis next to him, and from time to time would exclaim, "What, my ſon!—So young, and ſuch a knowledge of mankind!—How, you know them well!—Your philoſophy, your courage, all in thee intereſt me to a point!—O my Alexis, I depend upon your ſteadineſs with the moſt conſolatory expectations.—I will diſcloſe them ſome day, you ſhall help me. But ſtay, I will try you ſtill for a twelvemonth. Be my ſon, you have no father; let me ſupply his place! Alexis, promiſe me as much ſubmiſſion and docility, as you would have for a father!"—"Yes, father, I promiſe every thing."—"Upon your honour?"—"Heaven be my witneſs."—"Give me thy hand, and remember one day, the ſacred engagement you have entered into with Candor."—"Your favours will never make me forget it."—"I was happy and powerful in the world, my cloſeſt boſom friends have thrown me into the abyſs of ills; Germain, alone, ſtood by me: Germain, my good and honeſt friend, love him as I do! what a treaſure is a truſty, faithful ſervant! Behold Clara; my only daughter, my every thing—be her tutor! teach her all the ſciences, all the accompliſhments you are maſter of: May ſhe profit by your leſſons, and above all, may ſhe take your ſage advice, that prudence, that miſtruſt in mankind, qualities ſo requiſite for a being deſtined to live, ſome day, in the boſom of ſociety. For I am old and hoary my good children, I cannot always be with you, and when I am once gone, perhaps you may have the moſt ardent deſire of living in towns, of launching into the whirlpool."—"Ah! never, never, anſwered Alexis and Clara in conjunction with each other."

Alexis was tranſported with joy: Clara ſqueezed his hand, embraced her father and Germain, and enraptured with the happy proſpect that glowed in her beauteous eyes, ſhe could not conceal her ſatisfaction.

They ſoon roſe from their frugal repaſt, and Candor would have Alexis to take an exact view of the

hermitage.

hermitage, and in which the old man thought he would remain for life.

Clara laid hold immediately of the youth's arm, Candor supported himself upon Germain's shoulder, and all four went to visit the several parts of this retreat. Let us follow their traces, and get acquainted with an abode where we shall, for some time dwell with them.

They first entered a yard, ninety feet in square, its centre is occupied by the cottage. The lateral extent of the edifice is thirty, and the height fifty feet.

They ascend four steps, enter a small vestibule; where Alexis perceives at the bottom of the stairs, two doors, the one on the right and the other on the left. The first conducts to the kitchen, and the second to a hall fifteen feet high, furnished with a chimney, a table, chairs, and a considerable library.

He leaves the hall, and goes up some winding stairs to the first floor; on this side is Candor's bed chamber. A bed, a large chest of drawers, two portraits, half a dozen of fowling pieces, and some chairs are the only furniture he sees in it.

Clara's chamber is not better decorated, excepting a fine harpsicord which takes up the greatest part of the room.

In the second story he enters two little rooms, without a chimney, but very snug and decent.

Above them is a large garret, which supplies the place of a hay-loft, and granary.

Every ceiling is vaulted, and built of stone: Every window of the apartments is grated with iron bars, and does not exceed six feet in height. Below stairs is a door leading to a cellar, to which nobody but Candor and Germain, had access. This cave or cellar, contains neither wine nor liquors, (our hermits had long since left off to make use of them) there is nothing pent in it but—This is a mystery we shall certainly discover hereafter, but now, it must remain concealed. Let us therefore follow our hero to the garden.

It is an inclosure of about one acre and a half, the third part planted with peas, beans, potatoes, oats, &c. &c. and the remainder a meadow yielding hay for the horse. There were also several fruit trees, and at the garden's end, a very lofty poplar, which appeared to have been left since the ground was first cleared to build the cottage and its premises. At the foot of the poplar, a limpid rivulet springing from a remote part of the woods, streams over a layer of pebbles, and eases itself in a frightful precipice, at the distance of two leagues from the cottage.

This rivulet, crossing the little garden, is hemmed in its career by a dike of shell work, which it surmounts, and forms a cascade, whose waters fall into a bason near the meadow, hewn, as it were, by the hand of nature, in the heart of a rock.

A little bridge leading to a grove, the work of Candor, invites the philosopher to taste the sweets of the evening, and rest from the toils of day: The whole of this rural and tranquil residence breathes calm thought and solitude.

Alexis, surveying with admiration those wonders of art and nature, lifted up his hand to heaven, to return thanks to the sublime Author, for having brought him to this delightful abode, where he can at least enjoy repose in the arms of the only beings, in whose hearts he had found generosity, sympathy, and virtue.

Clara,

Clara, who was leading him before her father, eager to ſhew him all the beauties of her garden, did not fail to expatiate upon its charms. "Do you ſee," ſaid ſhe, "yonder, that field? I alone have cultivated it; but now, as you are my partner, my labour will be changed into mere pleaſure: It is in this rivulet we will quench our thirſt; you will offer me this limped water, and I will receive it at your hands: Here you will ſmile; there, we ſhall ſeek ſhelter from the heat of the day: I will preſs one of thoſe fruits upon your burning lips, and its nectar will refreſh your blood. Oh! how often ſhall we at the decline of day, go to take reſt in this grove. It is there, unknown to all the world, far from the buſtling and noiſe of cities, we ſhall bleſs and endear our being. The ſun goes down, the moon plays, here and there, her ſilver beams through the foliage of the thicket. The boſom of the earth opens and exhales a thouſand perfumes. We ſit by one another; the gentle purling of this rivulet, which glides beneath our feet, throws us into the ſweets of thought; you preſs my hand to your heart, it beats, we give up all thinking; yet we gaze, and enjoy! O Alexis, Alexis, believe thy Clara, it is here thou wilt find happineſs."

In vain Alexis endeavoured to reply, his feelings would not ſuffer him to expreſs his thoughts; he contented himſelf with ſqueezing Clara's hand, and beholding her with that expreſſion of ſentiment which is more obvious to the pencil than to the eloquence. "Oh, yes" ſaid he, with a low voice, "yes, I am already as happy as mortal can be."

Candor and Germain who came ſoon after, found the young couple in that extacy of delight. Germain ſhook his head, Candor ſmiled, and his children were put to the bluſh.

By this time the night began to lower upon nature. The birds, perched in the wood, waited ſilently the retreat of the ſun, to ſuſpend their warbling, and to reſt upon the hoſpitable branch. The nightingale alone enchanted the woods with her ſweet melodies, and the mopeing owls, in deference to her, forebore their funeral howlings. All invited our anchorets to return to the cottage, to enjoy a repoſe, claimed by the emotions which they felt that day, and the fatigue the preceding night.

They had no convenience to ſubſtitute artificial light to that of day; the ſun ſhut their eyes, and Aurora reopened them. Thus they retired to their reſpective apartments, not to meet till day-break.

Alexis having received the tender embrace of the three hoſts went up ſtairs to his room ſituated on the ſecond floor; he was determined to reject the parots of ſleep, to reflect freely upon his preſent ſituation, and upon what conduct he ſhould obſerve towards his new friends, ſo as to convince them of his gratitude and tenderneſs.

He had already forgot his miſanthrophy and miſtruſt, when a very particular event revived them, bolted in his mind, and perplexed his ſenſes.

He had hardly commenced his meditations, than he heard a noiſe at the door: He liſtens, hears the rattling of keys, one is put into the lock of his door, he aſks who is there? no anſwer, in a moment the door is locked, and the goaler diſappears! What means this unexpected precaution? why will they ſhut him up? what do they want of him? O heaven! ſhould it be treachery?

ery? the houſe where he was received with open arms, ſhould it be a den of ruffians? what, Candor, Germain, Clara, Clara! it is impoſſible. Perfidiouſneſs cannot conceal itſelf ſo well under the veil of virtue: A look, a geſture, the leaſt motions detect it. They are not traitors, but why is he locked up? They have not appriſed him of this detention; nor even did his goaler give him an anſwer. Ah! they ſurely will undo him; he has been too confident, to indiſcreet: He ſhould not have expoſed himſelf: In a word, people that inhabit a fortified retreat, in a foreſt, notorious for its robbers and banditti. All becomes ſuſpicion to him; he recollects the converſation of the day, an expreſſion of Candor's chills him with terror: *O my Alexis! I depend upon your ſteadineſs with the moſt conſolatory expectation. I will diſcloſe them ſome day; you ſhall help me.* Great God! will they conſtrain a virtuous and well principled youth to become a robber! after all, what do they mean by this? ſhould not the cellar, which they would not let him ſee, conceal the murdered victims and their ſpoil? Surely this diſcourſe, and myſterious cellar conceal crimes. Alexis doubts no longer; his head becomes light, his imagination works, ghaſtly ſpectres appear to him, horrid phantoms, from all ſides croſs his chamber, his hair ſtands at an end, his tongue becomes heavy, he remains motionleſs, and reſolves upon ſome violent meaſure.

The window of his room was on the garden ſide, he runs to it, he will elope from the fatal houſe where the moſt dreadful omens trouble his reaſon. But an unforeſeen obſtacle is in his way, and ſanctions his ſuſpicions by certainty. Large iron bars oppoſe his deſign: It is all over, he is impriſoned, betrayed, undone.

As the timid bird who falls into the net, and is afterwards put in a cage, beats the hoſtile wire with its wings, and paſſing his bill acroſs, pants for the tree, which he perceives, and on which he was perched a little before; thus our hero applies his mouth to the fatal bars, beholding acroſs the garden, and the vaſt extent of the foreſt, whoſe gloomy abode appears to him preferable to the odious priſon, where he preſumes he will be obliged to remain all his life time.

In ſpite of all this, his ſenſible ſoul was ſtill to undergo another ſhock. Will he have ſtrength ſufficient to bear the frightful ſpectacle that will preſent itſelf to his ſight? At firſt he hears ſomebody ſhut the door of the cellar, that object of his terror, with a terrible noiſe, ſoon after Candor and Germain come forth, carrying each a lighted flambeaux in their hand. A kind of a coffin covered with a pall is ſeen on their ſhoulders: They ſilently croſs the garden, and advance to the foot of the poplar tree, near the borders of the limpid rivulet: Here they take off their burden, and the diſtance alone hinders Alexis from hearing or ſeeing what they do.

Meanwhile Candor appears to open the coffin: He lays down upon it, he riſes again, a fire is kindled, the flame blazes, riſes, and on a ſudden becomes extinct; the tree is glanced, the leaves tremble, and the birds ſitting on its branches flee with diſmal ſhrieks: the flambeaux are diſtinguiſhed, all vaniſhes.

Is it an illuſion? is it a phantom? the moon rendered obſcure by the pale light of the torches ſpread alone her myſtic beams; the birds return to their wonted tree, Candor and Germain appear again, they

they croſs the garden, return to ſet by the coffin in the ſecret cave, the door is ſhut, the rattling of keys, and the hollow ſound of bolts are heard again.

Let now the reader place himſelf in the ſituation of my Alexis. He knows his fearful, ſuſpicious, and miſtruſting temper! Let him have an idea of his embarraſſment, his apprehenſions, his ſhuddering! How agitated his mind! That coffin, that flame! what can have been that ceremony he could not diſtinguiſh: It is perhaps the body of ſome ſtrayed traveller, which they burnt, after having ſtript it. He doubts no more: To-morrow the ſame fate awaits him: But where are his riches? why ſhould they kill him? his ſpoil is not brilliant enough: No matter, he has all to fear. Perhaps Candor, deceived by the world, has ſworn to ſacrifice all ſuch as will fall in his hands, to gratify his vengeance. Alexis is perhaps to augment the number of his victims: All confirm him in that idea. Alas! what has he done, that fate ſhould have brought him to this deteſtable den? He regrets not life, it is a burden to him! but to fall by ſo baſe a treachery, after having truſted to the good faith and humanity of his butchers. This, this alone, cauſes his deſpair, and makes him wiſh for the approach of day, in order to take a reſolution: He will not ſuffer himſelf to be ſlaughtered thus patiently; he will ſell his life as dear as he can. Tremble, aſſaſſins, you ſhall not give him the mortal blow without having ſtood moſt vigorous in his own defence againſt Candor, Germain, and—Clara! what, is Clara guilty too?

(To be continued.)

The STORY of SARAH PHILLIPS.

A NOVEL.

[By M. de SAINT LAMBERT.]

(Concluded from page 352.)

WHEN my uncle had taken his leave, I retired to a thick wood, where I walked about a conſiderable time in great agitation, ſometimes ſuddenly ſtopping when I found it difficult to invent means to remove certain obſtacles, or obviate certain objections. I at length ſat down, or rather fell, upon the graſs, where I remained, in a profound reverie, till the arrival of Mr. Phillips, who had been looking for me. I never before experienced ſo great a pleaſure at the ſight of him, nor ever felt ſo forcibly that I could not bear to part from him. I communicated to him my uncle's deſigns, and my ſincere regret to diſpleaſe my family, by refuſing to accept ſuch reaſonable propoſals.

I certainly dwelt too long on the ſubject, for I ſhall forever reproach myſelf with the cruel pain to which I put my beloved Phillips. I ſaw him turn pale, his whole frame was ſeized with a trembling, he looked wild, and could ſcarcely articulate a ſyllable. It muſt be ſo—ſaid he—Yes it muſt be ſo—he is a worthy young man—Your relations—Your rank—It muſt—It muſt be ſo.

I ſaw he was ready to burſt into tears, as he looked ſteadfaſtly upon me; at length he dropped on his knees before me.

I could

I could now conceal my emotions no longer, I rushed forward to support the object of my affections; I threw my arms around him, crying out, my dear husband! At this tender and vehement exclamation he returned no answer, but raising himself, by little and little, with his eyes bathed in tears, looked at me with inexpressible tenderness while I continued still to repeat the words, My husband! my husband! As soon as he was able to speak, he attempted to persuade me from my resolution; but I stopped him, and intreated him, in the name of our mutual love, at least, to hear me. He seated himself near me; his heart was all love, but a thousand contending ideas and principles still marked his countenance with a thousand fears.—This moment, on which depended the happiness of my life, is still so present to my imagination that I have not forgotten the slightest circumstance of what passed.

I am well aware, said I, of all you can say, and am prepared to answer. My passion is not blind and unreasonable. I know you well; I am persuaded you are the man for whom nature designed me. It is on the amiable qualities I discover in you that the happiness of marriage depends; the necessity of an equality of rank is only prescribed by human conventions. You and I are well convinced that the truly wise respect these conventions since they maintain order in society. The rank in which we are born ought not to be disgraced by any alliance which the prejudices, it may be, of the rest of the world would condemn. This is a fault which cannot fail to be punished with contempt; a contempt which though unjust, I should be unable to bear. But ought the law of nature to yield to the interests of society? Perhaps it ought. Yet we have it in our power to obey the impulse of our hearts, and at the same time show respect to the prejudices of the world. The death of my parents has put me in possession of two thousand pounds per annum, and three thousand in ready money; I will resign my estate, only preserving the latter sum, to live with you.

Here Mr. Phillips attempted to interrupt me. He proposed we should live single. No said I, that would be to offend against the law of nature which requires us to increase and multiply. But why should we not marry? To preserve my possessions? They cannot make me rich in my present rank; but, if I descend to your situation in life, even the fortune I mean to retain will be sufficient. If I marry my cousin, we shall be but moderately rich for our condition; but I can render you very opulent for a farmer. I will presently set out for London and have a report spread that I am dead. The law will dispose of my estate to the family of my cousin, and we will return to Scotland, with what I have reserved for myself, and obtain your father's permission to marry.

Mr. Phillips kneeled at my feet, conjured me to defer the execution of such a plan, and carefully to examine whether I should not regret what I was about to throw away.

No, replied I, I have maturely weighed every consequence. What can I regret? What pleasure can riches give which nature will not supply in the way of life I have chosen? Will not the real landscape delight as much as the imitation of it by the painter's art? or can silk and diamonds be necessary to happiness? We shall enjoy every convenience which nature can require,

quire, and superfluity is only necessary for idleness.

As to the loss of present connexions, how can I regret them when I shall become the daughter of your father, and the mother of your children?

Mr. Phillips loved and esteemed me too much to doubt, any longer, that I should be happy in this new condition of life, which I was so desirous to embrace. I shall not attempt to describe either his joy and gratitude, or my own delight, when I had prevailed on him to accept my offer. Never did any one feel such pleasure in the sudden acquisition of a great fortune, as I did in renouncing mine.

After having taken the necessary measures, we sat out for London, where I caused a report to be circulated that I was dead. It will not be necessary to relate all the artifices employed to render it probable and gain it credit.

At length we returned to Scotland. It is now seven years since I first entered this beloved retirement, and embraced, for the first time, that excellent old man whom you see sitting on that stone, enjoying the early rays of the sun, and endeavouring to recal some portion of his former vigour, by the reviving influences of the morning and the spring. Receive, said I, your daughter, who comes to render your old age cheery, and devote herself to promote the happiness of your son. You, my husband, shall instruct me in every part of my new occupation, and I have no doubt but you will find me a frugal manager, and that those who depend on me, and those on whom I have the pleasure to depend, will be equally contented.

The old man was transported with joy, and this reverse in his fortune, may perhaps, have prolonged his life. He now bought the farm which he had before only rented; our marriage was concluded, and, from the moment I assumed the name and condition of the man I love, no hour has passed in which I have not blessed my good fortune. We are happy, and may reasonably flatter ourselves that we shall continue so, for as long a term as nature usually permits.

Mr. Phillips and myself endeavour only to employ our knowledge, and love for literature, to give new strength to our enjoyments. We are attentive to procure every pleasure which our situation affords, and to hasten its relish. One of the most usual sources of discontent, among mankind, is that they are continually endeavouring to obtain pleasures not intended for them, for want of being able to conform their ideas and desires to their condition and character. Into this error we have not fallen. We never lose our time in vain researches, or useless wishes; nor do we ever forget to enjoy the happiness within our reach. The testimony of a good conscience, and our mutual affection, insure our felicity. We cultivate that philosophy which inspires us with the love of virtue; and, though we should be mistaken, we consider those illusions which are capable of exalting and purifying the soul as a benefit to mankind. We resolutely and wholly reject that species of philosophy which degrades human nature, and extinguishes in the heart the enthusiasm of humanity and virtue; we wish to preserve, in all their force and all their charms, the rapturous feelings of love and friendship.

There is, no doubt, always a species of illusion in these sensations, if

if carried to excefs ; we do not believe ourfelves perfect, but we endeavour to become fo. We heighten the enjoyment of the good we poffefs, by the hope of what is better. We are contented with the prefent, and tranfported with the profpect of futurity. The better to preferve this internal love for virtue, we frequently peruſe the novels of Richardſon. We, likewife, often read the poets ; among whom we prefer thofe who treat of the country, in which we live ; and the beauties of nature, which we love.

Rural poety is particularly pleafing, when we have the objects it deſcribes before our eyes. The enthuſiaſm of the poet always increafes the enthuſiaſm of the ſpectator, and prevents its being extinguiſhed by too great a familiarity with the objects by which it is excited. Poetry inſpires us with reſpect and love for the ancient and venerable arts of agriculture, for our occupation, and the ſcenes amid which we reſide.

We frequently ſay to ourſelves, here would Homer and Virgil have been delighted. Here would Tibullus have ſung the beauties of his Delia, and celebrated the charms of that inſpiring wood, and this delicious valley. It was in the country that Haller and Geſner compoſed their exquiſite poems. Thoſe great men preferred our way of life to every other. Poets, and all writers, who deſcribe with warmth, and abound in feeling and imagery, give new force to the charms of ſenſibility ; and, while we proſecute theſe ſtudies, our reaſon and our ſenſes combine to make us happy.

This appears to me to be making a proper uſe of philoſophy, which has degenerated into ſubtlety and affection. It has too often rendered man ridiculous, inſtead of proving his conſolation, and directing him to the happineſs ſuitable to each ſtation of life. Such was the philoſophy of my father, and ſuch is ours. We educate our children in theſe principles ; they enjoy the delights accordant to infancy and youth, and we participate their pleaſures.

I had frequently deſired to interrupt Mrs. Phillips to make myſelf known to her, but ſhe ſpoke with ſo much energy and rapidity I had no opportunity. No ſooner did ſhe pauſe than, yielding to the effuſions of the heart, and ſeizing one of her hands, I exclaimed, Oh, happy Miſs Thornton ! and doubly happy Mrs. Phillips !

Immediately, as I pronounced her maiden name, ſhe haſtily roſe—Heavens ! exclaimed ſhe, What can this mean ? You ſee before you, anſwered I, that very relation who loved you from your infancy, and who has long mourned your loſs. Bluſh not that you have avowed ſo tender a paſſion for a virtuous huſband. You have left me your fortune, which I am ready to reſtore. Let me conjure you to accept it. But whatever reſolution you form, be certain of inviolable ſecrecy.

I found no ſmall difficulty in appleaſing Mrs. Phillips, who could not forgive herſelf for having placed ſo much confidence in me ; but ſhe would by no means conſent to receive back her eſtate, and her huſband, who came in a moment afterwards, being informed of all that had paſſed, coincided with her in opinion.

Survey, ſaid ſhe, our houſe and grounds, and ſay if any thing ſeems wanting which may conduce to our happineſs. Is not our furniture commodious and our table plentiful ? If we poſſeſſed greater riches we ſhould no longer purſue our preſent

ent occupations with the same delight; we should find less pleasure in our labours; amusement would take place of useful employment, and what amused us one hour would disgust us the next. Should we cease to cultivate our fields and tend our flocks, we should no longer know the pleasing expectation of plentiful harvests and rich fleeces.

We should look on the country, then become less valuable to us, with indifference. And who knows but a softer enthusiasm which is the delight of our hearts, would be extinguished together with that which Nature inspires? Our sentiments, perfectly suited to and connected with our condition, are the source of our happiness. That happiness may depend on an arrangement and combination of circumstances, which the least change might destroy.

All my endeavours to persuade my virtuous relations to suffer me to restore them their possessions, were without effect; but they promised me their friendship, and that I should frequently hear from them, and might pass every year, some days with them at the farm. At length I took my leave, not without tears, of this amiable and intelligent pair.

I was now convinced that reason and happiness, were yet to be found in the world. May I profit from this conviction to become rational and happy! However the estate I possess, near that most pleasant spot, has acquired a double value, in my esteem, for its vicinity to this excellent family; I shall rebuild the house, and frequently reside there. As to the possessions which are the right of Mrs. Phillips, I shall not apply them to my own use; the rents they produce shall be distributed among our poorer relations, and the estate one day return to the children of this happy and amiable pair.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The GENERAL OBSERVER. No. XLVI.

"Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds
"An easy entrance to ignoble minds."

IT is a universal complaint, and it is a complaint of long existence; a complaint which has been heard from ages immemorial, and is still echoed from generations past, to the generation present, that mankind are generally unfriendly to each other's reputation. All complain of the ungenerous usage; for almost all in their turns are forced to receive it; and yet, all, at times, are too willing to practise it. And well may the injured complain; for the mortifications and vexation, which they feel from the poisoned arrows of the defamer; from sly insinuations; from dirty and undeserved aspersions; and from bold, though groundless charges, are very great diminutions of their happiness; the pain of a wounded fame, being equal to the pain of a broken bone.

Many will inflict this pain merely from a malignity of disposition; and because they feel a diabolical pleasure in depressing others, and making them unhappy. Some will slander their neighbours, because their neighbours are in better circumstances, or in better esteem, than themselves. Some will black-

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en the characters of others, becauſe their own characters are black. Some will deal in ſcandal by way of retaliation. Some, through mere talkativeneſs. And ſome, becauſe they think they cannot chooſe a more agreeable topic, with which to entertain their company. The tea-table, be ſure, according to the repeated ſarcaſm of the wits, is ſeldom deſtitute of this poiſonous infuſion.

That this ignoble vice infeſts the country, more than the city, I am not ſo invidious as to affirm. If the ignorant and low bred are addicted to it, the inſtructed and well bred cannot always be exculpated from it. I wiſh I could affirm with truth, that cities, in addition to their other exemptions, are exempt from the crime of detraction; and that polite circles, from a feeling of delicacy and propriety, never condeſcended to lend an ear to the tale of ſlander; much leſs to utter it. In the country, though the air in general, be pure and wholeſome; yet it is ſometimes infected with thoſe fogs which obſcure, and with thoſe poiſonous blaſts which taint, a fair and promiſing character. In the city, together with other ſounds which grate upon the air, we too often hear, eſpecially from a noiſy preſs, thoſe mutterings, growlings and bellowings, againſt men and meaſures, which have been compared to, but which are but faintly repreſented by, the croaking of ravens, the hooting of owls, and the barking of dogs. In elegant rooms where ladies aſſemble as well as in clubs at dirty taverns, and among crowds in the ſtreets, if we are not ſuffocated with other offenſive ſcents, we are almoſt ſure of being offended with the breath of ſcandal. Hints are given, and whiſpers are breathed out, that ſuch an enterprizing genius has defeated his own purpoſes by ſome ſtrange imprudence; that ſuch an active man in trade, owes more than he is worth; that the owner of ſuch an elegant carriage, has not yet paid for it; that the father of that lady ſo richly dreſſed, muſt ſoon fail; that a certain gentleman the other night, loſt a gold watch at a houſe of ill fame; that ſuch a beauty has been ſoiled by the arts of ſeduction; and that a certain ſea captain's wife, is now determined, by her ſecret amours, to be, at leaſt, even with her huſband.

That a diſpoſition to aſperſe and diminiſh the reputation of others, is a ſign of baſeneſs and depravity, needs no laboured arguments to prove. The vulgar cannot but ſee, as I may vulgarly expreſs it, that the practice of ſcandal is a ſcandalous practice. It takes its riſe from ſome baſe paſſion; perhaps principally from envy. It is made uſe of to anſwer ſome baſe deſigns. The pleaſure which is enjoyed, either by thoſe who propagate it, or thoſe who liſten to it, is an unworthy pleaſure. They who aſpire after any thing that is excellent and noble; after greatneſs, or fairneſs, of character, ſhould not act ſo inconſiſtently as to blow the trumpet of ill fame themſelves, or eagerly drink in the ſound when it is blown by others.

The deteſtation in which the wiſe Romans held the crime of defamation, and the ſeverity with which they puniſhed it, has been quoted by moraliſts, to ſhow its malignant nature, and to deter others from the practice of it. In ſome periods of their government, the murderer of characters, as well as the murderer of men, was puniſhed with death. And though modern States are not ſo ſevere; yet perſons of ſenſibility

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and elevation of ſoul, have felt the wounds of infamy to be mortal, and the poiſon and pain of it to be worſe than death.

"It is to me amazing," ſays a humane moraliſt, "that ever any man, bred up in the knowledge of virtue and humanity, ſhould ſo far caſt off all ſhame and tenderneſs, as to ſtand up in the face of thouſands, and utter ſuch contumelies as I have read and heard of. Let ſuch a one know that he is making fools merry, and wiſe men ſick; and that, in the eye of conſidering perſons, he hath leſs compunction than the common hangman, and leſs ſhame than a proſtitute."

Erratum.—In p. 291. 2d. c. l. 17. for *Sally* read *valley*.

On the CONDUCT of a Young LADY during COURTSHIP.

(*Continued from page* 302.)

IF by *love* is meant that romantic folly which urges your ſex to the moſt unaccountable and unjuſtifiable connexions, I am ſure it is not a neceſſary ingredient in the matrimonial cup. Love, as I have already hinted, is founded on the juſt baſis of eſteem and confidence; but it is ſomething more. Between amiable people, of different ſexes, it acquires an animating warmth which raiſes it above friendſhip; it acquires an intereſting attraction ſuperior to eſteem. This warmth, and this attraction, often ſubſiſt ſeparate from what ought to be their foundation; but it is invariably found, that while they are "baſeleſs as the fabric of a viſion," they are equally unſtable alſo. They leave only unavailing remorſe, and an uſeleſs, but laſting repentance. In that rational attachment, where eſteem is not only the foundation but the diſtinguiſhing feature; where the romantic raptures are obſcure and indiſtinct, there is, at leaſt, a ſubſtance durable and permanent—it is not the morning cloud, or the early dew, which the ſun or the wind may diſſipate: It is interwoven in our natures; it is a part of our conſtitution; and its duration is equally ſtable. Suppoſing that every feeling which can characterize the warmeſt love, ſhould happen to be joined to this eſteem, you will then ſoon diſtinguiſh their different natures. The impetuous paſſion will, by degrees, ſoften down to tenderneſs; the animated warmth will become more temperate, and the whole fabric will diſappear, leaving only the ſteady foundation, which time cannot diſſolve. This, Nancy, is not theory only—look into the world, and each moment will ſhow you a ſtriking example of both particulars.

How many has the ſecond poſition deceived? yet it will continue to deceive more; for there is ſcarcely a girl who thinks that it is poſſible to love a ſecond time. If it were worth while to contend with this phantom, for be aſſured, my dear girl, it is one, I need only again direct you to the dictates of experience: and if love *can* be characterized, it has certainly been found *more* than *once* in the ſame perſon. The refuge from the force of theſe examples is trifling and contemptible. A ſtrenuous antagoniſt tells you, that ONE of theſe paſſions is the only true love; another that it is not two, but a continuation of the ſame feeling; the perſon only is changed. I will allow both theſe anſwers, ridiculous

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as they are; for they will teach you, Nancy, another useful lesson; though you have loved once, you may yet be happy. If I do not allow them, the lesson is equally established by what is my firm opinion, that love, *so far as it is connected with happiness*, may be felt more than once for objects very different. The feelings may, in one instance, be more vivid than in another; and consequently the most active flame will be alone recognized as the favourite passion.

With your eyes opened to the source of these different errors, your determination will be more correct; and the consequences more probably fortunate.

If you accept of your present offer, from the most deliberate examination, I shall next offer you some advice on your conduct. In love affairs there is an established language, but it is a mere system of words, and you should consider it in no other light, "honour and favour, coldness and cruelty, raptures and despair," all mean the same, that is, in fact, neither of them mean any thing. If a man addresses you in a style so trifling, it is an affront to your understanding; if in another, in a more assured and licentious manner, it is an affront to your delicacy. A man of sense will address himself to your mind; yet, in such a situation, there is so great a difficulty, the subject itself is so important, and the success, in general, so precarious, that it staggers the firmest resolutions, and disconcerts the most deliberate determinations. It is said, and with justice, that, at this time, every man behaves like a fool; but, perhaps, there is not a more strong mark of folly, than a careless confident assurance, in a step on which future happiness so much depends. Do not, therefore, think the worse of any man who delays his declaration, and, after frequent opportunities, loses every chance by a seemingly unreasonable diffidence. The answer of every woman, in similar circumstances, is not very different. If she is not aware of the declaration, she must necessarily be astonished, and unable to reply; if she is, her answer wears the same air of doubt, of hesitation, and seemingly of coldness. The whole sex resemble Milton's picture of Eve, who would not "*unsought*, be won." I do not mean to blame this conduct, it is proper in almost every view. Some deviations from it I have known; and, in such circumstances, admired the candor and sincerity of the female heart. In this situation, I suppose that the person who asks is not indifferent to the lady, for on this part of the subject we are now talking. If she has determined to reject her lover, nothing can excuse the folly, the injustice, of not making an explicit declaration in the softest, but most determined language. The delicacy, the *real* delicacy, which for a period of time seems to shrink from a request of this kind, though sometimes affected, is frequently sincere. The softness of the female mind is not always equal to an instant decision; and its timidity is terrified by the prospect of the important change. But remember, Nancy, every virtue has its kindred vice. This proper, this justifiable delicacy may, when indulged too far, degenerate unto the most trifling procrastination. It is not easy to fix its limits, because they must vary with the circumstances of each individual; but I think a woman may know her own opinion, and that of her friends, in two, or at farthest three weeks. If the lover, in that time,

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is not absolutely rejected, the woman's character will certainly suffer in his mind, and in the opinion of the world, if without any unforeseen circumstance, he be not at last accepted. In this case delay gives encouragement, and silence, in the common language, gives consent.

The struggle, I imagine, my dear Nancy, is now over. Your whole appearance wears an air of calmness and ease, which are never the characteristics of doubt, or of uncertainty. As your resolution seems to be formed on the most solid basis, it will, I hope, produce the sincerest happiness. You have no doubt of the affection of your lover: His is not a momentary passion; for it has been matured by reflection: It does not arise from the fancied lustre of general admiration; for it has not been your lot frequently to shine in the gay world. But regret not this imaginary happiness: If your humbler state has put you beyond its brilliancies, it has also secured you from its uneasinesses; if it has deprived you of its pleasures, it has saved you from its triflings and disgusts. You are not wholly unacquainted with it; but, if the general appearance of, and the occurrences in polished life, do not exhibit to your eyes, one of the most ridiculous insipid farces that ever was performed on a stage, either you must be deficient in understanding and feeling, or you must be dazzled by its show. To return, as you are now secure of the affection of the person who solicits your distinction, it must be your business not to lose it by a trifling, or to *fritter it away* by a capricious behaviour. It is an awkward phrase, but there is no other equally expressive. If your humour is variable as the accidents of life; if every trifle influences your disposition; and your lover must feel the effects of it in your behaviour, it is very probable that, with the usual facility, he will yield to the little blasts, rather than contend with them: He will sue for pardon, for imaginary faults; he will endeavour to restore the smile to your clouded brow, that smile in which the Loves and the Graces play; and, when he cannot remove the cause, he will obviate the effect. This is the scene of your sexes triumph; but remember, that, in every such pettish quarrel, you must lose a portion of his love; some atom of his esteem. The effects may not soon appear; and, like drops of water on a stone, a frequent succession may probably make no visible impression; yet, in both instances, a constant repetition will produce considerable effects. It is a principle deeply implanted, that we fly to what gives us pleasure, and avoid what produces different impressions. For a time, perhaps, these little frowardnesses may be endured; for a short period, they may even be admired; but you must soon expect very different effects. If love is not destroyed by these follies, it is much impaired; and the husband most commonly revenges the sufferings of the lover. But, at all events, remember that you sacrifice some portion of his regard; that you risk the polish of the diamond by your wanton experiments on its hardness; that you undermine the foundation, by examining its depth.

It is not uncommon, even after a fixed resolution, for young ladies, in your situation, to treat their lovers with an unreasonable coldness: This, Nancy, was what I meant by losing his affection by a trifling behaviour. That coldness is to stand for virtue; that reserve for a rigid delicacy;

delicacy; and, by thus imitating the exterior of these valuable qualities, by carrying them to an unjustifiable excess, many of your sex vainly endeavour to assume the merit which their real presence would confer just with the same success that the Roman poets hoped to rival Horace, by attempting to look as pale as he did. True virtue and true delicacy, my dear girl, conduct themselves very differently. I do not suspect your possessing them in their utmost purity; but I fear your being led away by unjust, though delusive maxims; by deceitful, though plausible examples. Is it inconsistent with the truest delicacy to return the love of a worthy man, who solicits it in the most honourable manner; who wishes to share with you, riches and poverty, honours and misfortunes? Is it inconsistent with the most unspotted virtue, to connect yourself with him by those ties which religion and your country's laws have appointed? The questions you say are trifling; I allow it, but such conduct is more so. It is a greater disgrace to connect yourself with any man, without feeling that rational esteem which can make your duty pleasing, without that preference which can enable you to look at even poverty and misfortune with a steady eye, when united with him: This, I say, is a greater indelicacy, than owning either an esteem or a warmer passion. If you admit his visits, you either subject yourself to the imputation of deceit, or a want of candour, when you endeavour to keep him ignorant of what, if he possess the least penetration, you are unable to conceal. I am no advocate for forward and indelicate confessions: The modest blush, the irresolute breaks in conversation, convey much more than "all the forms of studied eloquence," a word and a look will tell the interesting secret; and if he desires to know *more*, he does not deserve it.

Let your whole conduct then be rational, candid and discreet; treat him with a generous openness, conceal no part of your own sentiments, and attend to his with care; attend to them, Nancy, for they must be yours. If you cannot combat his prejudices, comply with them; if you cannot correct his errors, respect them, when they lead to no improper conduct, when they affect neither the principles of religion nor morality. From the first moment that *you* suspect either, from *that moment* despise and reject him. The man who cannot be just to his Creator, will not be so to you; he who can despise the laws of either God or man, can be bound by no ties to you. It would be pollution, for a moment, to harbour his image in your bosom; and every rational prospect of happiness is at an end. You have then but one step, take it decidedly and resolutely, and never again meet or speak to him whatever temptation may be thrown in your way, however glittering the bait.

There is another part of a man's character, which, though not defensible, yet is not treated with equal harshness; I mean an acquaintance with the abandoned part of your own sex. I would guard you against such a one, if it were not to condemn you to celibacy, for *very* few, I fear, are so chaste as a delicate woman would require. We cannot now stop to inquire into the source of this depravity; but I fear some part of the blame would fall upon your own sex. I do not mean from the temptations which they display, or from the frailty, which weakens resistance; but from the

the inattention with which these vices are treated by modest women, and from the facility with which these errors are forgiven. Do not, however, run into the opposite extreme. A woman, *outrageously* virtuous, is always suspected; and she who *rails* with acrimony against the too easy compliance of the yielding fair ones, endangers the reputation, if not of her own virtue, at least of her prudence. But though in the present state of society you must unavoidably associate with those whose conduct is highly reprehensible, and good manners may require you to treat them with attention, yet encourage no man as a lover, of whose virtue you are not well assured. But this is from the subject; I was unwillingly drawn into it; and though I would not seek, yet I need not avoid it.

While your sentiments are free and unrestrained, for I do not think that one of your's requires restraint, while you attend to him with that respect and deference which his superior advantages, and perhaps abilities, should command, yet you must carefully watch both his actions and your own. I need not warn you against indelicate liberties, for, if it were not for political motives, yet I have much reason to believe that your delicacy would shrink from improper attempts, and that your sensibility, "tremblingly alive," would feel the wound, before you were actually hurt. But innocent liberties are a mark of confidence in her who admits them; and what so flattering as a well founded confidence? But where, Nancy, shall we draw the line? Alas! the bounds between right and wrong are so narrow, that this confidence has led to ruin, and has destroyed, what it ought, what it fondly wished, to have cherished. Remember, that it may easily go too far, and will lull every sentiment, but that of love, asleep: If this passion is not a subject, it will soon be a tyrant. Think then that you walk on a precipice, and, though you may be really safe, within a foot of the "extreme verge," yet that a casual slip, a momentary inattention, at that distance, may be fatal. To be *secure* you should be within the *possibility* of danger. The conduct of your lover will depend much on his former life. To a man of loose manners, a woman of virtue is above humanity; she is an angel, which he adores at a distance. Unused to her delicate purity, he almost forgets her sex in his admiration; but from the moment she, by inadvertence, betrays it, from that moment, in *his* mind, she mingles with the common herd: He addresses her with little apprehension, and treats her with little ceremony. On the contrary, a man of a more sober cast, who is anxious for a whole life of happiness, neither rises so high in his veneration, nor sinks into equal familiarity. In all circumstances he treats his mistress with attention and respect, nor will he risk for a momentary pleasure the calm serenity of his future days. Such a man, my dear, should be your object, and such a one I hope you will obtain. It will then be your own fault if you are not happy.

ANECDOTE.

A British Nobleman, who had not the character of being very courageous, one day asked a miser, what pleasure he experienced in hoarding

hoarding up so many guineas, and not making any use of them? "I find as many charms in them," replied the miser," as you in carrying a sword."

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

On the DOUBLE USE of INTERROGATIVE POINTS.

THE use of interrogative points, both at the beginning and end of interrogative sentences, appears to be countenanced by some of our most eminent typographers; and is even recommended in a system of punctuation, lately published in Boston. As a friend to the cultivation of the useful arts, I cannot but regret that a practice, which serves no other purpose than to deform the page, should be countenanced under a false idea of its utility. I am sensible that, in combatting this doctrine, I combat the opinion of the justly celebrated Dr. Franklin; and, such is my veneration for his knowledge of the less as well as the greater branches of the arts and sciences, I should perhaps have blindly acquiesced in his opinion, had he not condescended to favour us with his reasoning on the subject. He tells us, in a letter to N. W. Esq. that, by placing the interrogative point at the end of the interrogative sentence, the reader is not apprized of the nature of the sentence, so as to modulate his voice in a proper manner, till he comes to the close of the sentence, and is then, finding his mistake, under the necessity of beginning the sentence again. This, if true, would indeed convince us of the propriety of placing the point at the beginning of the sentence rather than at the end; but it certainly does not prove the necessity of the *double* use. But, upon examination, the advantage in either case will be found to be little more than imaginary.

The construction of interrogative sentences, with very few exceptions, is such as to inform the reader or hearer of their nature, without any particular marks or points; and this, almost universally, by the arrangement of the very first words in the sentence. For instance: Has the man any friends? Is it true? Who was the informer? What else can be expected? Did you believe the report? Here either the verb or auxiliary is placed, contrary to the arrangement in affirmative sentences, *before* the noun or pronoun; or the words who and what stand at the beginning of the sentences, either of which circumstances is sufficient to apprize the reader of the nature of the sentence.

But, granting that we depend altogether upon the point for our knowledge of the nature of the interrogative sentence, the point itself is so prominent, as to be easily discovered at the distance of three, four, or even ten lines on a common page. A proficient therefore in the art of reading rarely requires this additional assistance; and an ordinary reader will never avail himself of it so far, as to deviate from his habitual monotony.

In short, I cannot perceive any the least advantage, which can be derived from this practice. If, as is commonly the case, the interrogative sentence is short, the reader cannot but perceive the point, although

though placed at the end of the ſentence, and may modulate his voice accordingly. If the ſentence is long, ſtill the point will be diſcovered, when the reader comes to the cloſe, where, if at any part of the ſentence, a different modulation is required. It is ſaid, I am ſenſible, that interrogative ſentences require, at the cloſe, an elevation of the voice; and, from this ſuppoſition, I preſume, the advantage which is to be derived from the information of the point at the beginning of the ſentence, is predicated. But this is a rule, which furniſhes more exceptions than examples. When the interrogative ſentence begins with a word, which has itſelf an interrogative ſignification, the voice ought to fall in the ſame manner as at a period. For example: "Who hath wo?" "Where was't thou, when I laid the foundations of the earth?" "What ſhall a man give in exchange for his ſoul?" "How many loaves have ye?" "Which of the prophets have not your fathers perſecuted?" In theſe and ſuch like inſtances, which undoubtedly compoſe by far the greater part of interrogative ſentences, no good reader makes at the cloſe, an elevation of his voice. Indeed, the points, which are uſed in writing and printing, are not intended to direct the modulation of the voice. The infinite variety of modulation, which different ſentences and the ſame ſentences, in different connexions, require, renders the uſe of points, for this purpoſe, impracticable. The points mark the grammatical conſtruction of ſentences, and deſignate their nature, ſo far as to communicate to the reader the ſenſe of their author, which, when gained, will naturally regulate the modulation of the voice.

The above obſervations equally apply to the double uſe of the notes of admiration, which, I hope, will likewiſe be diſcontinued. The frequent uſe of the Italic letter and the ſmall capital, ſerves no other purpoſe, than to deform the page, and to deſtroy that effect, which, if ſparingly uſed, they might occaſionally produce. The fair Roman letter, without the diminutive Italic, and the deformity of points of interrogation and admiration, yoked together by an inſignificant dash, exhibits, on a fine paper, a very inviting appearance to a reader of taſte.

THE MEDDLER.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The GLEANER. No. XXVI.

The deed of worth is regiſter'd on high,
Own'd and approv'd in worlds beyond the ſky—
Nor only ſo—we feel an anſwering glow,
Which but the virtuous action can beſtow:
Nor theſe alone—an earneſt oft is given,
Immediate good—the award of righteous Heaven.

THE author who leaves nothing to the imagination of his readers, is frequently accuſed of blameable arrogance, and it is often aſſerted that, puffed up by an overweening ſelf conceit, he vainly ſuppoſes,

poſes, that the germe of fancy can flouriſh no where but in the ſoil of his own wonderful pericranium.—Now, as the fact is, that I am anxiouſly ſolicitous to avoid every occaſion of offence, I ſhall, taking into conſideration the feelings of ſenſibility, and properly influenced, by an idea of the ingenuity which is its accompaniment, wave the deſcription of thoſe delightful ſenſations, which, in rapturous ſucceſſion, were the natural appendages of the introduction, of the father of Margaretta. The extatic fondneſs with which he hung upon the accents of his daughter; the mingling pleaſures and regrets; the big emotions which ſurpriſed his ſoul, as he traced each lovely feature; thoſe well known features, which exhibited to his view, a beauteous tranſcript of thoſe that he had early learned to admire in the face of her departed mother. Mr. *Melworth* wore in his boſom a miniature of his lady; it might have paſſed for an exact copy of Mrs. Hamilton. The equiſite ſenſations with which he traced the kindred lineaments; the glowing expreſſions of paternal tenderneſs, with which he folded the little William to his boſom; the marked approbation, unequivocally demonſtrated toward every movement of the huſband of his Margaretta; the manly and complacent regards that he beſtowed upon Miſs Clifford; the ſweet incenſe of expanſive, and immeaſurable praiſe, that he addreſſed to me, ſtyling me the ſaviour, the benefactor, the genuine father of his poor orphan girl; the elevated regards, ſhort only of adoration, which he devoted to my dear Mary; thoſe charming effuſions, conſiſting in expreſſive looks, broken words, and unambiguous geſtures; effuſions which were the ſpontaneous growth of uncommon felicity; the reciprocity of exquiſite ſatisfaction which we abundantly inhaled; all this, and whatever elſe the ſoul of ſenſibility can conceive, gladly do I refer to the glowing mind of the feeling ſentimentaliſt. Imagination, in its utmoſt latitude, I hereby inveſt with full ſcope. It is impoſſible to paint too high. Language is indeed inſufficient, and fancy, with its moſt vivid tints, can alone portray.

Nay, gentle reader, I take upon me to aſſert, that however elaborately thou mayſt finiſh thy picture, after thou haſt beſtowed upon it thy laſt touches, it may, after all, fall vaſtly ſhort of the original, and, right ſorry am I, that my powers are ſo circumſcribed, as to render it impoſſible for me to place it in its genuine luſtre before thee. But, finite efforts, being doomed to ſubmit to a neceſſity, the effects of which, it muſt ever be unavailing to lament; we will, without further preamble, proceed in our narration. I would not have thee conceive, that I am ſo unreaſonable as to condemn thee to the drudgery of accounting for the ſudden appearance of Mr. Melworth; nor can I conſent, that ſetting me down as a deſcendant of Merlin, thou ſhouldſt place in my hand the magic wand; inveſt me with the powers of incantation, the gift of working miracles, or, of ſummoning "*ſpirits from the vaſtly deep.*"[2] No, believe me, I am no conjurer, and the better to baniſh every idea of a ſupernatural interpoſition, I haſten to bring forward the promiſed facts. Imagine then, that the tumultuous and perturbed ſenſations of ungovernable tranſport, which were conſequent upon the late development, have ſubſided into that bland and pleaſing calm,

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which is the result of high complacency in the present, and the most agreeable anticipations of the future; or into that state of tranquillity, which must always be considered as a desirable substitute for the hurricane of the passions, whatever may be the magnitude of the event which produced it. The extreme of joy and sorrow, originating commotions as destructive to the order of the mental system, as the uprooting storm to the apparent harmony of the natural world. The mild and equal disposition cannot but regard as a relief, the regular succession of events. Imagine that our happy circle is retired to the little apartment sacred to sentimental pleasures; to that apartment, upon which the step of inconsiderate levity, or indifference, obtrudeth not. Margaretta is seated between her enraptured father, and that husband, who for her exemplary worth, experiences with every rising hour, augmenting admiration and new esteem.—Mary, Serafina and myself, complete the group. Mr. Melworth, pressing the hand of Mrs. Hamilton, thus commences his interesting communications.—"I observed, my dear, the sweet blush that tinged thy lovely cheek, upon my mentioning in terms of reprehension, the name of Mrs. Arbuthnot; but you must allow for the feelings of a desolated father. But for her unforgiving and obdurate spirit, the probability is, that your angelic mother would, at this delightful moment, have partook, and doubled all those exquisitely charming sensations, which swell a parent's bosom, and which present such an ample compensation for every evil. From the hour which blessed me with the hand of my Margaretta, she continued sedulously intent upon procuring a reconciliation with her sister, and the utter improbability of obtaining her wishes in this respect, embittered our most pleasurable moments. She continued to sigh for the companion of her youth, and her intense, and unavailing solicitude, visibly impaired her health. I flattered myself that the period which gave thee, my love, to her arms, would supply that void in her bosom, which, however ardent the attachment of your sex to the man of their choice may be, such is the delicacy of the female mind, a tender and respectable *female friend* can alone fill. Your mother, my dear, was early left an orphan. Her sister had for a long period reigned supreme in her bosom. Fate presented her not a Mrs. Vigellius; goodness so unexampled is not the growth of every clime; neither was a Serafina Clifford contained in the circle of her connexions. Yet, as I had hoped, the birth of her daughter opened a resource of new, and exhaustless pleasure; and when she clasped her lovely infant to her bosom, for a moment she forgot her sister. Yet memory, too faithful to its office, officiously presented the mirror.—"Dear implacable Henrietta!" she exclaimed, "why wilt thou stand aloof? why wilt thou refuse to heighten the transports of this delicious moment? Thy presence, thy sanction would, indeed, add a completion to my felicity which would mark me the most blessed of women. The novelty, however, the soft endearments, the thousand nameless perturbations, and tender interest of the maternal character, were powerful alleviations, and the tranquillity of the mother was in a measure restored. Eighteen halcyon months revolved, when fate, as if

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envious of our felicity, presented me with a prospect of obtaining great emolument, by engaging on board a ship bound for the East-Indies. I was flattered by the idea of obtaining for my Margaretta and her infant, an elegant independence, and that resolution which became the superstructure of a basis so proper and so deeply laid, could not be easily shaken. Margaretta, while she acknowledged the eligibility of my plan, shrunk from its execution. Her tenderly apprehensive bosom foreboded a thousand evils.—Yet the heroism of her character can never be too much admired. "Go, my Charles"—with emotions of tender and unutterable agony, she exclaimed—"since it must be so—go!—and may the upholding hand of heaven be in every event thy never failing support!—Repeatedly she sobbed out the convulsed, and agonizing adieu, while ingenious in inventions to retard my departure, she pressed me to her throbbing heart. Oh! my love, in broken accents she whispered, if we meet again we shall then be happy. But alas! alas! she could not add. Yet still her clasped hands, and streaming eyes, continued to supplicate the protection of that God, on whom her firm reliance was invariably placed. I was inexpressibly moved. My soul was little less tempested; yet the splendor of my prospects, my previous arrangements, my pledged honour, all urged me on; and by one violent effort I tore myself from the most beloved of women. Our mutual sufferings, may be regarded as a prediction of the fatal event. It was decreed that we never more should meet! Propitious gales attended the first part of our voyage, and I had began to anticipate the rich harvest that a few painful seasons would enable me to lay at the feet of my heart's best treasure. We had already doubled the southern extremity of the great continent of Africa, commonly called the Cape of Good Hope, and shaping our course North East to the continent of India, we were proceeding with all dispatch. When, lo! on a sudden, the scowling atmosphere gathered darkness; dreadfully portentous the winds of heaven arose. Waves beat on waves frightfully tempested. The tumultuous ocean seemed to lash the contending skies. Louder and louder the destructive whirlwinds bellowed round. Hoarse thunders roared terrific peals succeeding peals. The heavens poured forth a deluge of rain, and the forked lightnings were all abroad. Surrounded on every side by the tremendous world of waters, assistance was impossible, no asylum presented. The seaman's art was in vain, and death, in its most shocking form, appeared inevitable. But to describe the horrors of our situation is beyond the reach of language. In the latitude in which we then were, there is a large ridge of rocks, they are pointed out in most of our sea charts; but if our pilot was aware of them it was not in his power to avoid them, for accelerating that fate which, imagining that the ship might live many hours, I had not so speedily expected bilging instantly, upon one of those rocks; a second stroke severed her in twain. The shrieks of the mariners were beyond expression shocking. How long they survived, or what efforts they made, I am not able to say, for seizing a part of a shattered raft, I committed myself to the care of that God, whose protection I had never ceased to invoke.—Floating

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at the mercy of the winds and waves, I momently expected diſſolution; but what circumſtances are beyond the reach of Omnipotence? Suddenly the winds were huſhed, and I was driven upon a ſmall uninhabited Iſland. My firſt ſenſations, it will not be doubted, ſpontaneouſly iſſued in the moſt grateful oriſons to the God of my life, who had thus graciouſly interpoſed for my preſervation. But ſoon the image of my Margaretta, clothed in the habiliments of immeaſurable wo, harrowed up my ſoul; her forlorn and helpleſs ſituation—her unprotected infant!—My God! madneſs was in the thought.—I was on the point of again plunging into that ocean from which I had ſo recently eſcaped, but the good hand of upholding Deity ſtill prevented me, and was ſtill my ſhield. Gradually the heavens reſumed a ſerene aſpect, my mind became aſtoniſhingly calm, and drying the only veſtments which now remained to me upon a ſun beat rock, whoſe craggy ſides, received the moſt intenſe rays of that luminary, beneath the foliage of a ſheltering tree I ſtretched my weary limbs. Sleep ſoon ſpread over me its downy mantle, and I obtained a temporary oblivion of thoſe lacerating reflections, with which ſucceeding hours, in dreadful order appalled my ſinking ſpirit. Neceſſity compelled me to ſearch out the good, if any remained, which was yet within my graſp. At the ſalutary ſtream I ſlacked my thirſt, and the nutritious berry, zeſted by hunger, afforded me a delicious repaſt. By one ſoothing hope I was ſtill buoyed up. I traced unequivocal veſtiges of the human ſtep. Ships I was poſitive had recently touched there. I might yet recognize my fellow man. I might yet be borne to my native Iſle. Deſpair, however, two often gained the aſcendancy, and at ſuch intervals, inexpreſſible anguiſh overwhelmed my ſoul. But it is impoſſible to paint the unequalled calamities of his ſituation, who is thus circumſtanced. Even the glowing imagination of a Thomſon could only ſketch them.—Yet, not a revolving hour but heard me, to the liſtening echo repeat—

" Unhappy he! who from the firſt of joys,
" Society cut off, is left alone
" Amid this world of death. Day after [day
" Sad on the jutting iminence he ſits,
" And views the main that ever toils below;
" Ships, dim diſcover'd, dropping from the clouds;
" At evening to the ſetting ſun he turns,
" A mournful eye, and down his *dying heart*
" Sinks hopeleſs; while the *wonted roar* is up
" And hiſs continual through the tedious night.

But forever bleſſed be the benignant Diſpoſer of events! The term of my ſufferings was cut ſhort. It was the employment of my firſt rational moment, after I had been thrown upon the iſland, to make, with a part of my clothing, a ſignal of diſtreſs. Upon a prominent angle, aſcended a ſmall acclivity, on the ſummit of which ſtood the tall trunk of a tree, that contending ſtorms had ſtripped of its branches. To this diſrobed trunk, I contrived to faſten the beacon of my diſtreſs, and I conſecrated it with many ſupplications to him who was alone able to ſave.

The morning of the fifth day after I had ſo providentially eſcaped the waves, broke divinely ſerene. An amazing continuity was outſtretched before me. With folded arms, and an aching heart, I contemplated

templated the extenſive main. The frightful ſolitude, the awful ſtillneſs to which I was condemned, aroſe dreadfully terrific to my ſoul. I threw abroad my anxiouſly inquiring gaze; a cloud ſeemed to gather at a diſtance. It is not a cloud. What can it be? Swiftly it approaches. Great God! is it poſſible!—Saviour of ſinners, it is, indeed, the white ſails of a heaven directed bark!—It is bending toward me!—Ah! it recedes, and my bounding ſpirit dies within me!

Again, however, its altered courſe bore rapidly down upon my deſolate abode. The inſignia of calamity, reared not in vain its petitioning head. The neceſſary arrangements were made. The boat was manned. My heart leaped exulting; it was too big for its priſon. My tongue refuſed utterance, while, with that commiſerating cordiality, which ſeamen know ſo well to practiſe, and which is a characteriſtic trait of their order, I was received on board the ſhip. To complete my joy, the captain and crew were Engliſh. The captain was a humane and venerable man; more than threeſcore years he had numbered. A ſhower of tears relieved my burſting heart. I told my tale of wo, and he regarded me with even paternal goodneſs. Few know how to reſpect the unfortunate; ineſtimable are the ſoothings of benevolence, to the children of adverſity.

A tedious voyage was now to be performed, and although a proper ſenſe of the divine interpoſition in my favour, forbid every murmer, yet a recurrence to thoſe pangs which I well knew would lacerate the gentle boſom of her my ſoul held moſt dear, could not fail of pointing the keeneſt arrows of affliction! Ten long months, dating from the time of my departure, performed their tedious round, ere the white cliffs of Albion again met my longing gaze. With what extacy did I leap upon the ſtrand. Lowly to the parent ſoil I bent my head; with filial lips I kiſſed the kindred turf, and my bounding ſpirit, ſtruggling with its mingling ſenſations, poured forth the rapt oriſons of a ſhipwrecked, exiled, reſcued, and reſtored man! On the wings of ſpeed I haſted to my native village; to that village, which, I ſuppoſed contained my only treaſure. But what became of me, when poſting to the apartments of Margaretta, I found them occupied by ſtrangers!—Yet, hope ſtill whiſpered ſhe had removed to ſome other abode. I haſted to the dwelling of a friend, from whom I learned the ſum of my misfortunes. You are, my friends, acquainted with the feelings of the heart. Every feature in your expreſſive countenances, are vouchers of your ſenſibility—Why ſhould I aim at delineation!

"When to the height of hopeleſs ſorrow
"wrought!
"The fainting ſpirit feels a pang of thought,
"Which never painted in the hues of
"ſpeech,
"Lives at the ſoul, and mocks expreſſion's
"reach."

I drop the curtain over a train of ſucceeding ills; ſickneſs, loſs of reaſon, comfortleſs calamities!

Mrs. Arbuthnot, when ſhe accompanied her huſband to Ireland, bore my child with her. My aged, widowed mother, gently remonſtrated. My ſuppoſed death, and the demiſe of Margaretta, had centered her every remaining wiſh in the little prattler. Mrs. Arbuthnot plead the dying injunctions, and

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bequeſt of her ſiſter. This was deciſive. The regulations ſuggeſted by the everlaſtingly abſent, ſhould be deemed inviolably ſacred, and my mother with floods of unavailing tears ſubmitted. A few painful weeks devoted to heartfelt regret, had ſucceeded a ſeparation judged unavoidable, when my unfortunate mother received a line from Mrs. Arbuthnot, acquainting her that the little Margaretta was no more. This proved a finiſhing ſtroke. So many calamities, in ſuch ſwift ſucceſſion, treading upon the heels of each other, brought down the gray hairs of my aged parent with ſorrow to the grave. Could ſhe have been ſpared to have witneſſed the returning footſteps of the ſon of her youth, a gleam of joy would have diffuſed its genial and ſolacing influence over her parting ſpirit. But Heaven thought not beſt, and ſhe cloſed a life, the ſorrows of which had accumulated with every added moment. What could induce Mrs. Arbuthnot to pen a miſrepreſentation, calculated to pierce with ſo keen a ſhaft, the boſom of an aged and ſorrow worn ſufferer, I can only conjecture. Probably ſhe might be influenced by her plan of paſſing the child for her own; or, ſhe might imagine that my mother, being inveſted with the rights of a parent, would again demand the child, ſhould the contingencies, peculiar to a ſoldier's life, remove Capt. Arbuthnot, whom it was well known ſhe determined to follow, to a remote or foreign deſtination; and it may be preſumed that ſhe made up the matter in her own mind, by a conſideration that if ſhe returned her neice to our village, the extreme age of my mother, would ſoon leave her deſtitute of every natural guide. For me, after a long and debilitating fever, obtaining a ſtate of convaleſcence; youth, and a conſtitution uncommonly good, ſoon completed my reſtoration. The ſame intereſt which had before placed me on board an Eaſt India ſhip, procured me a ſecond employment. I made ſeveral ſucceſsful voyages. I accumulated riches, and, I at length ſaw myſelf poſſeſſed of affluence. But alas! tranquillity was not in the gift of affluence. In the variety by which I was ſurrounded my heart took no intereſt, and it refuſed to acknowledge a ſecond attachment. Yet I determined to regulate my feelings by the dictates of fortitude, and to bend my wayward ſpirit, to a ſtate of acquieſcence, in the deſignation of that God who ruleth in the heavens. I became a citizen of the world. I conſidered myſelf born for the univerſal family, and, for the emolument of my fellow men, I induſtriouſly made the moſt of every acquiſition. Under the influence of this ſentiment I proceeded in the career of life, and if my path produced not thoſe high ſcented perfumes, of which the exquiſite ſucceſſion of domeſtic enjoyments is ſuſceptible, I was, notwithſtanding, ſo far favoured, as to obtain a degree of compoſure. Thus rolled on ſucceeding years, until upon an uncommon fine night, three months ſince, feeling no diſpoſition to retire to my chamber, I felt conſtrained to devote an hour to a contemplative walk. After having ſtrolled ſome moments upon the road ſide, I bent my ſteps towards St. George's fields, and when there, with folded arms, and raiſed eyes, I paſſed and repaſſed, experiencing an unuſual kind of perturbation. Methought that the ſhade of my Margaretta accompanied my ſteps. The ample heavens, the ſtarry luminaries, the full orbed moon,

the blue expanſe ; theſe all combined to image the beauteous form of her, on whom fond remembrance ſtill regretting dwelt.

An aſſociation of ideas gave birth to a wiſh, to paſs ſome moments beſide a ſketch of thoſe waters, on which, bidding an eternal adieu to the injured ſufferer, I had heretofore cruelly embarked. With rapid movements toward Weſtminſter bridge, I took my way, which, having reached, I deſcended the ſteps of the landing place, with an expedition for which I could not account. But no ſooner had I put my foot upon the third ſtair, than an unuſual daſh of the waters of the Thames, for which the ſtillneſs of the night rendered it impoſſible to aſſign a reaſon, ſtill further accelerated my progreſs. I haſted forward, and was only in time to ſeize by his garments, an unfortunate man, who had plunged into the ſtream, with the unwarrantable purpoſe of putting a period to his exiſtence. I remonſtrated againſt the atrocious audacity of the deed, that he had well near perpetrated, in terms expreſſive of the horror which it inſpired. For a time he preſerved an indignant kind of ſilence, and when he deigned to utter himſelf, he breathed only expreſſions of reſentment, for what he termed my officious interpoſition. It was manifeſt that his reaſon was diſordered, and pity grew in my ſoul. I addreſſed him in the language of commiſeration, and he gradually became ſoftened and communicative. "Generous ſtranger," he exclaimed, "I give thee no mark of confidence in the brief recital, which as an apology for my ſuppoſed raſhneſs, your apparent commiſeration demands. To him, who is reſolved on death, the diſcloſure of ſecrets which effect only himſelf, can be of little importance. Know then, that born to affluence, I was bred a gentleman. Know alſo, that purſuing my pleaſures in a neighbouring kingdom, I ſaw and *loved* a beauteous woman. I *wooed* and *won* her. Her parents were no more ; but her brethren, her ſiſters, a numerous family, her fortune, her country, her religion, all theſe ſhe forſook, and fled with me to our Albion coaſt. Indiſcretion and misfortunes have robbed me of every penny which I poſſeſſed. I have no means of obtaining the common neceſſaries of life ; the few articles of which I have not yet diſpoſed, will not diſcharge the debts already contracted. Thoſe flatterers who baſked in the ſunſhine of my fortune, have now utterly forſaken me. My wife, my beloved wife, and her helpleſs children, are reduced to the laſt extremity. I have left no means unaſſayed, by which I could preſume upon relief ; but every effort hath proved ineffectual, and I have now quitted my Almira, with an expreſſed hope, for which, alas ! there is no foundation. She will expect me with the returning ſun ; but ſhe will no more behold me. I can no longer exiſt a witneſs of thoſe ills, of which I have been the wretched cauſe !" Need I add, that I was eager to ſpeak, to this ſon of ſorrow, the words of conſolation ? Conſidering myſelf as the banker of the unfortunate, his draught upon me was indiſputable ; and the rays of night's fair empreſs, lent a light ſufficiently ſtrong, to evince the authenticity of its characters. I accompanied my new claimant, now incredulous, and now frantic with joy, to his dwelling. I had determined to keep guard the remainder of the night. We entered ſoftly. His little family had retired

tired to reſt. I inſiſted that he ſhould inſtantly ſpeak peace to his beloved. I inſiſted that he ſhould not reviſit the parlour, until the riſing ſun ſhould enable me to commence my propoſed arrangements. I will repoſe, ſaid I, in this eaſy chair; or here are books, with which I may amuſe myſelf. Awed by that tone of authority which I had aſſumed, with looks of aſtoniſhment, and the moſt profound obeiſance, he left me; and ſleep being beyond my graſp, I endeavoured to obtain ſufficient compoſure to amuſe myſelf by reading. I turned over the books; it would not do. A new and painful kind of agitation hurried my ſpirits; at length a parcel of magazines ſeized my attention. I glanced confuſedly upon the bundle. The Maſſachuſetts Magazine caught my eye, an American production; curioſity was enliſted; I opened one and another; an irreſiſtible impulſe ſtill urged me on; the firſt page of the Magazine for March, 1792, arreſted my eye—"Bleſs me, cried Margaretta," you will recollect, Sir, that you thus commenced the enchanting narrative. The appellation Margaretta vibrated intereſtingly upon my ear; it was the ſweet taliſman of a thouſand mingling ſenſations; no power on earth could have prevented my reading on. I accompanied you in your journey to South-Carolina, and I entered with you the city of Charleſton. The little Margaretta's tap at the door poſſeſſed a faſcinating power; the introduction of the pretty cherub penetrated my very ſoul; I waited impatiently for the iſſue; I attended at the bed of death; but, great and good God! what were my ſenſations when I learned from the lips of Mrs. Arbuthnot, the well known ſtory of my Margaretta's ſufferings; when I learned that the dear pledge of our ſacred loves was yet alive! when I recognized her in the perſon of the little petitioner; when I became aſſured that ſhe had been received by ſuch protectors! I ſhrieked aloud, wrung my hands, wept, laughed, proſtrated myſelf in adoration of a preſerving God; traverſed up and down the apartment, until at length impelled by perturbed anxiety, I was conſtrained to trace my daughter's wonderous fortune, through the various Magazines, which, until the cloſe of the month of November laſt, preſented themſelves in order before me. How did my full ſoul bleſs her godlike benefactors! During the connexion with Courtland, the moſt tumultuous agitations tempeſted my boſom; but the cataſtrophe, I conceived, gave her honoured guardians a title to almoſt divine honors. Again I became a prey to all thoſe agonizing fears, which can lacerate a father's heart. Even of Miſs Clifford I muſt confeſs that I was not a little ſuſpicious; my feelings againſt thee, my ſon, were replete with indignation, and I beſtowed upon thy ſuppoſed inconſtancy a parent's malediction. But November preſented the extatic ecclairciſſement. I ſaw that nothing was wanting, but what I poſſeſſed abundant ability to ſupply; and, in broken, and almoſt frantic ejaculations, I ſobbed out my gratitude. The dawn at length broke; memorable, ever memorable night! Never, may I never, be forgetful of the events which thou produced!

An early hour preſented the now not deſpairing Altamont. He led his Almira by the hand. I had cautioned him not to ſhock the delicacy of her feelings, by a recital of the extremity to which he had been precipitated, and he had been diſcrete

crete enough to follow my advice. He had ſimply informed her that heaven had ſent him a friend, and this information had proved ſufficient to excite the moſt lively emotions. Altamont began a ſpeech, expreſſive of his gratitude, but I cut him ſhort, by deciſively pronouncing, that fate had ordained me eternally his debtor. My diſordered countenance, and the energy of my manner, alarmed him, and he in his turn became doubtful of *my* reaſon. I gave him, however, a ſimple relation of facts. I held up the divine pages; had I not met thee; had I not conſented to deliver to thee that dividend of our common father's intereſt, with which he has entruſted me for thy behoof, I had not met theſe bleſſed records; I had not received intelligence, which hath communicated to my ſoul immeaſurable felicity. *Thus amply hath our God rewarded me for deſigning an act of common juſtice.*

Grateful tears of rapture, it will not be doubted that we mingled. Every thing was ſpeedily adjuſted, to the complete ſatisfaction of Altamont, and his Almira. With the firſt ſhip, I embarked for America. The name of Colonel Worthington, of Newhaven, was my clew; and I bore with me the heaven inſpired Magazines. From Colonel Worthington I learned every neceſſary particular. I was told, my ſon, of your intended voyage, of the conſequent anguiſh of my daughter's ſoul. I bleſs God that I am in time to prevent its proſecution. Every individual ſhall receive his dues; that good young man, your *forbearing friend*, the benignant Seymour—Every one ſhall be happy!

Unwilling to leave the curioſity of the reader ungratified, during the tardy revolution of another month, I have felt myſelf neceſſitated to curtail the narrative of Mr. Melworth; many uſeful obſervations are omitted. The frequent interruption, breaks, and pauſes, occaſioned by the ſuſceptibility of Mrs. Hamilton, and the agitation of her father; the unbounded and venerating gratitude of Edward; the combining admiration, and rapt felicity of our whole party; all this was in courſe, and to every thing of this ſort, I muſt repeat, that the ſilently expreſſive touches of that vivid pencil, which is found in the glowing hand of fancy, can alone do juſtice.

Already our young people have reſumed their elegant family ſeat. Miſs Clifford is ſtill the companion of Margaretta. Amelia Worthington is now a congratulating viſitor at Hamilton place. Mr. Melworth is for the preſent a reſident in that ſweetly romantic manſion, and this very morning, the ſecond day of July, one thouſand ſeven hundred and ninety-four, witneſſing the birth of a daughter to Margaretta, hath ſeemed to complete our family felicity.

ERRATA.—In p. 354, 1ſt col. 11th l. fr. b. after *amicable* inſert *compromiſe* (omiſſion in copy)—In p. 361, 2d c, l. 3d fr. t. for *qualify*, read *gratify*.

ANECDOTE.

DR. JOHNSON, Dr. Goldſmith and others, were ſupping at a tavern in London. Dr. Ogilvie choſe for the topick of his converſation, the praiſes of his native country. Among other things, he obſerved that Scotland had a great many noble wild proſpects.

Dr.

Dr. Johnſon replied—"I believe, Sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild proſpects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild proſpects: But, Sir, let me tell you, the nobleſt proſpect, which a Scotchman ever ſees, is the high road that leads him to England."

To the EDITORS *of the* MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

The celebrity of Voltaire, whoſe writings unite morality with an exhauſtleſs fund of genuine humour, will be a ſufficient recommendation for the inſertion of the following extract from his Philoſophical Dictionary, in your entertaining Muſeum. A.

GLORY.

BEN-AL-BETIF, that worthy ſuperior of the Derviſes, one day ſaid to them, Brethren, it is very fit that you ſhould often uſe that ſacred form of our Koran; *in the name of the moſt merciful God;* for God ſheweth mercy, and you learn to practiſe it by the frequent repetition of the words, recommending a virtue without which there would be few people remaining on earth; but, brethren, far be it from you to imitate the preſumption of thoſe who are continually boaſting that what they do is to the Glory of God. When a raw ſcholar maintains a theſis on the categories before ſome furred ignoramus of a preſident, he is ſure to write in large characters at the head of his theſis, *Ek aliha abron dox, Ad majorem Dei gloriam:* So a devout Muſſulman, having cauſed his ſaloon to be white waſhed, muſt have the like folly over his door; a Saka likewiſe carries water to promote God's glory.—This is a devout practice of a profane cuſtom.

What would you ſay of a pitiful Chiaoux, who, when emptying our Sultan's cloſe ſtool, ſhould bawl out, To the greater glory of our invincible monarch? Now certainly the difference is greater between the Sultan and God, than between the pitiful Chiaoux and the ſublime Sultan.

Ye poor earth worms, called *men*, what have you in common with the Glory of the Infinite Eſſence? Can he deſire Glory? Can he receive any from you? Can he enjoy it? How long, ye two legged featherleſs animals, will you make God in your likeneſs? being yourſelves vain and fond of glory, God muſt needs be ſo too! Were there ſeveral Gods, each of them would be deſirous of the applauſe of his equals, and in that would conſiſt the glory of a God. If infinite grandeur might be brought into a compariſon with the extremity of meanneſs, ſuch a God would be like king Alexander or Scander, who would enter the liſts againſt kings only: But you, poor creatures, what glory can you give to God? Forbear any longer to profane his ſacred name.

An Emperor, named Octavius Auguſtus, ordered no panegyrics to be made on him in the ſchools of Rome, that his name might not be debaſed. But you can neither debaſe nor exalt the Supreme Being—Proſtrate yourſelves and worſhip in ſilence.

Thus ſpoke Ben-al-betif, and the Derviſes ſhouted, "Glory to God! well has Ben-al-betif ſpoken."

The

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The SENTIMENTALIST. No. II.

HENRY HARWOOD! alas, with what mingled emotions of pity, pleasure, sorrow, anxiety and hope, do I hear thy name mentioned! What pleasing and what painful scenes are recalled to my memory by the magic of the sound! I have seen thee basking in the noon tide rays of magnificent prosperity; I have seen thee struggling to shake off the wearisome load of life in the murkiest gloom of misery's vale. I have seen the hand of thy munificence, of thy liberality, pouring forth the exuberance of bounty to cheer and comfort thy afflicted fellow mortals; I have seen thee poor and distressed—wet and cold, in the shattered cottage of penury, surrounded by wretches, eagerly waiting thy last groan as the signal to strip thy pallid corse of its tattered clothing. I remember thy charity, "which covereth a multitude of sins," and the remembrance is pleasing to my heart; I remember the agonies in which thou didst expire, and my soul is melted with pity for thy sorrows, and thy pains.

I have seen thee blessed by heaven with *an abundance of the good things of this* life. But thy company was chosen from among the gay and unthinking. Thy associates were vicious, and they hurried thee into scenes of dissipation, which debased the natural dignity of thy mind and enfeebled the energy of thy virtues. Though much of thy estate was given to make glad the widow's heart, to comfort the orphan and feed the poor with bread; yet, how much, alas! was wasted in unnecessary profusion, and scattered abroad with criminal extravagance. *I think on these things, and am sorrowful.*

I have seen thee spending thy precious time in scenes of riot and debauchery; attending to the pampering of thy appetites and revelling in the luxuries of life. Sedulous to decorate thy body with costly raiment, but inattentive to the improvement of thy mind or of thy heart. To drown the voice of conscience in the clamors of noisy pleasure; to eat and drink luxuriously, and outvie thy companions in their fashionable vices and follies, was to thee, *the thing needful. I think on these things*, and am anxious, Henry, concerning thy happiness in that world where no impurity can enter.

Yet, *I hope*. Thou hadst much charity, and the blessings of the poor are thine. For thee shall ceaseless oraisons arise to the throne of that God, whose darling attributes are MERCY and LOVE. Thy faults were the faults of youth—they proceeded rather from an unthinking head than a depraved heart. Thy liberality was as unbounded as thy wishes were benevolent, and these embraced in their regards the whole world of man. I think on these things, my friend, and hope comforts my soul.

I have thus anatomized Henry Harwood's character, for the good of the youth of the present day. It, upon inspection, will be found, neither an unnatural nor an uncommon one. View in it, all the principal traits, which distinguish the man of the world. Thoughtless, gay, extravagant and luxurious. But mark! View in it features, which seldom adorn the *mere man of pleasure*. Benevolent and kind; he waited not for the sight of an object in distress to remind him of

his

his duty, but he ſought out miſery in her moſt ſequeſtered haunts, and converted the hovel of poverty into the cottage of contentment. Copy his virtue! Shun his errors! The one reduced him to wo and diſtreſs, the other entitles him to a crown of glory. Think not I mean to juſtify the admiſſion of foibles and faults into the heart, becauſe, in the ſame boſom, a virtue has choſen to reſide. No. Nor think I eſteem it neceſſary to eradicate every weed of vice from human nature, ere the roſe of virtue can bloom luxuriant. To be liable to err, is the lot of humanity, and who will preſume to ſeek for an immaculate character below? L.

[*The following Oration, delivered on the day of* PUBLIC COMMENCEMENT, *at Harvard Univerſity, we are happy to inſert in our Magazine. The* applauſe *with which its* delivery *was received; the* intrinſic excellence *of the performance, and a wiſh to make our* Monthly Muſeum, *in reality, a* repoſitory of knowledge and uſeful entertainment, *unite in an inducement to preſent it* entire, *to the patrons of our publication. Happy in this opportunity of affording a delicious mental repaſt, to the* patriotic literary epicure, *we have, to indulge his laudable appetite, deferred the exhibition of ſome diſhes of* leſſer flavour *and* importance, *until our* board *requires them to fill up vacancies at* ſome future attic feſtival.]

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

AN ORATION ON ELOQUENCE,

Pronounced at the Anniverſary Commencement of Harvard Univerſity, in Cambridge, July 16th, 1794. *By* JOSEPH PERKINS, A.B.

THE excellence, utility, and importance of eloquence; its origin, progreſs, and preſent ſtate; and its ſuperior claim to the particular attention of Columbia's free born ſons, will exerciſe for a few moments the already exhauſted patience of this learned, polite, and reſpected aſſembly. Senſible, as the ſpeaker is, that while he attempts to recommend a ſubject, worthy the nobleſt efforts of the ableſt pens, his own defects will more ſtrikingly evince the importance of his theme, than any arguments which he can adduce; though the well known diſcernment of his hearers precludes the moſt diſtant hope of praiſe, yet their oft experienced liberality enſures a ſafe retreat from the terrors of unfeeling, cenſorious criticiſm.

Speech and reaſon are the characteriſtics, the glory, and the happineſs of man. Theſe are the pillars which ſupport the fair fabric of eloquence; the foundation, upon which is erected the moſt magnificent edifice, that genius could deſign or art conſtruct. To cultivate eloquence, then, is to improve the nobleſt faculties of our nature, the richeſt talents, with which we are intruſted. A more convincing proof of the dignity and importance of our ſubject need not, cannot be advanced.

The benevolent deſign and the beneficial effects of eloquence, evince its great ſuperiority over every other art, which ever exerciſed the ingenuity of man. To inſtruct, to perſuade, to pleaſe; theſe are its objects. To ſcatter the clouds

of

of ignorance and error from the atmosphere of reason; to remove the film of prejudice from the mental eye; and thus to irradiate the benighted mind with the cheering beams of truth, is at once the business and the glory of eloquence. To promote the innocent and refined pleasures of the fancy and intellect; to strip the monster vice of all his borrowed charms, and expose to view his native deformity; to display the resistless attractions of virtue; and, in one word, to rouse to action all the latent energies of man in the proper and ardent pursuit of the great end of his existence, is the orator's pleasing, benevolent, sublime employment.

Nor let it be objected, that eloquence sometimes impedes the course of justice, and screens the guilty from the punishment due to their crimes. Is there any thing, which is not obnoxious to abuse? Even the peaceful religion of the Prince of Peace has been made the unwilling instrument of the greatest calamities ever experienced by man. The greater the benefits which naturally result from any thing, the more pernicious are its effects, when diverted from its proper course. This objection to eloquence is therefore its highest eulogium. The orator does not succeed, as some would insinuate, by dazzling the eye of reason with the illusive glare of his rhetorical art, nor, by silencing her still small voice in the thunder of his declamation; for to her impartial tribunal he refers the truth and propriety of whatever he asserts or proposes. After fairly convincing the understanding, he may, without the imputation of disingenuousness, proceed to address the fancy and passions. In this way he will more effectually transfuse into his hearers his own sentiments, and make every spring in the human machine cooperate in the production of the desired effect.

The astonishing powers of eloquence are well known, at least to those who are conversant in ancient history. Like a resistless torrent it bears down every obstacle, and turns even the current of opposing ignorance and prejudice into the desired channel of active and zealous compliance. It is indisputably the most potent art within the compass of human acquirement. An Alexander and a Cesar could conquer a world; but to overcome the passions, to subdue the wills, and to command at pleasure the inclinations of men, can be effected only by the all powerful charm of enrapturing eloquence.

Having just hinted at the excellence, utility and importance of eloquence, we are next to endeavour to mark its origin, and briefly trace its progress thence to the present period.

In the earliest ages of the world the language of men, like that of other animals, was just sufficient to enable them to warn each other of danger and to make known their mutual wants. By gradual improvements in knowledge, and by the invention and cultivation of arts, both useful and ornamental, the powers of the human mind became better known, and language, the great vehicle of thought, and the soul of society, began to be esteemed an object deserving attention. The art of writing was invented, the stock of words enlarged, language reduced to rules, and found possessed of powers before unknown. Though it be more than probable, that oratory was known and cultivated in some degree in those eastern nations, where science

ence first began to dawn upon the world, yet it was not till Greece became civilized and formed into distinct governments, that it made its appearance in its native, peerless majesty. Here we may fix the era of eloquence; here was its morn, here its meridian too, for here it shone with splendor never since surpassed.

It is a common and a just remark, that eloquence can flourish only in the soil of liberty. Athens was a republic, where the affairs of state were transacted in the assembly of the whole people. This afforded to eloquence a field too fertile to remain long uncultivated by the ingenious Athenians. Orators soon made their appearance, who did honour to language, to Greece, to humanity. But though the names of many have been transmitted to us, whose genius and eloquence demand our veneration and applause; yet, like stars, when the sun appears, they are lost in the superior blaze of the divine Demosthenes. His story is well known. Though endowed with an excellent genius, he encountered almost insuperable obstacles in his way to eloquence from some natural defects in his person and delivery. He persevered till he had conquered them all, animated by an invincible ambition to shine an orator. Never, perhaps, were displayed such indefatigable industry, such obstinate perseverance, such unremitting attention to the grand object of pursuit. His efforts were crowned with that success, which is the necessary consequence of so much application and care. Though the beginning of his career was peculiarly unpromising, for he was even hissed from the stage on his first public appearance, he afterwards became so powerful an orator, that he ruled even the fickle Athenians almost as he pleased. His example affords the greatest encouragement to students in eloquence, as it proves, that by art, almost in defiance of nature, a man may attain such excellence in oratory, as shall stamp his name with the seal of immortality. Demosthenes and the liberty of Greece together expired; and from this period we hear very little more of Grecian eloquence.

Let us now direct our attention to that other garden of eloquence, the Roman commonwealth. Here, as in Greece, a free government opened the lists to such, as wished to dispute the palm in oratory. Numbers advance, and contend manfully for the prize. But their glory is soon to fade, for Tully appears; Tully, another name for eloquence itself. It is needless to enlarge on his character as an orator. Suffice it to say, that if we ransack the histories of the world to find a rival for Demosthenes, Cicero alone can be found capable of supporting a claim to that distinguished honor. The freedom of Rome and the life of Cicero together fell a sacrifice to cruelty and lawless ambition. Eloquence, as if unwilling to survive her favourite son, seems with him to have taken her flight from this guilty world. For though France may boast her orators, and England still dwell with rapture on the name of Pitt, and even America put in her claim for a scrap of praise, the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero, like the surprising fire of Callinicus, seems to be one of those arts, which were once known, but which are now forever lost to mankind.

The cause of the great inferiority of modern eloquence deserves a serious inquiry. Can we plead the imperfections of the living languages?

guages ? The nobleſt productions of Greece and Rome do not perhaps ſurpaſs ſome, which our native tongue can boaſt. Shall we urge our want of genius ? Scarcely a branch of curious, uſeful or ornamental learning can be named, in which the moderns do not at leaſt equal theſe ſuppoſed matchleſs ancients. Is our ſituation unfavourable ? When did Greece or Rome preſent a fairer field for eloquence, than that which now invites the culture of the enlightened citizens of Columbia ? We live in a republic, the orator's natal ſoil ; we enjoy as much liberty, as is conſiſtent with the nature of man ; we poſſeſs as a nation all the advantages, which climate, ſoil and ſituation can beſtow ; and nothing but *real merit* is here required as a qualification for the moſt dignified offices of ſtate. Never had eloquence more ample ſcope. Why then does it not flouriſh ? We bluſh to aſſign the cauſe. It is ſhameful neglect, it is a want of ambition alone, which ſuffers this fertile field to lie uncultivated. And ſhall we reſt ſatisfied with only admiring, or at moſt with following at an awful diſtance the moſt illuſtrious orators of Greece and Rome, while our mechanics, our warriors, our patriots, our ſtateſmen and our philoſophers, put all antiquity to the bluſh ? Shall every other uſeful and ornamental art ſpeed ſwiftly towards perfection, while oratory, that moſt ſublime of all arts, that art, which could render one man more dreadful to a tyrant, than hoſtile fleets and armies, is almoſt forgotton ? It muſt not, cannot be. That refinement of taſte, that laudable ambition to excel in every thing that does honour to humanity, which diſtinguiſhes the Americans, and their free and popular government, are ſo many ſprings, which, though not inſtantaneous in their operation, cannot fail in time to raiſe Columbian eloquence "above all Greek, above all Roman fame."

With pleaſure we deſcry the dawning of that bright day of eloquence, which we have anticipated. The grand council of our nation has already evinced, that in this reſpect, as in all others, our republic acknowledges no exiſting ſuperior. And we truſt, that, as our ſacred teachers make it their conſtant endeavour to imitate the great learning, the exemplary virtue, the exalted piety, and the extenſive uſefulneſs, of the great apoſtle of the gentiles ; they will not fail to reſemble him in that commanding, that heavenly eloquence, which made an avaricious, an unbelieving Felix tremble.

Too little has this moſt important branch of public education been hitherto regarded. But we hope, that ere long our alma mater and our riſing country will realize in their largeſt extent the long anticipated benefits of a *Boyliſton's* munificence. May eloquence be foſtered in this nurſery of literature and extend its benign influence to every department of ſociety, till time and Harvard ſhall together expire. May Columbia always afford more than one Demoſthenes, to ſupport the ſacred cauſe of freedom, and to thunder terror in the ears of every tranſatlantic Philip. May more than Ciceronian eloquence be ever ready, to plead for injured innocence and ſuffering virtue, and to carry confuſion and deſpair to the heart of every infamous aſpiring Anthony, of every reſtleſs Catilinarian demagogue. Rich as our country is of her own fund, and now adorned with the brighteſt gem in the literary cabinet of the

old

old world by the welcome arrival of a *Prieſtley* upon our ſhores from the ignorance, the bigotry, the barbarity, the ſlavery, and the ſlaughters of Europe; we doubt not, that ſhe will ere long be as much ſuperior to all the nations of the earth in every uſeful art and ſcience, in virtue and in happineſs, as ſhe now is in her conſtitution of government, the equity of her laws, the wiſdom of her rulers, and the good ſenſe of her citizens. Warned by the fate of her predeceſſors, may ſhe eſcape thoſe quick ſands of vice, which have ever proved the bane of empire. May her glory and her felicity increaſe with each revolving year, till the laſt trumph ſhall announce the cataſtrophe of nature, and time ſhall immerge in the ocean of eternity.

On this auſpicious anniverſary, when we are aſſembled to celebrate the birth day of our univerſity, thoſe benevolent and illuſtrious characters, who firſt planted the tree of ſcience on this weſtern ſhore, and who have ſince added new vigour to its root by copious irrigations from the fountain of their liberality, demand that tribute of reſpect and applauſe, which the warmeſt gratitude can inſpire. While the name of *Harvard* is already known almoſt as far as his benevolence extended, his memory, like his bounty, ſhall bloſſom and bear fruit to the remoteſt period of time. When with a melancholy pleaſure we recogniſe the ſpot, which once ſupported the princely munificence of a *Stoughton*, we are induced to indulge a hope, that a new and much wanted edifice will ſoon be graced with his revered name. *Hollis*, whoſe philanthropy, not confined to the iſle which gave him birth, croſſed the wide Atlantic and ſhowered its many bleſſings on our alma mater, ſhall live in the mouths and in the hearts of every future age. The name of *Hancock* is doubly dear to every grateful American. Can that name periſh, which has been twice ſtamped on all thoſe united virtues, which fall to the ſhare of imperfect humanity? The liberality of an *Alford*, a *Boylſton*, a *Hearſey*, a *Hubbard*, an *Erving*, and a *Cumings*, will rank thoſe illuſtrious characters among the great benefactors of mankind. While freedom, ſcience, literature, and virtue, drop a tear on the urn of their votary, their ornament, and their ſupport, every future generation "ſhall riſe up and call a *Bowdoin* bleſſed."

From the gentler ſex we behold a *Derby* and a *Holden* riſing ſuperior to thoſe illiberal prejudices, which for a long time had almoſt excluded the faireſt part of nature's works from the means of mental improvement, and with a dignity peculiar to great minds, overcoming evil with good by generous donations to our Univerſity. While their liberality reflects the higheſt honor on themſelves and claims our warmeſt gratitude, it at the ſame time conveys a ſevere reproof to our too ſelfiſh ſex. Was female education ſo long neglected becauſe it was ſuppoſed unneceſſary? It ought however to be remembered, that the richeſt diamond cannot be perfect without the aſſiſting poliſh of art. Was the fair ſex imagined incapable of improvement? What female genius can achieve, let a *Philenia* and a *Warren* to remoteſt time declare.

May the worthy example of thoſe, whoſe names have been mentioned, and of others, whom we cannot now particularize, prove an effectual ſtimulus to all, whoſe ſituation

uation and ability render it their duty and their privilege, "*to go and do likewise.*"

This learned and brilliant assembly will be pleased to accept those grateful acknowledgments, which their condescending goodness demands. In the exuberance of their humanity they have extended not only their indulgence but even their applause to those efforts of youthful inexperience, which advance no other claim to their approbation, than the most ardent wishes to deserve it. And while the lovely daughters of Columbia deign to grace with their presence this annual solemnity, and to confer even on imperfections the richest rewards of genius, *their approving smiles*, fain would we raise our feeble voice to lisp their praise. But we will not, we dare not profane their sacred merits by attempting the impossible task of doing justice to their worth. We can only add with equal simplicity and confidence, that while nature, virtue, wit, and beauty, retain a charm, the matchless fair of this our western world will command the admiration of every eye, the love and homage of every heart.

While gratitude to our literary fathers would prompt an effort to express to them our present sensations, delicacy and inability forbid the presumptuous attempt. We must therefore leave to more expressive silence to paint in proper colours those feelings of our hearts, which the most perfect language could at best but faintly adumbrate. We would only offer one fervent wish, that their usefulness may be commensurate with their erudition, and their happiness coextensive with their benevolence, till heaven shall claim its own, and crown their virtues with immortal felicity.

My affectionate Classmates,

The parting moment has arrived. This day dissolves our classic connexion. We now stand on the margin of life's boisterous ocean, ready to launch forth and explore the untried deep. What a flood of distracting ideas rushes at once on the mind! The memory adds poignancy to our otherwise too painful sensations, by recalling all those pleasing scenes, which we have together witnessed, and which, alas! are now no more. On the other hand, new objects are opening to our view, which employ at once our hopes and our fears.

"The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before us;
"But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it."

How fleet are the pinions of time! Four years, which in anticipation seemed almost an age, have imperceptibly wasted us to the verge of our collegiate existence, and we are now called to pronounce a sad, and perhaps a last, ADIEU!

Let us, ere we part, devote one moment to the calls of bleeding friendship; let us give vent to one sincere though unavailing sigh for the untimely fate of a worthy classmate. *Jacobs*, our once esteemed *Jacobs*, like a fair expanding flower, cropt by the ruthless hand of death, now sleeps in the silent mansion of the tomb! While we love, while we revere his memory and drop a tear on his urn, let us emulate his many virtues, and like him we shall be able to meet the grim messenger, in our turn, with a smile, which will divest him of all his terrors, and to hail him as our welcome convoy to the realms of uninterrupted and unending bliss.

May our mutual friendship, which has been generated by four

years

years familiar converſe, and which ſome trifling jars and momentary miſunderſtandings have but the more ſtrongly cemented, notwithſtanding our neceſſary ſeparation, remain forever firm and inviolate. May your ſucceſs in all your future employments be ever equal to your ſuperior merits; may your lives be uſeful to the world, happy and honourable to yourſelves; may your exit be peaceful and glorious; may your memory live, till time itſelf ſhall die; and may your felicity hereafter be boundleſs as immenſity and endleſs as eternity.

CLAUDINE: *A Swiss Tale.*

[From the French of M. de Florian.]

HAPPENING in the month of July, 1788, to be at Ferney, which ever ſince the death of Voltaire, has reſembled one of thoſe deſerted caſtles which were formerly inhabited by genii, I reſolved to pay a viſit to the famous glaciers of Savoy. A friend, an inhabitant of Geneva, had the goodneſs to accompany me. In order to ſuit the preſent taſte, it would be neceſſary that I ſhould adopt that ſtyle, exalted, ſublime, unintelligible to the profane, which a ſentimental traveller, after he has advanced two leagues on his journey, cannot poſſibly do without: I muſt ſpeak of nothing but my feeling, my ſuſceptibilities, and my extatic ſenſations; but I muſt confeſs that thoſe phraſes, although now ſo common, ſtill ſound ſtrange to my ears. I have ſeen Mont Blanc, the Frozen ſea, and the Source of the Averon. I long contemplated in ſilence thoſe dreadful rocks, covered with hoar froſt; thoſe points of ice which pierce the clouds; that large river which is called a ſea, arreſted in the midſt of its courſe, whoſe ſolid billows appear as if ſtill in agitation; that immenſe vault formed by the accumulated ſnows of ſo many ages, from whence there iſſues a foaming torrent, forcing in its courſe huge blocks of ice over the rocky precipices. The whole ſcene impreſſed on my mind a mingled ſenſation of terror and melancholy: Methought I beheld the horrid ſcene of Nature, without a ſun, abandoned to the fury of the god of tempeſts.

Oh my good friend Geſner, you ſang the ſhady woods, the verdant fields, the limpid ſtreams; but ſhepherds and rural ſwains were never wanting to inculcate leſſons of love, of piety, or of beneficence. Reading you, the pleaſed eye runs over the landſcape which you have deſcribed; and the mind, ſtill more delighted, is ameliorated by uſeful precepts, and enjoys a delicious calm.

Such were the ideas that employed my mind while deſcending from Montanverd on my return from the frozen ſea. After two hours of a painful journey, I arrived at the fountain where I had reſted in the morning. There I again wiſhed to repoſe myſelf; for though I am no admirer of torrents, I am very fond of fountains; beſides I was extremely fatigued. I entreated my brave and honeſt guide, Francis Paccard, to ſit down by me, and we began an excellent converſation concerning the manners, the character, and the mode of living of the inhabitants of Chamouny. I was pleaſed with the good Paccard's account of thoſe ſimple manners about which it is

ſo

ſo pleaſing to converſe, were it only to regret them, when a beautiful girl came and offered me a baſket of cherries. I took them, and paid her for them. As ſoon as ſhe was gone, Paccard ſaid to me, laughing, "About ten years ago, in this very ſpot where we now are, it coſt one of our young peaſants very dear for coming to offer a baſket of fruit to a traveller." I begged of Paccard to relate the ſtory. "It is ſomewhat long," ſaid he; "I have learned the moſt minute circumſtances of it from the curate of Salenches, who himſelf bore a conſiderable part in it." I preſſed Paccard to relate to me what he had heard from the curate of Salenches; and being both ſeated on the ground, leaning our backs againſt two aſh trees, and eating our cherries, Paccard thus began his tale:

THE TALE.

"YOU muſt know, Sir, that our valley of Chamouny, ten years ago, was not ſo celebrated as it is now a days. Travellers did not then come to give us their gold for the ſake of looking at frozen ſnow, and picking up our pebbles. We were poor, ignorant of evil, and our wives and daughters, employed in the cares of the family, were ſtill more ignorant than ourſelves. I mention this that you may have ſome charity for the fault of Claudine. The poor child was ſo ſimple, that it was an eaſy matter to deceive her.

"Claudine was the daughter of old Simon, a labourer at Pricure *. This Simon, whom I knew well, for he has only been dead two years, was the Syndic of our pariſh. All the country reſpected him for his probity, but his character was naturally ſevere; he pardoned nothing to himſelf, and very little to others; he was equally eſteemed and feared. If any of our neighbours had quarrelled with his wife, or drank a glaſs too much on a holiday, he would not have dared to ſpeak to Simon the whole week. When he paſſed, even the children ſtopped their noiſe; they took off their hats, and never returned to their amuſements till M. Simon was at a diſtance.

"Simon had remained a widower ſince the death of Madelene his wife, who had left him two daughters. Nanette, the eldeſt, was well enough; but Claudine, the youngeſt, was an angel of beauty. Her handſome round countenance—her black eyes, full of animation—her thick eye brows—her little mouth, the very picture of that cherry—her appearance of innocence and gaiety, made all the young men of our village, her admirers; and when on a Sunday ſhe joined the dance, with a veſt of blue cloth cloſely fitted to her fine ſhape, her ſtraw hat ornamented with ribbons, and her little cap, which could hardly contain her beautiful hair, it was who ſhould have the honour to dance with Claudine.

"Claudine was only fourteen; her ſiſter Nanette, was nineteen, and commonly remained at home to look after the affairs of the family. Claudine, as being the youngeſt, took care of the flock which grazed on Montanverd. She carried with her her dinner and her diſtaff, and paſſed the day in ſinging, in ſpinning or chatting with the other ſhepherdeſſes. In the evening ſhe came home to Simon, who read ſome portion of the Bible to his daughters, gave them his bleſſing,

* The principal village of the valley of Chamouny.

bleſſing, and then all the family went to bed.

"About that time ſtrangers began to viſit our glaciers. A young Engliſhman of the name of Belton, the ſon of a rich merchant of London, in paſſing through Geneva to go to Italy, had the curioſity to make the tour of Chamouny. He ſtopped at Madame de Couteran's,* and the next day, at four o'clock in the morning, he aſcended Montanverd to ſee the frozen ſea, conducted by my brother Michael, who is now deacon of the guides. He returned about eleven, and reſted himſelf, as we do, by the ſide of this fountain, when Claudine, who tended her ſheep juſt by, came to offer the fruit and milk ſhe had for her dinner. The Engliſhman thanked her, looked at her very attentively, and offered her five or ſix guineas, which Claudine refuſed; but poor Claudine did not refuſe to take Mr. Belton to ſee her flock, which ſhe had left among theſe lofty trees. He deſired the guide to wait for him, and departed with Claudine. He was abſent for two long hours. As to the ſequel of their converſation, I cannot indeed repeat it to you, as nobody heard it. It is ſufficient to know that Mr. Belton ſet out the ſame evening, and that Claudine on her return home to her father, appeared penſive and melancholy, and had on her finger a beautiful emerald which the Engliſhman had given her. Her ſiſter aſked her where ſhe got that ring: Claudine anſwered ſhe had found it. Simon, with a diſcontented air, took the ring, and carried it to Madame de Couteran, in order to diſcover the perſon who had loſt it. No traveller ever claimed it. Mr. Belton was already far off, and Claudine, to whom the emerald was reſtored, became every day more melancholy.

"Five or ſix months thus paſſed away. Claudine, who every evening returned with reddened eyes, at length reſolved to confide in her ſiſter Nanette. She confeſſed that the day ſhe met Mr. Belton on Montanverd, Mr. Belton had told her that he was in love with her—that he meant to ſettle at Chamouny, never more to leave it, and to marry her. "I believed it," added Claudine, "for he ſwore it to me more than a hundred times. He ſaid, that buſineſs obliged him to return to Geneva; but that in a fortnight he would again be here—that he would buy a houſe, and that our marriage ſhould take place immediately. He ſat down beſide me, called me his wife, and gave me this beautiful ring as a token of our marriage. I dare not tell you any more, my ſiſter, but I have many fears; I am very ill; I weep all day; in vain do I fix my eyes on the road to Geneva, there is no appearance of Mr. Belton!"

"Nanette, who was juſt married, preſſed poor Claudine with queſtions; at length, after many tears, ſhe learned that the Engliſhman had baſely betrayed this ſimple and unhappy girl, and that Claudine was with child.

"What was to be done! How was it poſſible to announce this misfortune to the terrible M. Simon? To conceal it from him was impoſſible. The good Nanette did not augment the deſpair of her ſiſter by uſeleſs reproaches: She even endeavoured to conſole her by expreſſing hopes of a pardon which ſhe knew would not be obtained. After long conſideration, Nanette, with her conſent, went to find our good curate, and confided to him the whole ſecret—

* The well known name of the miſtreſs of the moſt ancient inn at Chamouny.

ſecret—begged him to mention it to her father—to endeavour to appeaſe his wrath, and try to ſave the honour, or at leaſt the life, of the unhappy victim of deceit. Our curate was much hurt at the news; he however, undertook the taſk, and repaired to the houſe of Simon at the time he was ſure Claudine would be upon Montanverd.

"Simon was as uſual reading the Old Teſtament. Our good curate ſat down by him, and began to talk of the beautiful ſtories which are contained in that divine book; he dwelt particularly on that of Joſeph when he pardons his brethren—on that of the great king David when he pardons his ſon Abſalom, and many others I do not know, but are well known to the curate. Simon was of the ſame opinion. The curate ſaid, that God had given us thoſe examples of mercy, that we in like manner, being compaſſionate to others, might at the laſt day, expect to find mercy from the Father of all. All this was ſaid in a much better manner than I can tell it to you; but you may eaſily perceive that our curate endeavoured to prepare the old man for the reception of his bad news. He was long of comprehending him—at laſt he did, and ſtarting up, pale, and trembling with rage, he ſeized the muſket with which he uſed to hunt the chamois, and was ruſhing forth to kill his daughter. The curate threw himſelf upon him, and diſarmed him; and by rouſing his attention to the duties of a Chriſtian, by lamenting his misfortunes, and ſharing in his grief, he at length prevailed ſo far, that old Simon, whoſe eyes had been hitherto dry, his lips pale, and his whole frame convulſed, ſunk back into his chair, covered his face with his two hands, and burſt into tears.

"The curate allowed him to weep for ſome time without ſaying a word; at length he wiſhed to conſult with him relative to the meaſures it was neceſſary to take, in order to ſave the honour of Claudine;—but Simon interrupted him; "Maſter curate," ſaid he, "it is impoſſible to ſave that which is loſt—every means we could take would render us more culpable, by obliging us to tell lies. The unhappy wretch muſt no longer remain here; ſhe would be the ſcandal of us all, and the puniſhment of her father! let her be gone, maſter curate; let her live, ſince infamy can live, but let me die far diſtant from her: Let her depart this very day—ſhe muſt leave this country, and never let her again preſent herſelf before my gray hairs, which ſhe has diſhonoured."

"The curate tried to ſoften Simon, but his efforts were in vain. Simon repeated the poſitive order for the departure of Claudine. Our good old curate was going away in ſadneſs, when the old man ran after him, brought him back into his apartment, and ſhut the door; then putting into his hand an old purſe of leather, containing fifty crowns, "Maſter curate," ſaid he, "this wretch will be in want of every thing.—Give her theſe fifty crowns, not as from me, but as a charity from yourſelf—tell her that it is the goods of the poor, which compaſſion induces you to beſtow on vice; and if you could write to any one in her favour, or give her a letter of recommendation—I know your goodneſs, and I neither wiſh to hear, or to ſpeak any more about her."

"The curate anſwered him by a ſqueeze of the hand, then ran to meet Nanette, who was waiting for him in the ſtreet, more dead than alive.

alive. "Go inſtantly," ſaid he, "and pack up all your ſiſter's clothes, and bring them to my houſe." She obeyed with tears in her eyes, being but too ſure of what had happened, and put into Claudine's bundle the little money ſhe was miſtreſs of. She then returned to the curate, who related to her the converſation he had with Simon, and gave her a long letter for the curate of Salenches, and ſaid to her, "My dear child, you muſt this very day conduct your ſiſter to Salenches; give her this purſe, and this letter to my good brother. Accompany her to the village and then return to your father, who has occaſion for your wiſdom and virtue to leſſen the chagrin produced by the conduct of your ſiſter." Nanette, ſighing, went in queſt of her ſiſter on Montanverd. She found Claudine ſtretched weeping on the ground;—but when ſhe heard that her departure muſt be immediate, ſhe ſcreamed, and tore her hair, repeating continually, "I am baniſhed with my father's curſe! Kill me! my ſiſter, kill me! or I will throw myſelf over this precipice." Gradually ſhe became more calm, by promiſing that things might ſtill be made up. At length Claudine reſolved to ſet out, and at nightfall they took the road to Salenches, avoiding our village, where, notwithſtanding the darkneſs, poor Claudine would have thought that every one ſaw her crime painted in her face.

"It was a melancholy journey, as you may eaſily imagine, nor did they arrive till break of day. Nanette took her leave of Claudine before they entered the village, and, after preſſing her a long while to her boſom, left her, being nearly as miſerable as her unhappy ſiſter.

"As ſoon as Claudine found herſelf alone, all her courage deſerted her; ſhe hid herſelf in the mountain, and paſſed the whole day without taking any nouriſhment; but when the night drew on, her fears forced her towards the village, where ſhe inquired for the houſe of the curate, and knocked ſoftly at the door, which was opened by an old houſekeeper.

"Claudine ſaid ſhe came from M. the curate of Prieure. The houſekeeper led her directly to her maſter, who was then alone, eating his ſupper by the corner of his fire. Without uttering a word, or lifting her eyes, Claudine, with a trembling hand delivered the letter, and whilſt the curate drew near the light in order to read it, the poor girl covered her face with her hands, and dropped on her knees near the door. The curate of Salenches is a good and a worthy man, and is reſpected as a parent by his whole pariſh. When he had finiſhed the letter, and turning his head ſaw this young girl on her knees, and bathed with tears, he alſo wept. He raiſed her, praiſed the ſincerity of her repentance, gave her hopes of a pardon for a fault that had coſt her ſo many tears, and obliged her to eat in ſpite of her refuſal, and calling his governeſs, deſired her to prepare a bed for Claudine.

(To be continued.)

The REPOSITORY. No. XXII.

OCTOBER, 1775.

IT is moſt true—woes do indeed *cluſter* woes. While the tear is yet wet upon my cheek for a beauteous ſiſter, I am called to mourn the

the exit of a friend, whose meliorated worth, was of many years the rich and luxuriant growth. Yes, she too is gone—death hath closed the scene, and from my tearful view, my dear Elmira, hath forever fled! How long did I indulge hope; how listen to the flattering deluder! Of the investitures of this phantom, even the fatal predictions of the physicians could not despoil me, and my ardent and trembling soul exclaimed, she must, she will be restored to the fervid wishes of her supplicating friends. But these pleasing illusions are now dissipated; imagination can no more embody them. Her anointed spirit hath indeed escaped, and the palm of victory is already her's. Yes, it is too true: Never again shall these eyes behold thee, my almost faultless friend. How steady was thy soul, how affectionate thy bosom, and how warm thy regards!—By every tie of tender friendship thou wert mine, and the same blood which flowed in our veins, was distinguished but as the sanction for our fond attachment. In thy bosom, with unbroken confidence, I could repose my every thought, the inmost wishes of my soul. Retired with thee, in the saloon of amity, my heart was disrobed before thee. Dear, sacred haunts, may my feet no more revisit them, since their beloved mistress hath taken her flight from those once peaceful abodes; from those scenes of past pleasure, let me still continue forever estranged. Sweet and delicately susceptible sufferer, few were the white hours of thy life;—but thou art now at rest in the bosom of thy God. How serene were her parting moments, how perfect the resignation of her soul, and how strong her affiance in the Redeemer! Anxiously I watched around her bed of death, industriously turning my eyes from every fatal symptom; but the agonies of dissolving nature commenced; they were terrible to view; the severing angel cut the thread of mortality; her guardian spirit received my friend, while with despairing ken I in vain endeavoured to explore her trackless way. Alas! alas! what a despoiler this October, 1775! How hath it broken in upon, and rifled my hoard of joys!

CONSTANTIA.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The MEMORIALIST. No. III.

"KNOWLEDGE, says an ingenious author, is as pleasant to the understanding as light to the eyes." The excellency of this observation is confirmed by the testimony of ages. Nothing is of more advantage to the mind than to keep it in a continual state of action. But the daily employments of life, by fixing the attention steadily on one point, would exhaust the spirits and impair the constitution. This arises from the formation of man. The divine Author of our existence has made us capable of receiving a variety of information through the inlets of the senses. How different are the pleasures of the eye and the ear! The organs of perception being so various, the soul must abhor uniformity. How delightful is it then to retire occasionally from the world, and to rest on the pleasing speculations of knowledge! Besides, the mind has a natural inclination

nation for something vast and infinite. Lord Bacon, who must be allowed to be a genius of the first magnitude, uses this as an argument to prove the capaciousness of the mind. Do we not then do injustice to our natures when we confine our researches and deny ourselves the acquisition of such exalted enjoyments? But are the elegant arts and sciences conducive to no other good purpose than mere amusements? Their influence on the moral character is extensive. By them a delicacy of sentiment is created which shrinks like the sensitive plant from every sordid conception.—An admirable connoisseur in painting or poetry will be found to use the same delicacy in the choice of his friends or companions, as he would in the selection of a beautiful picture or poetical performance. The scientific soul feels a magnanimous contempt for the misfortunes of life. A man possessed of this talisman can look from the eminence of his mind and behold the world groveling beneath him. Such high principles preserve to the state many invaluable citizens. Otherwise genius might be prostituted to the basest purposes, and cringe like a flatterer before the throne of a monarch. But the same proud spirit which spurns the sordid pursuits of self interest will forever despise the low designs of ambition.

But before I proceed I will take notice of a favourite creed of some writers, which is in fact a rank absurdity, though varnished with a plausible pretext. It is asserted, that when our knowledge discovers to us the weakness or imperfection of our natures, ignorance is infinitely preferable. This is building on an unsubstantial basis. Every rational being must conclude, that the happiness of mankind depends not on a seclusion from misfortune, but from positive fruition. A familiar intercourse with human calamities may make us more sensible of the misfortunes of life, but by exercising the social affections it will encrease our felicity in the same ratio. It is absurd to suppose man capable of no greater degree of happiness than the brutish creation. A bare unacquaintance with misery is all the pleasure they possess, which is very remote from positive enjoyment. But while we contemplate the superior worth and excellency of a literary genius to the rest of mankind, let us not confound him with the literary coxcomb. Florio gives us a pedantic display of all his knowledge on all occasions. He remarks with much gravity, that happiness is the pursuit of all men, and proves it by a long quotation from Cicero. He observes that wine is pleasant to the taste, and supports his assertion by the authority of Horace. Or if he stumbles on morality, he observes that Vice is detestable, and that Virtue, as the divine Plato expresses it, if she should appear in her natural dress, would make all mankind enraptured with her beauties. The most trifling and commonplace observations must be proved by some pompous quotation.

Shall I be thought to refine too much, if I assert that the happiness of man, both in prosperity and adversity, is heightened by a relish for the arts and sciences? In adversity the man of science may derive consolation from reflecting that the greatest and best of men in all ages, have undergone similar vicissitudes. Surely, the very thought of sharing the same fate which Socrates once shared, must kindle in the mind a sovereign contempt for its horrors.

"That

"That saint, with a countenance of triumph, entered the walls of his prison and banished ignominy from the place; for how could that asylum be called ignominious while the glory of Athens was there?" Yet even these are not the only sources of consolation which will suggest themselves to a reflecting mind. As mankind are composed of one great community, there must be as great a variety of opposite interests. From whence the literary man may fairly infer, that, even by his own misfortunes, the great designs of nature are promoted. In a reverse of circumstances in the golden hour of prosperity this same reflection will guard him from a proud and ostentatious disposition. When he reflects that his own fortune may be built on the misfortunes of his fellow men, his heart will be humanized, his mind touched with pity, and his munificence extended to objects of distress. Finally, in whatever situation Providence may place him, he will feel himself contented and happy. He will behold the same sun hung in the centre of the system; the same moon and stars will sparkle in the concave of heaven—He will find the same great principles of nature flowing through the same channels, but varied according to the infinite modifications of civil society. But does not the humble peasant enjoy these advantages in as much perfection as the greatest philosopher? No, he may be conversant with the same objects but is debarred from the faculty of enjoying them. Science must refine the soul before it can receive the impression.

Indeed, in whatever light we view literature, it seems to have been highly favoured by the patronage of heaven. Who could have believed when the Goths and the Vandals swarmed from the North and invaded Europe, when every principle of learning was lost in the general devastation, that the tapers of knowledge would ever have been reluminated? But after the lapse of a few centuries, the dark monkish ages of superstition disappeared; the absurd tenets of Popish infallibility, and all the rant and rhapsody of designing enthusiasts, those foes to learning, were exposed to public indignation. A numerous concatenation of events, the most surprising of any recorded in history, rapidly succeeded, and finally ushered in the resurrection of literature. In the present enlightened age, our country calls for the exertions of her noblest citizens. Offices of state are opened indiscriminately to all who may claim a part by the preeminence of virtue. A crown, that glittering bauble, ceases to delude—no longer do the people pay homage to the star or the garter. Such vain and empty delusions are lost in the majesty of genius and merit. If the youth of this country would but nobly exert themselves in the acquisition of science, America would justly be considered in literature, as she is in politics, the glory of the WORLD.

ANECDOTE.

DURING the siege of Valenciennes, a gentleman asked a Colonel of a British Regiment of Militia—"How the besiegers managed to destroy the men in the *Zigzags?*" The reply from the intelligent warrior was, "By having *crooked* artillery to be sure."

CABINET

CABINET OF APOLLO.

A POEM,

Commemorative of GOFFE, WHALEY, *and* DIXWELL.

(Concluded from page 376.)

WHALEY and GOFFE to Maſſachuſetts ſteer;
The young applauding ſtate would fain ſecure:
E'en then *a liberal will exiſted* here,
And *equal rights* were *deſtin'd* to endure.

Edicts condemn the exil'd regicides;
They learn their ſentence with unalter'd mien;
Diverſe emotion different minds divides—
Alarm would immolate and pity ſcreen.

Prevail'd upon by ſuch as ſought their weal,
Long lurk'd the world's great citizens unſeen,
Oblig'd their haunts continual to conceal,
And e'er forego the beſt delights of men.

Itinerant next, the weſtern wilds they trac'd,
Till reach'd Connecticut's extended ſtrand,
Where freeborn ſpirits had explor'd the waſte,
And Providence decreed that Yale ſhould ſtand.

With zealous promptitude, the enamour'd town
Conſole their hearts in ſympathetic love,
Until to foes, at length, the aſylum known,
Their counſellors conſent to their remove.

Awhile the reverend DAVENPORT ſecretes;
Now JONES provides a ſubterraneous grot,
With generous gladneſs charitably treats,
And oft admits them to his humble cot.

Conſtrain'd e'en hence and where compell'd purſu'd,
Nor knew they where to reſt, nor where to roam;
Now ſearch'd a ſhelter in a trackleſs wood,
Now made a truſty peaſant's hut their home.

Thus ſuffer'd they what JESSE's righteous ſon
From SAUL receiv'd, (the meed of ISRAEL ſav'd;)
While frauds ‖ in friends, like watchful Jonathan,
Accompliſh'd for them whatſoe'er they crav'd.

Though hunted ſtill, ſubmiſſive to endure
What heav'n's high will ordain'd of future griefs;
To HADLEY laſt they take their nightly tour,
And reverend RUSSEL entertains the chiefs.

Rare man! diſintereſted, benevolent!
(Bleſt as was Rahab by the Hebrew ſpies;)
Thy hoſpitable houſe with aliment,
With ſolace thy condolent heart ſupplies.

DIXWELL explores the far remov'd retreat,
Once join'd in league and now alli'd in loſs;
Recogniz'd mutually with joy they meet;
Here live recluſe from other intercourſe.
But

‖ *When Governor Endicot, to avoid incurring the charge of diſobedience, was apparently trying to have them diſcovered, he endeavoured it ſhould be thought they had quitted the country, and wrote home, that he believed they had gone to the Dutch at Manhadoes, and thence to Holland. Randolph, ſent over afterwards to obtain knowledge of them, was informed by Bradſtreet, then Governor, they had not been heard of ſince leaving New Heaven. While concealed there, likewiſe, reports were intentionally propagated, that they had left the place and paſſed Northward; in conſequence of which Kirk and Kellond continued their rout in that direction.*

But DIXWELL felt the force of human ties—
Him to Quinnipiak * led the social flame;
A borrow'd appellation gave disguise;
He rear'd a family and rose to fame.

The pair colleagu'd remain sequester'd still,
Nor see of Adam's race nor e'er are seen,
Save when they succour the assaulted vill, †
Or, with familiars clos'd, for prayer convene.

RUSSEL, with thee, long years thy guests sojourn,
Thy pious hands are stretch'd to seal their eyes;
Thy tears devotional their exit mourn,
Thy lips perform their secret obsequies

So when high-favour'd Pisgah's top sustain'd
The humble hoar-grown servant of the Lord;
The seer, (survey'd the promis'd land-scape) gain'd
An unknown tomb, by hands divine inter'd.

Nor less the chiefs (that strong in faith they liv'd
Let still their lines epistolar ‡ attest;)
In prospect, plain from prophecy, perceiv'd
A future age superlatively blest.

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* *The original Indian name of New Haven.*

† *The following anecdote is traditional at Hadley: The settlement there, being attacked by Indians, in* 1675, *during public worship, were put in consternation and entirely routed. Immediately a venerable old personage appeared, reconnoitered the people, and lead them on to victory. Their angelic preserver, as suddenly, disappeared, and the seemingly supernatural phænomenon could never be explained.*

‡ *Among their papers, which, after their death, were collected and lodged in a library in Boston, are extant many copies and originals of letters to and from their friends remaining in England. These breathe warmly the spirit of piety, but are tinctured a little with the superstition of the times. They were firmly persuaded that the execution of the judges was the slaying of the witnesses, and, from calculations upon the prophecies, had formed great expectations of the year* 1666, *and when it was past without any extraordinary revolution, they believed the Christian æra to be erroneous.* HUTCHINS. history.

Perhaps, their mortal warfare near an end,
With death alone the combat left to wage;
A sweeter antepast the Omniscient deign'd,
In visions, Gabriel gives the sure presage:

"Champions of earth, and candidates for heav'n!
"Life's dark descending vale ye tread submiss;
"For you a gospel-lighted path is giv'n
"To bright domains of everlasting bliss.

"Enough to injur'd Britain has been paid;
"Her longer subjugation is decreed;
"Might it have been annull'd by human aid,
"E'en by thine aid Britannia had been freed.

"In vain thy arm essay'd the Herculean toil,
"In vain thy counsels strove in her defence;
"The soil you press is freedom's natal soil,
"And her redemption must redound from hence.

"Her king, a century more revolv'd, shall aim
"To crush this land, the foot-stool of his throne;
"A race self govern'd shall resent the claim,
"Its proper lords shall vindicate their own.

"Their generous warmth shall GALLIA'S sons inspire;
"The sparks diffus'd extensively illume;
"While heads imperial plod to pen the fire,
"Their diadems the glowing flames consume.

"The *nation'd* empire, ancient feuds forgot,
"Excites the English realm to like emprize;
"By her enfranchis'd, other states are taught
"Themselves and sister states to enfranchise.

"STANISLAUS, sole of Europe's crown'd compeers,
"Would raise to citizens the plebeian throng;
"As base alike, his arduous spirit fears,
"Or to be forc'd to right, or forc'd to wrong:

"And though the empress of the Muscovies,
"In zenith pride, would fain the grant destroy, §
"While

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§ *So greatly was the kingdom abridged by the extraordinary partition of its most valuable territories*

"While lasts thy memory, matchless Pole, the prize
"Thy *manumitted* millions shall enjoy.
"Still wider spreads the genial glorious blaze,
"And repercussive brightens as it runs,
"Till shines religion's reason's *general* rays [sons.
"On each of India's, each of Afric's
"The *triple* crown forsakes the pontiff's brows,
"The Inquisition's rage no more endures;
"A conscienc'd clergy tolerance shall espouse,
"Estrang'd from sceptres and from sinecures.‖
"Opinions heterodox revert to right——
"Scripture alone shall sway the intellect;
"No party persecutes its opposite,
"And zealots cease to constitute a sect.
"Nor bigots bind, nor potentates oppress,
"But light, and love, and liberty abounds, [climes possess,
"From where mankind the Arctic *
"To where the Antarctic * zone the world surrounds.

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tories between the Russian, Germanic and Prussian powers, who unitedly invaded it in 1772, *that when his present* Polish *majesty was lately relinquishing his own influence to effect a constitution from principles of equality, such absolute control had the Czarina Catherine, that she compelled him to resume his superiority, to exist, however, only as her titled vassal. But thus much his subjects have already gained by his exertions—they are no longer transferable, like common property, and, beginning to know, they begin to appreciate the inviolable enjoyments and privileges of* MAN.

‖ *The establishment of benefices and dignitaries in the church, and its unnatural connexion with secular authority, have produced the swarm of worldly and imperious ecclesiastics, that has converted religion, originally benign, into an instrument of fraud, persecution and cruelty.*

Let but its ministers be divested of magistracy, and let their perquisites be moderate and equable—duty then *induces them to the sacred office; their precepts are incorrupt, their example eminent.——Such a church establishment irradiates America.*

* * *All the habitable parts of the globe are contained between the Arctic and Antarctic circles.*

"Now Abraham's proselyted seed return,
"The recollected tribes adore the LAMB——
"One sacrifice the union'd earth shall burn,
"And, hush'd in concord, hymn JEHOVAH's name."

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

COMELAH: A FRAGMENT.

Quem virum, aut heroa, lyrâ vel acri
Tibiâ sumes celebrare, Clio?
Quem Deum?——

HORACE. ODE XII.

O'ER heaven's bright azure roll'd the deep'ning clouds,
And misty darkness spread her sombre veil.
The sun retir'd and hid his golden rays;
The sun retir'd and blush'd upon the earth.
In horrid gloom all nature was involv'd;
And palid terror shook the thinking world.
The turtle mourn'd, and screech owl's hidious voice
Reecho'd horror 'midst the rustling grove.
When *Com'lah's* ghost approach'd Iconah's cell;
From the blue hills he bore his 'erial way,
As blazing stars, that cleave the frowning air,
And 'wake to thought each gazing, torpid soul.
His eyes gleam'd meteors thro' the dark expanse,
His shield beam'd glory, and his spear wav'd light.
A robe celestial o'er his shoulders flow'd,
And curling, hung in tresses on the breeze.
[He trod like waters rolling to their shore;
Like horses rushing to the sound of war.]
At his approach the rivers ceas'd their noise;
The wind was calm, and silence reign'd around.
Up from their sacred tombs arose the forms
Of saints departed and of heroes dead.
They rose to hear the counsels of the brave;
The words of Com'lah, their beloved chief.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Resting upon Iconah's mossy cave,
The much rever'd Comelah thus began.

Hear, saints, and mighty heroes of the field;
For Banion's with his warlike band

In

In ſullen anger leave their peaceful domes,
And down the hill impetuous bear their way,
As leaps the hound towards the trembling deer.
Therefore Iconah blow thy hollow ſhell;
And ſtrike on Fingal's ſhield the ſound of war.
Collect thy ſtrength within Caduthor's vale,
And range the nervous children of the bow
Upon the ſteep, that over looks the field.
Speak to thy warriors of their fathers' fame,
Paint out the glory of our younger days,
And make their youthful ſouls exult with joy,
Till their eyes beam with luſtre like the ſun,
And their hearts leap rejoicing to the fight.

ALCADOUR.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZNE.

INDEPENDENCE: An Ode.

Progeniem LIBERTATIS canemus.

By the Same.

ONCE more an *anniverſal* day
Invites the rural poet's lay;
Invokes an *independent ſong.*
Columbia's children join the ſound;
Each freeman's heart with joy rebound,
And halelujahs burſt along.

From ſhore to ſhore, from port to port;
From hill to dale, from vill to court;
From north to ſouth, from eaſt to weſt;
From Miſſiſippi's curling tide,
And old Miammi's waving pride,
Aſcend the ſound that marks us bleſt.

Beneath the olive branch of peace,
Which, God prolong and man increaſe,
Our country grows and fame extends;
May ſiſter France ne'er be bereft
Of this celeſtial, ſacred gift,
Which with it bliſs unceaſing blends.

May ſhe an *independence* ſee,
And be forever bleſt and free:
Our noble and our great ally,
Who, with us rear'd Columbia's fame,
And gave her an immortal name,
A name which ne'er till time ſhall die.

Who 'midſt the depth of our diſtreſs,
When threaten'd from the wilderneſs,
And butcher'd by an impious band,
That o'er the ocean ſpread their fleet,
And cut us from our laſt retreat;
Stretch'd out her ever gen'rous hand.

Sent her brave leaders o'er the main,
Rang'd her battalions on our plain,
And with us ſwept the menial hoſt.
She now contends with freedom's foes;
Amidſt them hurls her deadly blows,
And bids their tyrants ceaſe to boaſt.

Columbia's children lift your voice;
Liſt high and bid the world rejoice
That we enjoy the charms of peace;
While old Britannia feels the rod,
Inflicted by the hand of God;
Inflicted till her crimes ſhall ceaſe.

And now with one united ſound,
That ſhall be heard by all around—
Thank, thank the Lord, ſupremely great,
That *Waſhington*, the hero, ſage,
Lives and adorns our infant age;
Lives and preſerves our peaceful ſtate.

W—n, July 4, 1794.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

From the French of M. De Fenelon.

By DR. M'K——

HARD by a fountain's graſſy ſide,
The love ſick EDWIN ſate,
And thus, in broken numbers, ſigh'd,
And thus bewail'd his fate.

"Why rears yon hill its verdant head?
"Why flow'rets deck yon plain?
"Such beauties round my Emma ſpread!
"Such, Emma's graceful mien.

"The riſing morn, on yonder ſkies,
"Unfolds its crimſon hue!
"Its ſplendor, EMMA, blooms and dies—
"Its glow reſides with you!

"The ſetting ſun's departing rays
"Illume yon weſtern peak;
"More fix'd, more permanent than theſe
"The bluſh on EMMA's cheek.

"But, ah! yon tranſient waters roll,
"Yon zephyr fleets away;—
"Thus emblems of my EMMA's ſoul—
"Inconſtant, fleet as they."

Worceſter, June 30, 1794.

FRIENDSHIP: An Ode.

By DR. JOHNSON.

FRIENDSHIP, peculiar boon of heav'n,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only giv'n,
To all the lower world deny'd.

While love, unknown among the bleſt,
Parent of thouſand wild deſires,
The ſavage and the human breaſt
Torments alike with raging fires.

With bright, but oft deſtructive gleam,
Alike o'er all his lightnings fly;

Thy

Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the fav'rites of the sky.

Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys
On fools and villians ne'er descend;
In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.

Directress of the brave and just,
O guide us thro' life's darksome way!
And let the tortures of mistrust
On selfish bosoms only prey.

Nor shall thine ardours cease to glow,
When souls to blissful climes remove;
What rais'd our virtue here below
Shall aid our happiness above.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

LINES,

Written by a Parent *to his* Son, *previous to the embarkation of the latter for a distant port.*

GOD's presence gives sincere delight
To those, who fear his name;
It dissipates the gloom of night—
Affords relief from pain.

Air, sea, and land may intervene,
And place our friends remote;
But to his praise, a joyful theme,
Our songs we will devote.

Incircled by the friendly arm
Of his almighty power,
We shall be ever safe from harm,
Ev'n in death's gloomy hour.

His presence let us call to mind,
When gloomy thoughts arise,
He's ever merciful and kind,
And every want supplies.

Y.

To the Editors *of the* Massachusetts Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

Please to insert the following Lines (if you deem them worthy) in your next Magazine.

HOW smoothly flows this limpid stream,
Kiss'd by morning's sportive beam;
While the softly whispering breeze
Breathes among yon trembling trees.
Oh! how *soon* these charms shall die!—
Lowering tempests wrap the sky,
Morning's balmy sweets are flown,
And the rosy joys are *gone*.—
So in the fair morn of life
Pleasures bloom—till storms of strife
Blast each promis'd bud of peace,
And the opening blossoms cease.

ANNA.

To the Editors *of the* Massachusetts Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I send you for publication the following POEM, which I found inserted in the New England Weekly Journal, a paper published in Boston, June 28, 1731. If it wants the elegance of our modern poesy, I think that is amply compensated by the beautiful description and venerable simplicity which characterize the piece. It must be highly gratifying to the curiosity of those votaries of pleasure, who frequent that distinguished resort of company at this season of the year, (viz. Fresh Pond in Cambridge) to perceive that the praises of their favourite seat of pleasure have been sung by a bard more than sixty years ago; and that it has ever since been the principal resort of all those who wish to exchange the noise and smoke of the Town for the salubrious breezes of the country.

Hic sunt gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata Lycori;
Hic nemus, hic tecum toto consumerer ævo.

VIRGIL.

OF ancient streams presume no more to tell,
The fam'd Castalian or Pierian well.
Fresh Pond superior must those rills confess, [or Greece.
As much as Cambridge yields to Rome
More limpid water can no fountain show,
A fairer bottom, or a smoother brow;
A painted world its peaceful gleam contains,
The heav'nly arch, the bord'ring groves and plains.
Here in mock silver Cynthia seems to roll,
And trusty pointers watch the frozen pole.
Here sages might observe the wand'ring stars,
And rudest swains commence astrologers:
Along the brim the lonely plougher stalks,
And to his visionary fellow talks;
Amid the wave the vagrant black bird sees,
And tries to perch upon the imag'd trees;
On flying clouds the simple bullocks gaze,
And vainly reach to crop the shady grass;
From neighbouring hills the stately horse espies,
Himself a feeding and himself envies.
Thither pursu'd by opening hounds, the hare
Blesses himself to see a forest near;
The waving shrubs he takes for real wood,
And boldly plunges in the yielding flood.
On this side willows hem the bason round,
There graceful trees the promontory crown;
Those mingled tufts and outspread arms compose

A ſhade delightful for the laurell'd brows.
Here moſſy couches tempt to pleaſing dreams
The love-ſick ſoul, and eaſe the weary limbs.
No noxious ſnake diſperſes poiſon here,
Nor ſcreams of night-bird rend the twilight air; [ſtill,
Excepting him, who when the groves are
Sings am'rous tunes, and whiſtles whip-poor-will;
To hear whoſe carol elves in circles trip,
And lovers' hearts within their boſoms leap;
Whoſe ſavage notes the troubled mind amuſe,
Baniſh deſpair, and hold the falling dews.
No ghaſtly horrors conjure thoughts of woe,
Or diſmal proſpects to the fancy ſhow.
If to the weſt your raviſh'd eyes you turn,
Behold the glitt'ring ſpire of Watertown;
Thence ſhaggy hills prop up the bending ſkies,
And ſmoky ſpires from lowly cots ariſe.
Towards the northweſt the diſtant mountains wear
In ſpring a green, in fall a whit'ning cast;
Or all alive with woolly flocks appear.
Beneath their feet a wide extended plain,
Or rich in cyder or in ſwelling grain,
Does to the margin of the water ſtretch,
Bounded by meadows and a ruſhy beach.
The reſt a motley mixture hill and dale,
There open fields, here mingled woods prevail.
Here laſting oaks, the hopes of navies ſtand,
There beauteous poplars hide th' unſightly ſtrand;
In autumn there the full ripe cluſters bluſh,
Around the walnut or the hawthorn buſh.
Here fruitful orchards bend their aged boughs, [mows.
Here ſweats the reaper, there the peaſant
Each ſmiling month diverſifies the view,
E'en hoary winter teems with ſomething new;
A milk-white fleece does then the lawns o'erſpread,
The pond becomes a looking-glaſs indeed.
A poliſh'd ſurface ſpreads acroſs the deep,
O'er which the youth with rapid vigor ſlip.
But now the groves the gayeſt liv'ries wear,
How pleas'd could it be ſpring throughout the year!
And in theſe walks eternity be ſpent,
Atheiſts would then to immortality conſent.
The grateful ſhifting of the colour'd ſcene,
The rich embroid'ry of the level green.
The trees and ruſtling of the branches there,
The ſilent whiſpers of the paſſing air,
The ſweet harmony of the winged choir,
Awake the fancy and the poet's fire.
Here rural Maro might attend his ſheep,
And the Mœonian with advantage ſleep.
Hither ye bards for inſpiration come,
Let every other fount but this be dumb.
Which way ſoe'er your airy genius leads,
Receive your model from theſe vocal ſhades.
Would you in homely paſtoral excel,
Take pattern from the merry-piping quail;
Obſerve the bluebird for a roundelay,
The chatt'ring pye or ever babbling jay.
The plaintive dove the ſoft love verſe can teach,
And mimic thruſh to imitators preach.
In Pindar's ſtrain the lark ſalutes the dawn,
The lyric robin chirps the evening on.
For poignant ſatire mind the movis well,
And hear the ſparrow for a madrigal.
For every verſe a pattern hear you have,
From ſtrains heroic down to humble ſtave.
Not Phœbus' ſelf, altho' the god of verſe,
Cou'd hit ſuch fine and entertaining airs;
Nor the fair maids that round the fountain ſat,
Such artleſs heav'nly muſic modulate.
Each thicket ſeems a paradiſe renew'd,
The ſoft vibrations fire the moving blood.
Each ſenſe its part of ſweet deluſion ſhares, [ears.
The ſcenes bewitch the eye, the ſong the
Pregnant with ſcent each wind regales the ſmell,
Like cooling ſheets th' enwrapping breezes ſwell.
During the dark, if poets' eyes we truſt,
Theſe lawns are haunted by ſome ſwarthy ghoſt. [joys,
Some Indian Prince who fond of former
With bow and quiver through the ſhadow plies;
He can't in death his native groves forget,
But leaves Elyſium for his ancient ſeat.
O happy pond, hadſt thou in Grecia flow'd
The bounteous bleſſing of ſome wat'ry god,
Or had ſome Ovid ſung this liquid riſe,
Diſtill'd perhaps from ſlighted Virgil's eyes.
Well is thy worth in Indian ſtory known,
Thy living lymph, and fertile borders ſhown;

Thy

Thy various flocks the cover'd shore can shun,
Drove by the fowler and the fatal gun.
Thy shining roach and yellow bristly bream,
And pick'rel, rav'nous monarch of the stream.
The perch, whose back a ring of colours shows,
And horned pout that courts the slimy ooze;
The eel serpentine, some of dubious race,
The tortoise with his golden spotted case;
Thy hairy musk-rat, whose perfume defies
The balmy odours of Arabian spice.
The throng of Harvard know thy pleasures well,
Joys too extravagant perhaps to tell.
Hither oftimes the learned tribe repair,
When Sol returning warms the growing year.
Some take the fish with a delusive bait,
Or for the fowl beneath the arbors wait;
And arm'd with fire, endanger ev'ry shade,
Teaching e'en unfledg'd innocence a dread;
To gratify a nice luxurious taste,
How many pretty songsters breathe their last. [down,
Spite of his voice, they fire the linnet
And make the widow'd dove renew his moan.
But some more humane seek the shady gloom,
Taste nature's bounty, and admire her bloom: [toil,
In pensive thought revolve long vanish'd
Or in soft song the pleasing hours beguile.
What Eden was by ev'ry prospect told,
Strive to regain the temper of that age of gold.
No artful harms for simple hutes contrive,
And scorn to take a life they cannot give.
To leafy woods resort for health and ease,
Not to disturb their melody and peace.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

LINES,

Occasioned by a Miss' shedding Tears on the Commission of a Fault.

THE liquid *globulets* that shine
In Seraphina's eye,
Dim the bright lustre of the MINE.
And lave the crimson dye.

The sigh that from that bosom stole,
The heart of VIRTUE'D win;
Would purify the blemish'd soul,
And SANCTIFY a sin.

THE COUNTRY BOY.

Worcester, July, 6, 1794.

VERSES to the WIND.

GO, gentle zephyr, softly blow,
And fan my Stella's face,
Paint on her cheek health's vermil glow,
And heighten every grace.
And if she ask who fondly now,
Breathes on her dimpling cheek:
Ah! then in softer strains do thou
Her tendereſt care beſpeak:
Oh! say it is a sigh from me,
That flutters in her ear;
That I, sweet gale, commission'd thee
My softest vows to bear.
And if my Stella fondly kind,
Attends thy amorous lay,
And pours to thee her glowing mind,
Do then her wish obey.
So when thy trembling airy gale,
Breathes o'er my cot again;
O! say thy whispering did prevail,
Nor hast thou sigh'd in vain.

[*Lady's Mag.*

To the Editors *of the* Massachusetts Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

Perhaps the following Ode, said to have been composed and set to Music by Dr. Willard *of Stafford, may afford Entertainment to some of your Readers.*

ODE for INDEPENDENCE, 1793.

BEHOLD! the glorious day appears!
A blissful sound salutes our ears—
This happy morn gave Independence birth!
Columbia, rouze! with joy supreme
Dwell on the blest delightful theme:
Proclaim your joy to all the wond'ring Earth.

All hail! thou highly favour'd land!
See Freedom's blessings wide expand—
See smiling Plenty crown thy fertile fields:
For thee shall blow the gentle gales—
For thee shall swell the whitening sails,
For thee old Ocean his rich treasure yields.

As arteries and veins convey
The purple tide of life, and stray
In num'rous windings thro' the human frame:
So thy fair rivers prove the source
Of joyous plenty thro' their course,
And are the life-blood of thy wealth and fame.

Lo! meek-ey'd Peace, with lenient hand,
Waves o'er thy plains her olive wand,

And

And mildly bids war's rude commotion ceafe :
While Europe's guilt-ftain'd barb'rous realms
A mighty fea of blood o'erwhelms,
And Death's vaft empire finds a fwift increafe.

May gratitude to heav'n infpire
Each heart with pure devotion's fire,
While Independence rifes to the view :
Columbia, venerate that power
Which cheer'd thee in thy darkeft hour,
And with thy joy thy fongs of praife renew.

Behold ! the glorious day appears—
The birth-day of revolving years—
The day that gave to Independence birth :
Columbians, rouze ; with joy fupreme
Think o'er the bleft enchanting theme,
And fhout your tranfports through the lift'ning earth.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

ACROSTIC.

By CHAPMAN WHITCOMB.

BLESS'D with thofe talents men of fenfe admire,
Endow'd with art their friendfhip to acquire.
Neat is his perfon, and genteel his air,
Juftice his aim, his character is fair.
Although he's wealthy, fighs not to be great ;
Made to be honour'd and carefs'd in ftate.
Intent on virtue, and to peace inclin'd,
Noble his feelings, generous his mind.
Knowledge of bufinefs, qualifies him well,
In public fphere to act, and to excel :
Modeft in his pretentions, don't endeavour
By fly intrigues, to gain the public favour.
And happy, in himfelf ferenely great ;
Looks with indifference on a throne of ftate :
Lov'd and eſteem, for real good behaviour.

LINES written over a SUN DIAL.

OLD Time, with your fcythe and your fnake, and your glafs,
Have a care of yourfelf, there's a fnake in the grafs—
A fnake like the ſerpent in Moſes's hand,
That will wallow your fnake at word of command.

To the VILLAGE of FANCY.

By a Lady.

DEAR, wild illufions of creative mind !
Whofe varying hues arife to Fancy's art,
And by her magic force are fwift combin'd
In forms that pleafe, and fcenes that touch the heart :
Oh ! whether at her voice yé ſoft aſſume
The penfive grace of ſorrow drooping low ;
Or rife ſublime on terror's ſoftly plume,
And fhake the ſoul with widly thrilling woe ;
Or, fweetly bright, your gayer tints ye fpread,
Bid fcenes of pleafure fteal upon my view,
Love was his purple pinions o'er my head,
And wake the tender thought to paſſion true ;
O ! ſtill—ye fhadowy forms ! attend my lonely hours,
Still chafe my real cares with your illufive powers !

SONG.

LIFE'S a varied, bright illufion,
Joy and ſorrow—light and fhade ;
Turn from ſorrow's dark ſuffuſion,
Catch the pleaſures ere they fade.

Fancy paints with hues unreal,
Smile of bliſs, and ſorrow's mood ;
If they both are but ideal,
Why reject the ſeeming good ?

Hence ! no more ! 'tis Wiſdom calls ye,
Bids ye court Time's preſent aid ;
The future truſt not—hope enthrals ye,
" Catch the pleaſures ere they fade."

EPITAPH,

Taken from a grave ſtone in the common burying place in Boſton. The dates of the age and death of the perſon to whoſe memory theſe lines are conſecrated could not be diſcovered, as the heavy hand of time had preſſed the ſtone, on which they were inſcribed, very deep into the ground.

HERE lyes Rebecca in duſt,
Until the ſecond life ;—
Who, was 62 months juſt,
Joyliffe Price's wife.

Curious EPITAPH from a Grave Stone in England.

HERE lies a wife, who never vex't one ;
We can't ſay that of her at th' next ſtone.

MONTHLY

MONTHLY GAZETTE.

Summary of Foreign Intelligence.

GERMANY.

VIENNA.

LETTERS from Poland announce that the Ruſſians, to the number of eighteen thouſand men, attacked between the 11th and 12th inſt. General Koſciuſko; that the latter loſt a great number of men, but ſtill kept his ground; finally that Koſciuſko attacked the Ruſſians in his turn on the 14th, routed them entirely, and took 20 pieces of cannon.

PRUSSIA.

THORN.

We learn that a ſtrong army of Pruſſians is put in motion to advance againſt the ſeditious Poles. A liſt of all the Pruſſian regiments, who received marching orders, is now to be ſeen. The whole of this corps is ſaid to amount to 40,000 men. His Pruſſian Majeſty is expected in South Pruſſia, in the middle of May, to put himſelf at the head of that army.

POLAND.

APRIL 22.

The patriots on the 17th inſt. after having rendered themſelves maſters of the grand arſenal at Warſaw, obliged the Ruſſian garriſon, conſiſting of 3000 troops, to evacuate the town. Baron Igelſtrohm, the Ruſſian ambaſſador, was obliged to take refuge with the Pruſſian army under General Wolky, encamped a league's diſtance from that capital. His majeſty, the king of Poland, is retained as an hoſtage, by the patriots. Some reports ſtate that his majeſty eſcaped into a convent, under eſcort of 500 Ruſſians. The ambaſſador of a neigbouring power, (probably the Ruſſian) has alſo been retained as a hoſtage. The inſurgents have eſtabliſhed a revolutionary tribunal, and ſeveral perſons are ſaid already to have ſuffered death. Lithuania, according to the lateſt accounts, is likewiſe in a ſtate of inſurrection. Gen. Koſciuſko is very active in fortifying the town of Cracow; he ordered a declaration to be publiſhed, by which thoſe citizens who do not wiſh to remain in the town, in caſe of a ſiege, are permitted to quit within eight days time, in conſequence of which declaration, a great number of rich merchants, with their goods, together with a great number of women and children, have paſſed the bridge over the Viſtula, in order to ſettle in the village of Podgorze, belonging to Gallicia. We likewiſe learn that Gen. Koſciuſko has ordered the bridge to be broken down, and a number of boats which were on this ſide the Viſtula, to be rowed into a place of ſecurity. The three complete Poliſh regiments, Lubomirſky, Czapſky, and Ozarowſky, have joined his ſtandard.

APRIL 24.

The 17th of this month proved a dreadful day to Warſaw; General Igelſtrohm, a few days before, had given orders to the whole of the Ruſſian cavalry, in garriſon there, to march from Warſaw, to join the troops which had been previouſly detached, in order to act againſt the army under Gen. Koſciuſko. When the inſurrection took place on the 17th in the morning, Gen. Igelſtrohm ordered the only three battalions of Ruſſian infantry who remained in the garriſon, to take up arms; at the ſame time, he ſent a meſſage to the King, informing his majeſty of the event. The King ſent him word, that he had already been informed of what had happened; that his majeſty had only to add a requeſt of the General to ſend all his troops out of the capital, in order to prevent bloodſhed, until the mind of the people ſhould, in ſome meaſure be pacified.

General Igelſtrohm, in the mean time, had ſent General Bauer, at the head of a detachment to protect the arſenal, but this was too late. The patriots had already rendered themſelves maſters of all the artillery contained in that building; and the latter General with his detachment, on their arrival, were forced to lay down their arms and to ſurrender priſoners of war. The patriots afterwards, provided with arms from the arſenal, formed themſelves in order of battle, and marched againſt a battalion of the Ruſſian infantry, whom they drove out of the town. Gen. Igelſtrohm however, placed himſelf at the head of the two other battalions,

and

and took poſt in Catherine ſteeet, where he was determined to defend himſelf; theſe battalions were fired upon with great violence from every window, and after an engagement which laſted 33 hours, without intermiſſion, the Ruſſians retreated from Warſaw, with the loſs of half their number, almoſt all killed. Their Generals Igelſtrohm, Aphraxin and Subow, at the head of the remaining Ruſſian infantry, joined the Pruſſian corps under Gen. Wolky, ſtationed in the neighbourhood of that capital.

The people of Warſaw were obliged to ſet ſeveral houſes on fire, where the Ruſſian ſoldiers had poſted themſelves during the engagement. The houſes and palaces which had been inhabited by the Ruſſian officers and their adherents, were plundered by the mob, particularly the Ruſſian generals fell a prey to the rapacious part of the lower order of the people. A number of the Ruſſian ſoldiers, who kept themſelves concealed during the engagement, were afterwards maſſacred as ſoon as they appeared in the ſtreets. The magiſtrates had aſſembled during the tumult; but all their endeavours to reſtore tranquillity proved ineffectual. The patriots have ſince ſent an account of this revolution to General Koſciuſko at Cracow; at the ſame time inviting that general to come to their aſſiſtance.

IRELAND.

DUBLIN, MAY 12.

Inhuman Murder.—We hear that ſix men charged with moſt cruel murders, were laſt week committed to goal, and will be brought to trial before the preſent judges on the Leinſter Circuit.

The ſavage deed is thus related:—A farmer having gone to a fair, theſe deſperados attacked his houſe in his abſence, in order to plunder it, in which was the wife of the farmer, with a very young child, a man and a woman ſervant. Having got entrance at the ſtreet door, they fell upon the ſervants and murdered them. The poor woman of this houſe, being above ſtairs while the murders were committing, upon the firſt alarm covered the child in a bed with the bed clothes, and forced herſelf for concealment, up a chimney. The ruffians, after diſpatching the unfortunate ſervants, ſearched every part of the houſe for their miſtreſs, but happily could not diſcover her. Finding the child in the bed, they murdered it in a manner too ſhocking to relate, by whoſe cries the mercileſs monſters hoped to draw the wretched mother from her retreat; but ſhe had the mortifying reſolution to reſiſt the unparalleled barbarous ſtratagem, to preſerve her own life.

After committing theſe murders, the barbarians plundered the houſe of a ſum of money, feaſted themſelves upon ſome proviſions they found there, and locking it up retired with their booty—but left behind them, by chance, a large dog, which belonged to one of this cruel banditti, and which was the cauſe of theſe barbarians' apprehenſion.

In a ſhort time after, the farmer returned to his houſe, but was aſtoniſhed at not being able to gain admittance into it. Upon which, he alarmed his neighbours, with whoſe aſſiſtance he broke open the door and ſaw the ſhocking ſcene we have deſcribed—whoſe wretched wife, when ſhe heard her huſband's voice came forth from the chimney. The dog that the murderers left behind, was ſecured, and a magiſtrate being ſent for, a conſultation was held for the purpoſe of deviſing the beſt means for diſcovering the deſperadoes—It was at length agreed upon to cut off the dog's ears and part of his tail, and ſet him looſe, and to purſue him as he ran, as he probably would fly to where he came from. This was accordingly done, and the plan ſucceeded; for the dog flew to a houſe at a great diſtance, howling with pain from the operation, into which he was followed by a perſon who found the woman of the place, uttering curſes againſt thoſe who maltreated ſo cruelly her dog. This was enough, the ſignal was given to a party that ſtood at a diſtance, who all entered the place, in a private room, in which they found the whole gang dividing the booty they had taken, who were all inſtantly ſeized and dragged to goal.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

A SCHOONER has lately arrived in this port from Breſt, which ſhe left the 24th of May.

The Captain, a gentleman of veracity and reſpectability informs, that about the 18th May, the grand fleet from Breſt, conſiſting

consisting of 32 ships of the line, and a number of frigates, sailed from that port, in expectation of joining another fleet from Rochefort and Havre—that on the 29th of the same month, he passed this fleet which then consisted of fifty sail, off Cape Cleor, stretching for Cape Finisterre. The Captain also informs, that during his stay at Brest, about 6 weeks, upward of 120 were brought in there, 40 of which were outward bound Jamaica men, a very valuable Dutch ship, worth five millions of dollars, and several English South Sea men.

The Captain further reports, that the day before he sailed, a corvette arrived from the Chesapeake fleet, which he left four days before; that the English fleet was not out, and in all probability said fleet arrived soon after he sailed. Provisions were very plenty at Brest. The important account of the total defeat of the Duke of York, had been received at Brest; but as the Captain saw no official account, he is not able to relate the particulars; but it was represented to be a complete victory on the part of the Republicans.

The French papers, by the late arrivals, contain a number of letters which have been read in the Convention, containing numerous accounts of victories gained by the Republican troops, over the armies of the despots of Europe; among a variety of others is an account from Genoa read in the Convention of 30000 Republicans passing through the Genoese country, which concludes thus—"It may be easily estimated that the French have at least 30000 men on our territory; and they constantly pass along artillery and ammunition, by land as well as by sea; in frequent convoys of small vessels.—I should be defective in truth if I did not say, that the French army marched with the most edifying discipline, and the most exemplary conduct. The French soldiers, had they been thirty thousand monks in their noviciate, could not have behaved with more circumspection and civility.

CAPTURE OF THE PIGOU.

By a letter from Halifax, the following information of the capture of the ship Pigou, an American Indiaman, by the Blanche and Hussar frigates, has been received—Thursday returned from a cruise his Majesty's ships Hussar and Blanche—They have brought in with them, the American India Ship Pigou, bound from the Isle of France to Philadelphia.

ACCIDENT.

The following unfortunate accident happened at the paper-mill lately in Worcester.—The workmen had been pressing a post of paper; the screws of the Press which was new, when it was released, did not, as usual, immediately rise; one of the workmen, Mr. *Micah Haven*, took a handspike to start it back; the moment he applied the handspike to the screw, it is supposed it rose of itself, and with such velocity as to cause the handspike to make a large dent in the side of the press, and rebounding, struck Mr. Haven in the side of his head, and broke his skull, several pieces of which were extracted—He lived till Thursday evening, and then expired.

VIOLENT STORM.

On Monday the 1st instant, a terrible storm of rain and hail, was experienced in Lynn; the violence of it for ten minutes, was never before known in any of of these parts. It came in near a west direction, beginning at Billerica, and extended about 20 miles, to the Nahant, and was in width about half a mile: Several trees 12 inches through, were blown to the ground, and great damage done to the corn, &c. The hailstones that descended, were as large as hen's eggs, and one that was picked up some time after the abatement of the storm, weighed three ounces. A pair of cattle belonging to Mr. Aaron Bowman, were killed, and the damage done to the houses, by breaking the window glass, &c. was very considerable.

COMMENCEMENT.

On Wednesday 16th inst. the anniversary Commencement at Harvard University was celebrated. The Overseers, Corporation, and immediate Government of the University, after transacting the necessary business, at 11 o'clock, A. M. proceeded to the meeting house, escorted by the Candidates for Degrees, preceeded by a band of music. The performances appeared to give general satisfaction to the learned, brilliant and numerous auditory who attended.

The following gentlemen received the honours of the University.

BACHELORS OF ARTS, viz.

David Abbot, Oliver Ainsworth, Timothy Alden, George Washington Appleton, Charles

Charles Humphrey Atherton, John Atkinſon, William Biglow, James Bowers, Thomas Bowman, Iſaac Braman, Daniel Brooks, Lucas Brown, Francis Dana Channing, William Croſby, Chriſtopher Cuſhing, Elijah Dunbar, Daniel Emerſon, Samuel Aldridge Flagg, Jacob Flint, Thomas Geyer, James Blake Howe, Edward Jackſon, David Kendall, Joſeph M'Kean, Jeſſe Olds, Stephen Peabody, Joſeph Perkins, Samuel Stearns, Hall Tufts.

And the following gentlemen to the Degree of

MASTERS OF ARTS, viz.

OUT OF COURSE.

John Chandler, A. B. 1787. Eliſha Gardner, A. B. 1789. Iſrael Andrews, A. B. 1789.

IN COURSE.

Zabdiel Boylſton Adams, Thomas Auſtin, Amos Bancroft, Samuel Procter Bayley, Ephraim Briggs, Ezekiel Herſey Derby, Abraham Redwood Ellery, John Harris, William Hodge, Aſa King, Nathaniel Cabot Lee, John Morſe, Samuel Benjamin Morſe, Moſes Porter Phelps, Thomas Pickman, Thomas Rice, Luther Stearns, Daniel Stone, Ichabod Tucker, Benjamin Turner, John Walton, Henry Dana Ward, David Wheaton, Calvin Whiting, Peter Whitney, Elijah Brigham, of Dartmouth College, admitted *ad eundum*.

BACHELORS OF PHYSIC.

Mr. William Ingalls,	Mr. Heber Chaſe,
Mr. Amos Bancroft,	Mr. Sam'l Adams.
Mr. John Walton,	

DOCTORS OF DIVINITY.

Rev. David Tappan, Hollis Profeſſor of Divinity.	Rev. Joſhua Toulmin, of Great-Britain.

DOCTOR OF PHYSIC.

John Haygarth, of Great-Britain.

On Thurſday, the PHI BETA KAPPA Society held their anniverſary meeting at Harvard Univerſity. The fraternity having previouſly convened and tranſacted the neceſſary buſineſs, proceeded to Harvard Chapel; where, before a reſpectable auditory, conſiſting of the Governors of the Univerſity, many of the reverend Clergy, and other gentlemen ſtrangers, two Orations were delivered by CHARLES COFFIN, A. M. and JOSIAH QUINCY, A. M. The burſt of animated approbation which theſe Orations received, ſpeak their merit better than any laboured panegyric. The fraternity then returned to Mr. Warland's, and enjoyed "the feaſt of reaſon, and the flow of ſoul."

MARRIAGES.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boſton*, Monſ. Jacobus Pick to Miſs Elizabeth Bradſhaw; Mr. Samuel Dunnels to Miſs Deborah Kneeland; Mr. Jeremiah Dyer to Miſs Suſannah Wild; John Halſey, Eſq. of New York, to Miſs Nancy Crafts; Mr. William Alline to Miſs Rebecca Cazneau; Mr. William Kerr to Miſs Nancy Hodgdon; Mr. Philip Surrell to Miſs Sally Clark; Iſaac Parker, Eſq. to Miſs Rebecca Hall; Mr. Snelling Powell to Miſs Betſey Harriſon; Mr. Nathan Webb to Miſs Sally Leach; Mr. Leon Chappertin to Miſs Bridget Colman; Mr. Lewis Lambert Macallier to Miſs Lydia Foſdick.

Andover, Mr. Solomon Abbot to Miſs Lucy Frye.

Bridgewater, Mr. Shepard Snell to Miſs Anna Thayer; Mr. Nahum Mitchel to Miſs Nabby Lazell.

Brookfield, Mr. Samuel Convers to Miſs Rebecca Kitteredge.

Dracut, Mr. Moſes Whiting to Miſs Mary Hovey.

Framingham, Doctor Samuel Gamwell to Miſs Patty Trowbridge.

Norton, L. Wheaton, Eſq. to Miſs Fanny Morey.

Plymouth, Mr. Dunbar to Miſs Nancy Crombie; Mr. William Crombie, jun. to Miſs Deborah Jackſon.

Scituate, Mr. Thomas Foord to Miſs Abigail Church.

Springfield, Mr. Jeremiah Hallett to Miſs Edny Clark.

Weymouth, Mr. Samuel Fenner, to Miſs Sukey Humphrey.

DEATHS.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boſton*, On his paſſage to China, Capt. John Owen of this town; Miſs Ann Willis, 63; Miſs Harriet Stillman; Mr. Moſes Bradley, 57; Mr. Thomas Tileſton, 59; Mr. John Molineux, 38; Mr. Edward Wentworth; Mrs. Elſa Gardner, 26; Mrs. Abigail Hall.

Bridgewater, Mr. Nathan Hayward, 74; Monſieur Duchatel.

Beverly, Benjamin Jones, Eſq. 78;

Brookfield, Hon. Elijah Dwight, Eſq. 48.

Dorcheſter, Joſeph Henderſon, Eſq.

Hampton Falls, Capt. Sandborn, 68.

Lynn, Mrs. Mary Lewis.

Roxbury, Mrs. Phebe Pratt, 46.

Pepperelborough, Joſiah Fairfield, Eſq. 47.

Sutton, Mrs. Amity Hayward, 27.

NEWHAMPSHIRE.—*Exeter*, Mr. James Ranlet, 65.

THE

MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY MUSEUM

OF

KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL *ENTERTAINMENT.*

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WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

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MDCCXCIV.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We commend the piety expreſſed in the verſification of the Lord's prayer, but we think it more ſuitable for the devotional hours of the Author than for our Magazine.

The Cenſor is too perſonal for admiſſion. Satire that has vice, not character, for its object, will always be acceptable.

Linus will be pleaſed to accept our acknowledgments for his uſeful and entertaining communications.

The Eſſayiſt, No. XI, is received. It ſhall have a place next month.

The hints of Correſpondents ſhall be complied with, as far as in our power.

The Apology of the *Duelliſt*, for private reaſons, cannot be publiſhed.

Will the daughters of the Muſes, who have favoured us with their compoſitions, condeſcend again to tune their lyres, that the Cabinet of Apollo may be filled with original pieces of ſentiment and elegance?

PRICES OF PUBLIC SECURITIES, BANK STOCK, &c.

Auguſt.	Six per Cents.	Three per Cents.	Defer'd Stock.	Maſſachuſ. State Notes	U.S.B. Shares ab. par.	Maſſachuſ. Bank Shares.	Union Bank Shares. ab. pr.	Final & L. Of. Cert. inter. fr. Jan. 1788.	Reg. Dt. with int. fr. March 4. 1789.	Indents. Int. on Loan Offi. Cer. & Reg. Dt.	New Emiſſion Money.	O. Emiſ. Mo.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	per ct.	dols.	per ct.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s.
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2	18 10	10 9	11 9	14 9	17	at	6	16 6	15 6	9 0	8 0	40
4	18 10	10 9	11 9	14 9	17	mkt.	6 1-2	16 6	15 6	9 0	8 0	40
5	18 10	10 9	11 9	14 10	17		6 1-2	16 6	15 6	9 0	8 0	40
6	18 10	10 8	11 9	14 10	17		7	16 6	15 6	9 0	8 0	40
7	18 10	10 8	11 10	14 10	18		7	16 6	15 6	9 0	8 0	40
8	18 10	10 8	11 10	14 10	18		7	16 6	15 6	9 0	8 0	40
9	18 10	10 8	11 10	14 10	18		7	16 6	15 6	9 0	8 0	40
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12	18 10	10 7	11 10	14 11	18		8	16 6	15 6	9 0	8 0	40
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19	18 9	10 7	12	15	18		9	16 9	16	9 6	8 0	40
20	18 9	10 7	12	15	18		9	16 9	16	9 6	8 0	40
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JOHN MARSTON, *Stock Broker.*

Matta. Mag. 1794.

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FLORETTA and FLORIO.

THE

MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

FOR *AUGUST*, 1794.

The INSTANTANEOUS IMPRESSION.

[Illuſtrated with a handſome ENGRAVING.]

FLORETTA poſſeſſed more beauty than fortune; and though ſhe was eſteemed the moſt amiable Shepherdeſs in the Province of Liſle, ſhe yet poſſeſſed more ſenſe than beauty. A certain undefinable ſweetneſs ſat in every feature of her face, and charmed in every action of her mind. Like SHAKESPEARE'S PERDITA—if ſhe ſung, ſuch was the melody of her voice, we would have her ſing for ever:—If ſhe danced in the rural ring on the green, or on the upland, the Swains, with enamoured fondneſs, hung on every movement, and entreated her to dance for ever. In ſhort, every incident of life ſerved but as a mirror to exhibit her endowments. The ſimplicity of her manners—the artleſs innocence of her mind—the warmth of her endearing and kind temper, were attractions that drew every Shepherd around her cottage, and made the little emboſomed manſion like an aviary of birds—a ſcene of vocal harmony and muſic.

We might with voluptuous pleaſure dwell on the deſcription of her abode; painting the enamelled beauties of the ſcene with poetic colouring, and giving even freſh luxuriance to the tints of Nature. But

" ————To paint the lily,
" To throw a perfume on the violet,
" To ſmooth the ice, to add another hue
" Unto the rainbow, or try, with taper light,
" The beauteous face of heaven to garniſh,
" Is waſteful and ridiculous exceſs."

Her Cottage was beautified by Nature, and was tenanted by Heaven: Man, therefore, need not flatter himſelf poſſeſſed of abilities to enrich it by deſcription. In vain did the Swains aſſail her with all the eloquence of erratic love: FLORETTA was too poor for a wife. In the preſent day of faſhionable extravagance, it is a melancholy truth, that no motives ſo generally actuates the mind as intereſt. Our luxuries and refinements beget innumerable wants, unknown in earlier times; which force the human mind to deviate even from its moſt amiable volitions, and proſecute lines of conduct as mortifying as they are diſgraceful. The priſtine ſimplici-

ty

ty of our plains is contaminated with a portion of the rage that has gained such entire possession of the fashionable world. The Shepherd no more invokes the inspiration of the rural Pan; the oaten reed lies neglected; and the purling streams flow unassociated by the wonted melody of the piping swains. In the little retired village, indeed, which gave birth to the lovely FLORETTA, a remnant may be seen of Arcadian simplicity; but tinctured with the volatile salt of perfidious refinement, it exists in so vitiated a state, that it deserves not the name of Felicity. An incessant round of pleasure, indeed, may be foolishly conceived by the young, infatuated, and thoughtless, to be happiness. Levity, bordering on licentiousness, marks the characters of the females; and an unbounded thirst in the pursuit of interest and pleasure, those of the men. In such a society may it not be wondered, that the lovely FLORETTA remained uncontaminated, since we know how easily, and how imperceptibly the chains of passion cling around the heart? Gilt o'er by the sanctity of custom, Vice loses its deformity, and assumes the most fascinating features. Never, therefore, O never let us trust ourselves one instant, in the presence of a crime. The first step towards iniquity is difficult to accomplish—the second may be painful—but the third is easy: The ladder that reaches to the abyss, becomes gradually more easy, as we descend, till at last we find pleasure in what at first gave us pain. FLORETTA is an excellent exception to this general rule. She stood the shock of association unhurt: She saw through the misleading glare of lawless pleasures, and shuddered at the danger she was daily exposed to. To the many assiduities of the village swains she was impenetrable. They sung, they danced, and they piped in vain, She saw that they assailed her virtue, not her heart. They did not seek for connubial delights in her society, but for momentary gratifications in her seduction. Aware of their ends, she had strength and virtue enough to defeat them; and she lived the pattern of imitation, as she was the emblem innocence.

FLORIO, the son of a farmer in the neighbourhood, returned from the Academy, where he had completed his education;—an education not designed to render him eminent in any public profession, but such as fitted him for social intercourse, and domestic retirement. His father, possessed of happy affluence, esteemed it more eligible to station his heir in the bosom of his pastoral fields, than in the round of dissipation attendant on a town-life, or in the busy, bustling, enviable road to fame. FLORIO was happily calculated for the path in which he was to walk. He was possessed of a most captivating sensibility; tender in his nature, and with a comfortable mixture of that wit and humour which is the seasoning to the dish of life.

Strolling one day across the uplands of the beautiful and various country near his father's, he accidentally saw FLORETTA.—FLORETTA saw him. The glance was mutual, and the Impression was Instantaneous! They felt an undescribable something take possession of their hearts: It was pleasure, mingled with pain. This mutual sensibility urged them to pass on; but an irresistible impulse fixed them to the spot. Their eyes alternately met, and fell towards the ground: They were confounded, as their glances, in the interchange, were discovered, and from the pure in-

genuousness

genuousneſs of their ſouls, a vermillion ſpread itſelf upon their cheeks.

FLORIO, however, recovering himſelf from the enchantment which had chained him to the ground, advanced with the moſt enamoured, and yet throbbing heart, to FLORETTA.

"May I not (ſays he, with the moſt winning ſweetneſs of accent) —may I not help you to tend your flock, my Shepherdeſs? I will be a faithful guide, and will conduct them acroſs the hill for you, with care.—Do, pray, let me eaſe you of the taſk."

"Gentle Stranger (replies the lovely FLORETTA), it is ſo delightful a taſk, that I cannot agree to part with it."

"Then pray (ſays he), my fair one, let me enjoy but a part of the delight. I know not how it is, but I take an intereſt in the welfare of your flock. I think they are the fineſt Lambs I ever ſaw. But bleſs me (continues he, with a ſigh), what have I to do with them?—They are the property of a ſhepherdeſs, whoſe heart, no doubt, is in the poſſeſſion of ſome favoured Swain, and I tarry and gaze upon them, to my undoing."—A momentary ſuſpenſe ſeized them both, on this inſtant.—She knew not what to ſay; and he wiſhed to have the doubt removed, for which the hint was thrown out. His ſuſceptibility was touched—He read the deſired anſwer in her bluſhing cheek and downcaſt eye. He ſaw the inward workings of her heart, and with a tumultuous tide of tranſport he ſnatched the fair one's hand, and imprinted on it the warmeſt effuſion of his ſoul. Recollecting himſelf, and ſtarting at the thought of his having been, perhaps, to vehement in his addreſs, he, with the awe that is inſpired by the emotions of honourable love, retreated a few paces, and prayed the fair one to forgive him the effects of a tranſport which he could not ſmother, and which he hoped did not ariſe from miſconception or diſreſpect. The language of the heart, as it is gathered from the eyes, is the ſimpleſt thing on earth, and did more for this enamoured pair, in two minutes of ſuſpenſe which ſucceeded to this apology, than all the eccleircisſement that words could have brought about. Were we permitted, in imitation of the moſt captivating Phyſiognomiſt that ever penned a Hiſtory for the entertainment of Mankind, to tranſlate the dumb language into Engliſh, it would nearly run as follows:

"Believe me, kind ſwain (ſaid FLORETTA), I am as pleaſed with your tranſports as yourſelf. I feel an inexpreſſible pleaſure in your ſociety; and would the delicacy of my ſex permit, I would return your careſs with equal ardour, and ſhew you how much your firſt appearance hath prepoſſeſſed me in your favour."

"O Heavens! (exclaimed the enraptured FLORIO) And is it poſſible that I have made an impreſſion on your heart?—Is it poſſible, that I may be happy enough to be united to you for ever—to dwell in your ſociety—to hang upon your ſweetneſs, and, like the bee from the perfumed floweret, diſtil the balmy eſſence from that lip, without ravaging its beauty, or injuring its ſweets?—Is it poſſible that I may be your's?"

"It is, my Shepherd, it is! There is an attachment in my boſom, which, as it is fixed there, no doubt, by the hand of Providence, for the wiſeſt ends, I do not counteract, which tells me I muſt be your's or no one's."

When

When the happy interval was paſt, which had been filled up with ſuch ſignificant intercourſe of the eyes as hath formed the groundwork for the above interpretation, they parted, without reducing it to more explicit language—but not before he had entreated to know her name.

"FLORETTA—a Maid whoſe only fortune is her innocence, and her occupation a Shepherdeſs."

"And I am FLORIO, poſſeſſed of a comfortable inheritance; not enough, indeed, to anſwer the calls of Luxury, but more than ſufficient for two ſuch people as you and I are."

They parted—ſhe to conduct her ſheep to the paſture, on the brow of the hill; and he to ſeek his father. He ſoon found him, and throwing himſelf at his feet, with an earneſtneſs and a warmth which beſpoke at once the ardour of his affection, and the ſincerity of his heart, he beſought him to conſent to his union with FLORETTA. The father knew her—admired her;—for every one that knew, admired her; and raiſing his ſon, with parental tenderneſs told him—the choice was worthy of his heart—He conſidered FLORETTA as the richeſt female of the Land, ſince ſhe poſſeſſed treaſures more eſtimable than lucre, in an undefiled and a pure heart. She would make a wife capable of rendering his journey through this life a chain of felicity, in which there would be found no intermitting link of anxiety or ſorrow.

FLORIO, in a few days, was joined to FLORETTA; and at this very moment they are the happieſt couple in the Province of Liſle.

[*Weſtmin. Mag.*

ANECDOTE of DEAN SWIFT.

DR. Swift had an odd blunt way that was miſtaken by ſtrangers for ill nature; it was ſo odd that there is no deſcribing it* but by facts. One evening Gay and Pope went to ſee him. On their coming in, "Hey day, gentlemen," ſaid the Dean, "what can be the meaning of this viſit? How came you to leave all the great Lords you are ſo fond of, to come hither to ſee a poor ſcurvy Dean?" Becauſe we would rather ſee you than any of them. "Ay, any one that did not know you ſo well as I do, might poſſibly believe you; but ſince you are come I muſt get ſome ſupper for you, I ſuppoſe." No, Doctor, we have ſupped already. "Supped already! that is impoſſible, why it is not eight o'clock."—Indeed we have. "That's very ſtrange; but, if you had not ſupped, I muſt have got ſomething for you; let me ſee, a couple of lobſters would have done very well—two ſhillings; tarts, a ſhilling: but you will drink a glaſs of wine with me, though you ſupped ſo much before your time only to ſpare my pocket." No, we had rather talk with you, than drink with you.—"But if you had ſupped with me, as in all reaſon you ought to have done, you muſt then have drank with me; a bottle of wine two ſhillings—two and two are four, and one is five; juſt two and ſix pence a piece;

* The late Archbiſhop of Armagh, happening to object one day in Swift's company to an expreſſion of Pope, as not being the pureſt Engliſh, Swift anſwered with his uſual roughneſs, "I could never get the blockhead to ſtudy his grammar."

a piece; there Pope, there's half a crown for you, and there's another for you, Sir; for I won't save any thing by you, I am determined." This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions: and in spite of every thing they could say to the contrary, he actually obliged them to take the money.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The MEMORIALIST. No. IV.

IN whatever light we consider man, whether as a selfish, a social, or religious being, we still behold in him the traces of infinite wisdom. All the literary sciences, all the attainments in virtue and morality, are so many rivulets which terminate in the vast ocean of boundless perfection.

Next to the important consideration of religion, we may place the great principle of humanity. All civilized classes of men, nay, even the rude barbarians, entertain some conceptions of this important virtue. Such high ideas did the ancients have of humanity, that their elysium itself was not considered as a state of perfect happiness without it. Children, according to their philosophy, met in those blissful abodes the spirits of their fathers, and enjoyed a social communion. The Roman bards carried this principle to excess. Virgil in particular, while he records the pleasures of the virtuous in elysium, with language next to inspiration, represents them solicitous for the fate of their friends in this upper world. But while we admire the splendor of the pagan virtues, unassisted by revelation, well may the Christian exult in the superior excellency of his own religion.

The sacred pages inculcate, in the most emphatical terms, the doctrines of humanity. They command mutual affection, not on the comparatively narrow and selfish principle of patriotism, but because we are all children of the same Parent—the Father of the universe.—Does not this prove the divine original of Christianity, and sufficiently refute the cant of sophists, and the invidious sneer of infidelity? But the great principle of humanity, like all other passions, will decay, if it is not cherished with proper care and attention. It is a tender plant, that grows only in feeling minds.

By frequently visiting the house of sickness, and abodes of despair; by ameliorating the miseries, and relieving the distresses of our fellow men, we enkindle in our bosoms the generous flame of humanity: And if it is not presumption to use the expression, we perform, though in a humbler sphere, the province of the Deity. If mankind would uniformly act on this motive, the world, instead of exhibiting a horrid spectacle of jars and dissensions, would be suddenly converted into a glorious millenium. And we may rationally conjecture, that if this grand period will ever be brought forth by the operation of natural causes, it must proceed on some similar principle. Then would the barren desert of the soul blossom with the roses of contentment—happiness reassume her empire in the human breast—and the whole face of nature be converted from barrenness and solitude, into beauty and fertility.

Having proceeded thus far, I shall endeavour to point out some of the

the moſt obvious cauſes which interrupt the growth of humanity.—Operas and maſquerades tend evidently to deaden the finer feelings of nature. Theſe were the cauſes which, by confounding all natural diſtinctions, by teaching the man to ape the manners of a woman, and by the introduction of a thouſand vicious faſhions, poured a torrent of licentiouſneſs on modern Europe. It was theſe cauſes which rouſed to oppoſition the keen irony of Swift, and the refined humour of Addiſon. May we not with propriety aſcribe to the ſame ſources the viſible decline of genius in that country, which once was juſtly denominated the Athens of the world? I mention theſe cauſes in particular, as unfavourable to humanity, to ſuggeſt to my countrymen the propriety of effectually guarding againſt them, if they ſhould ever appear on this ſide of the Atlantic. I will now mention one principle, which accelerates the progreſs of humanity—and that is, a ſocial and frequent intercourſe with ſociety.—How can we exerciſe thoſe feelings, which nature has implanted in us, for the benefit of mankind, if we ſhun the company of man? As I ſaid before, thoſe paſſions will die for want of exerciſe. Some few cold hearted bigots may pretend that the life of man ought to be a life of laborious virtue, independent of theſe pleaſures, and they are merely pretences. The path of our duty is ſtrewed with flowers. Why has the Deity enriched the fields with a beautiful green, and tinctured the ſkies with a lively blue, if it is not that the eye may be refreſhed when it ſlides along the vaſt landſcape of heaven and earth? Half of the beauties of nature are viſionary beauties. The reſtleſs eye of imagination catches the brilliant features as they tranſpire, and by its creative faculty, multiplies them to infinity. Here then the mind of the Deity ſhines through his creation. Let us be perſuaded, that arguments, drawn from the nature of things, cannot be refuted, and indulge freely the ſenſations of humanity.

ANECDOTE.

THE Emperor Charles V. was the great patron of Titiano, a celebrated painter. Among the other honours which he laviſhed upon him, he inveſted him with the Order of Santiago at Bruſſels, and, in 1553, conſtituted him a Count Palatine of the empire at Barcelona. Theſe favours alarmed the jealouſy of the Nobles both of Germany and Spain; but their envy drew no other anſwer from Charles, than that he had many Nobles in his empire and but one Titiano.—The artiſt, who was at ſome diſtance, employed upon a picture, overheard the retort with conſcious ſatisfaction; and, as he made his reverence to the Emperor, dropt a pencil on the floor; the courteous Monarch took it up, and delivering it to him, confounded by this ſecond mark of his condeſcenſion, added, *that, to wait on* Titiano, *was a ſervice for an Emperor.* Charles did not only grace this eminent artiſt with the ſplendid ornaments and titles above-mentioned, he gave him more ſolid marks of his favour, appointing him rents in Naples of two hundred ducats annually each, beſides a munificent compenſation for every picture he executed.

The

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The GENERAL OBSERVER. No. XLVII.

"When the obligations of morality are taught, let the ſanctions of Chriſtianity never be forgotten; by which it will be ſhewn that they give ſtrength and luſtre to each other: Religion will appear to be the voice of Reaſon, and Morality to be the will of God." JOHNSON.

IT is ſurprizing into what extravagances human nature will run when it has got looſe from all reſtraints, and prides itſelf in being uncontroled in any of its vagaries! Even the intelligent mind, when it feels ſelf ſufficient, and equal to the taſk of exploring its own way, and directing its own movements, regardleſs of all preſcription, and of all regulation, human or divine, except from *the divinity that ſtirs within*—often flies off eccentric, is loſt in clouds, or ſinks grovelling in the mire, and acts very irrationally while it glories in following reaſon. Look at France! Look at her philoſophers! Look at her zealous reformers! Look at their humble imitators, both in Europe and America!

Happy, indeed, are the followers of reaſon! But reaſon is cool, and requires ſedateneſs in order to attend to her dictates, and an impartial and diſpaſſionate temper in order to feel their force, and ſubmit to their authority. In the din of contention, the directions of reaſon are not heard, or not regarded. In the glow of triumph, other principles than reaſon preſide and direct. In the rage of reformation, zeal takes the lead, and reaſon is left far behind. In the inſurrection of the paſſions, reaſon is dethroned, and, like other eminent characters, hurried by the rabble to the *guillotine*. When Enthuſiaſm, like a raving goddeſs, inſpires men's minds; and when ſuch inflamed minds vie with each other in a certain novelty and extravagance in thinking, in acting, and in expreſſion, we are not to expect a rational and regular line of conduct; we are not to expect an adequate well digeſted form of government; much leſs are we to look for a regular ſyſtem of religion. When ſuch are the leading features of a nation, what rational man would call ſuch a period *the reign of reaſon?*

France exhibits an awful ſpecimen and proof, that when men of warm paſſions are receding from one extreme, they cannot ſtop at any middle, or moderate point, but will run to the other extreme; that when the ſhackles of ſlavery are ſuddenly thrown off, unexperienced minds, in their haſte to get away from the awe and reſtraint of deſpotiſm, are apt to run into all the extravagances of licentiouſneſs and anarchy; and that, in their zeal to rid themſelves of prieſtcraft and religious impoſition, to which they have ignominiouſly been ſubjected, they are in danger of diſcarding religion itſelf, and all its neceſſary inſtitutions and miniſters.

When the tempeſt is over; when the elements are compoſed; and the atmoſphere is ſerene, then the ſun of reaſon will ſhine out; men will ſee what confuſion has been made, and begin to ſet things to rights; regular ſyſtems of government will be framed; equitable forms of judiciary proceeding will be eſtabliſhed; religion, without which men cannot ſubſiſt in regular ſociety, will be recalled from exile; reaſon will be coolly conſulted in deviſing the beſt modes of wor-

ship; the discarded Bible will be hunted up and carefully examined; impartial reason will feel and acknowledge the force and divinity of its doctrines and precepts; and religion, revealed religion, the Christian religion, will appear to be the most reasonable thing in the world.

Religion results from the nature and state of man as the creature of God, as a rational creature, and as connected with others. It comprehends, therefore, all those acts of piety towards God, all those righteous and benevolent transactions with men, and all that regular and becoming conduct in the various scenes and relations of life, which unbiassed reason, enlightened by revelation, approves. All religion has reference to a Deity, and comprehends inward exercises of veneration and affiance, and outward acts of religious worship, as well as the practice of the social virtues from a principle of obedience. Religion in system comprehends all moral obligations; religion in practice is the faithful discharge of these obligations. That religion, therefore, which leaves out any of the rational acts of piety which are more immediately due to the Supreme Being, is quite as defective as if it left out any of the essential social virtues. *To walk humbly with God*, is as necessary a part of religion, and as agreeable to reason, as *to do justly, and to love mercy.* As man is a dependent and connected being, the religion of man consists in paying a proper regard to all beings, in proportion to this dependence and connexion. If there is a being upon whom we are absolutely dependent for our existence, support, and happiness, that being claims our most grateful and devout acknowledgments. If this being has commissioned an august personage to bring us the overtures of peace, to prepare us for happiness, and to remove all obstructions to happiness which we could not remove ourselves, most certainly, there are peculiar duties, affections, and acknowledgments, which are due from us to this personage. So that the system of religion, the peculiar observances, prescribed by Christianity, must, to impartial reason, appear as rational, and as essential, as any of the duties which we owe to civil rulers, to our earthly parents, and to our most generous benefactors. The reign of the purest reason, will be the reign of the purest religion.

The GAMBLER: An ANECDOTE.

IN the days of yore, a certain young gentleman had become a notorious *inamorato* of the billiard and card table. All his hopes and enjoyment were concentrated in a kind of amusement, in which, as an adept, he had no compeer. In the wise and fortunate adjustment of things, the *compagnon de chambre* of this gambler was a paragon of virtue. His celebrity for regularity of deportment and abhorrence of every species of vice had pervaded the country. He frequently reminded the deluded youth of the great impropriety and ruinous tendency of such a career. All remonstrances, however, were totally inadequate to his reformation. To effect this, the good *compagnon de chambre* was conscious that, unless some method were soon adopted, his destruction would inevitably follow. He therefore contrived one night,

night, when the gambler was gone to pay his devoirs to the billiard table, to get a monſtrous great black hog into their chamber. The morning began to dawn as he returned. All was huſhed as the foot of night. He was beginning to open the door, when, to his unutterable aſtoniſhment, he was ſaluted with a tremendous *grunt*. Before the door was half open, his *Pandemonian majeſty*, as, from his ſhape, colour, and language, our hero took him to be, ruſhed out—broke down the door with a horrid craſh—took up the gambler with irreſiſtible force—diſgorged an impetuous torrent of the ſalutatory dialect—and ſprang forward with renovated vigour, till he and our hero made a glorious pitch from the top to the bottom of the ſtairs.

It was happy that this expedient proved the converſion and effectual reformation of the young gentleman. Q.

On DUELLING.

[From BOSWELL's Life of Dr. JOHNSON.]

ON —— I dined with Dr. Johnſon at General Oglethorpe's, where we found Dr. Goldſmith.—The queſtion was ſtarted whether duelling was conſiſtent with moral duty. The brave old General, fired at this, ſaid with a lofty air, "Undoubtedly a man has a right to defend his honour." Dr. Johnſon entered on the ſubject. "As men become in a high degree refined, various cauſes of offence ariſe; which are conſidered to be of ſuch importance, that life muſt be ſtaked to atone for them, though in reality they are not ſo. A body that has received a very fine poliſh may be eaſily hurt. Before men arrive at this artificial refinement, if one tells his neighbour he lies, his neighbour tells him he lies; if one gives his neighbour a blow, his neighbour gives him a blow; but in a ſtate of highly poliſhed ſociety, an affront is held to be a ſerious injury. It muſt, therefore, be reſented, or rather a duel muſt be fought upon it; as men have agreed to baniſh from their ſociety one who puts up with an affront without fighting a duel. Now, Sir, it is never unlawful to fight in ſelf defence. He, then, who fights a duel, does not fight from paſſion againſt his antagoniſt, but out of ſelf defence; to avert the ſtigma of the world, and to prevent himſelf from being driven out of ſociety. I could wiſh there was not that ſuperfluity of refinement; but while ſuch notions prevail, no doubt a man may lawfully fight a duel."

Let it be remembered that this juſtification is applicable only to the perſon who *receives* an affront. All mankind muſt condemn the aggreſſor.

The General told us, that when he was a very young man, ſerving under Prince Eugene of Savoy, he was ſetting in a company at table with a Prince of Wertemberg. The Prince took up a glaſs of wine, and, by a fillip, made ſome of it fly in Oglethorpe's face. Here was a nice dilemma. To have challenged him inſtantly, might have fixed a quarrelſome character upon the young ſoldier: to have taken no notice of it might have been conſidered as cowardice. Oglethorpe, therefore, keeping his eye upon the Prince, and ſmiling all the time, as if he took what his highneſs had done.

done in jeſt, ſaid, " Mon Prince," in Engliſh, " That's a good joke ; but we do it much better in England ;" and threw a whole glaſs of wine in the Prince's face. An old General who ſat by, ſaid, " *Il a bien fait, mon Prince, vous l'avez commencé ;*" and thus all ended in good humour.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

A GENTLEMAN ſent a buck to the celebrated Judge Hale in his circuit, who was to have a cauſe tried before him that aſſize ; the cauſe being called, and the Judge taking notice of the name, aſked if it was the ſame perſon, who had preſented him with a buck ? And finding it to be the ſame, the Judge told him, " He could not ſuffer the trial to go on till he had paid him for his buck." To which the gentleman anſwered, " that he never ſold his veniſon, and that he had done no more to him, than he had always done to every Judge that came the circuit ; which was confirmed by ſeveral gentlemen on the bench. But all this would not prevail upon the Judge ; nor would he ſuffer the trial to proceed till he had paid for the veniſon ; upon which the gentleman withdrew the record, ſaying, " He would not try his cauſe before a Judge, who ſuſpected him to be guilty of bribery by a cuſtomary civility." *Dr. Burnet.*

ENIGARDUS, principal Secretary of ſtate to Charlemagne, made his addreſſes to one of the Emperor's daughters, and ſhe conſidering him as a perſon who had riſen by merit, received his addreſſes, and gave him opportunity in winter nights to viſit her in her own apartment, where their mutual affection was permanently eſtabliſhed. Staying one night very late, at his departure they ſaw a great ſnow had fallen, which put them both into great perplexity for fear his foot ſhould be known, and his life be endangered, for privately viſiting the King's daughter without his licence ; to prevent this, ſhe took the gentleman upon her back, and carried him the length of the court to his own lodgings without ſuffering him to put his foot to the ground ; ſo that if any inquiry had been made next morning no footing would have appeared but her own : It ſo happened, that Charlemagne, who was induſtrious in public affairs, was up in his ſtudy, and ſeeing this witty contrivance, was in debate with himſelf whether he ſhould be angry or pleaſed. Next day in a great appearance of the nobility, his daughter and Enigardus being preſent, he demanded, " what puniſhment that ſervant was liable to, who employ'd a king's daughter in the office of a mule, and made himſelf be carried on her back through the ſnow in the night, and in very ſharp and piercing weather ; all the Lords ſoon gave their opinions, that ſo inſolent a wretch ought to ſuffer a ſevere death. The princeſs and the ſecretary were under a dreadful ſurpriſe, looked ghaſtly upon one another, and expected nothing elſe than to be ſtead alive. The Emperor perceiving them under a terrible conſternation, ſmiled on his ſecretary, ſaying, " Enigardus, hadſt thou loved my daughter, thou ſhould have addreſſed thyſelf to her father for his conſent, in the omiſſion of which thou haſt deſerved death ; but to relieve you both from your flights and fears, inſtead of taking away one, I will give thee two lives ; here,

take

take thy beautiful and kind portreſs to wife, fear God and love one another." How theſe lovers were on a ſudden tranſported into ecſtacies of joy and happineſs. I leave the reader to imagine.

Cauſin. Hol. Court.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The REPOSITORY. No. XXIII.

WHAT abundant thanks are due to the Redeemer for the manifeſtations of his tender love! How doth the aſſurance that his regards are univerſal, and his benignity to the creature he hath made, exhauſtleſs and unbounded, ſmooth the bed of pain, and remove the thorn from the pillow of the dying! How dreadful, to behold a fellow creature ſtanding upon the borders of our world, and ſhrinking from that leap, which, however, muſt inevitably, and probably with the coming moment, be taken! Impotent is every effort; no hand can reſcue, and unavailing pity can only pour its fruitleſs lamentations. She is gone; but oh with what reluctance ſhe relinquiſhed life! I beheld the laſt breath quiver upon her lips, and I ſaw the agonies of her parting ſoul. I entered her chamber; I approached her bed; I found that the king of terrors was indeed making ſwift advances; the cold dews of death diffuſed itſelf over the whole expiring frame, and not a veſtige of hope remained! She lifted up her languid eyes, examining, alternately, with heart affecting earneſtneſs, the faces which ſurrounded her. At length, with a voice of inconceivable terror, ſhe exclaimed, Am I dying? am I dying? Oh ſpeak, and eaſe my burſting heart! She was made to underſtand that it was conceived ſhe was. Oh then, ſhe rejoined, I cannot die, I have no God, no Chriſt, no Saviour! Her accents ſtill ſound terrific in my ear. I was inexpreſſibly ſhocked. For ſome moments ſhe remained ſilent, until once more lifting up her dying eyes, ſhe addreſſed herſelf to me: What ſhall I do? I have no Saviour, to whom in this tremendous moment, to make application! I took this reference for a permiſſion to ſpeak; it was with difficulty that I had refrained. Why, my friend, give place to ſuch ſhocking apprehenſions? Why conceive that you have no Saviour? Tell me, is the arm of the Lord ſhortened? Is his ear heavy that he cannot hear? And doth not ſalvation ſtill belong to him? O yes, I know that all power indeed belongeth unto God; but I have no proof of my intereſt in a Redeemer, no manifeſtation that I am the purchaſe of Emmanuel's ſufferings! What proof, I returned, do you require? Are you not a ſinner? Were you not loſt? And is not Jeſus Chriſt the Saviour, the benign, the compaſſionate Redeemer of ſinners? Did he not come to *ſeek that which* was loſt? And ſhall he ſeek in vain? Shall he not find? Is your ſpirit the breath of God? And will God doom to eternal miſery his own breath, eſpecially when it has coſt him ſo many pangs to reſcue it from deſtruction? I am ſenſible, I added, that you will ſuſpect my teſtimony; you have ſuppoſed me entangled, wrapped about in clouds of error. But, my dear friend, in the word of our God there can be

no

no deception: The declarations of Jehovah are ſurely worthy of all acceptation; and his records proclaim the univerſality of his love, and his power; the reſtitution of all things, and the wiping of every tear from off every face.

The ſurrounding individuals remained ſilent; they were willing to let the heretic, if in her power, ſoothe the agonized mind of her departing friend; nay, their countenances were deſcriptive of approbation; a gleam of hope ſeemed alſo to light up the face of the dying; but it was only the meteor of the moment, her fears returned, and deſpair enwrapped her ſoul.—Yet few perſons were more worthy. In life ſhe was uſeful, benevolent, and amiable. How important is an acquaintance with the great and conſolatory truths of our moſt holy religion!

Penetrated with the goodneſs of my God, and wrapped in the robe of Emmanuel's righteouſneſs, I proſtrate at the feet of the Moſt High.

CONSTANTIA.

ALEXIS: Or, The *Cottage* in the *Woods*.

(Continued from the 399th page.)

PART SECOND.

ALEXIS paſſes a twelvemonth in the Cottage.—He is forced to leave it.

CHAPTER II.

THE LESSON OF MUSIC.

AURORA had diſpelled night, and the ſun began to gild the tops of the trees, a cloudleſs azure ſky proclaimed a ſerene day, and ſoon the balmy freſhneſs, inſtilled by Zephyr in the brilliant pearls of the dew, was going to yield to the ardent fires of the meridian; all nature was beauteous and tranquil; but the heart of Alexis was not.

Pale, trembling, bewildered, he waited the fatal doom of death; already had he recommended himſelf to the mercy of the Supreme Being: Prayer, in ſome manner, reſtored the calm of his ſenſes; he juſt roſe from his knees, when a gentle voice calls him; "Alexis, are you awake?"—"Yes," exclaimed he, "yes, I am, and prepared for all events!"—"It is Candor," replied the voice, "he comes to open your door and to embrace you!"

To embrace you!—Alexis was quite aſtoniſhed: Was this a new ſnare? Did his judgment deceive him? He made a thouſand conjectures, when Candor opens the door, enters, and is ſtruck with the perplexity of his friend. He looks at him, lays hold of his hand, and, with ſuch an air of penetration and truth, that Alexis cannot help liſtening to him, and makes him bluſh at his errors; he ſays, "What have you, my ſon—what means the trouble in which I ſee you?—Is it becauſe I have kept you laſt night in a kind of captivity?—My friend, you would have wronged me, not to confide in your Candor?—I cannot believe it:—I would be aſhamed to think—compoſe yourſelf, hear your father, and conquer that childiſh fear which cannot but grieve me.

"You were locked up laſt night, and every future night I muſt obſerve the ſame precaution, which is more eſſential to me than you imagine.—It ought not to alarm you, becauſe, the whole day I ſhall give

you

you a thousand proofs of my sincere friendship; but I insist upon your not endeavouring to penetrate into that fatal secret. It is all I cherish, it is all I possess, do not tear it from me! My Alexis, did you but know!—Deserve my confidence, be always submissive, tender, and regardful; and soon I will disclose you my condition and misfortunes. Make yourself worthy of that confession!—I will not conceal it from you; nay, I expect of you a most signal service—but a service founded upon justice and gratitude, which, if you love me, will never affect your delicacy. I am old, Alexis, I have been inhumanly betrayed; I was deprived of what I held most dear on earth. You shall be mine avenger.—You shall deserve the charming recompense, which I have destined for you; the charming recompense which will be dear to your heart! —Urge me not to say more—I conjure you, let me keep my secret for a while—one day I will deposit it in your bosom—you will know me then; but as yet, I am compelled to restrain your curiosity; I do not construe it into a crime, it is natural to your age. Every night permit me to lock you up, I beg it as a favour!—On these terms live with us, dispel all cares and anxiety, and be truly persuaded that your innocence is in no kind of danger in this solitary abode; we all cherish religion, wisdom, and virtue!"

This discourse, and the venerable appearance of the old man, rid Alexis of all perplexity. The balm of consolation descended into his heart, and serenity enlivened again his countenance. His soul was frank and honest; he communicated his foolish panic to Candor, smiled and embraced him. Clara's father was some time confused when he heard that Alexis had seen his nocturnal ceremony; but soon he recovered himself, laid hold of his arm, and both went below to Clara, who had just risen, and had as bad a night as her young friend, but from a cause of a quite opposite nature. Love, which began to enter her heart, the happiness which awaited her, and her own flattering notions, had kept her awake all night long; but it only served to add new energy to her charms; her eyes betrayed an air of languor, for which her father chid her, and she blushed with so much grace, as made Alexis quite contrite for having doubted a single minute the sincerity of that lovely child.

Soon after, Germain joined them, and they all three requested their new guest to give them a specimen of his abilities on the harpsichord. Alexis, with eager compliance, sung his romance, and the audience could not forbear shedding tears.

Clara performed after him, and though her skill was not equal in point of perfection to that of Alexis, he was enraptured with her performance, especially with a song she added to it. She had composed it during night, and the music was so sweet and melodious, as to leave Candor much in doubt of its being of her own composing.

A SONG.

PEOPLE say that at my tender age,
The smart of love no tongue can tell,
I know it well,
And will as well
Elude his snares, and scorn his rage:
A man by fate is hither drove,
I guess he is a lovely lad,
To him I'm kind—and what of that?
Sure, sure, 'tis no such thing as love!

His presence always gladdens me,
His smiles for crowns I would not sell,

I know it well,
And foreſee well,
His heart will prove as true to me.
In his eyes, with joy, I ſee move
The flame which within him doth burn,
To me he is kind in his turn;
Sure, ſure, 'tis no ſuch thing as love!

When Cupit's dart does wound the breaſt,
The heart is ſore, and never well;
I feel it well,
And roundly tell,
His malice ne'er ſhall ſteal my reſt.
All feelings in me ſweetneſs prove,
Inſtead of gloom I feel deſpair,
I am blythe like May, and light like air—
Then ſure 'tis no ſuch thing as love!

Thus the day was ſpent in pleaſing amuſement. At night Alexis was locked up, but felt no uneaſineſs, and enjoyed a ſound ſleep.

It had been determined that Alexis ſhould begin his leſſons with Clara on the day following; he of courſe went to her apartment. Candor and Germain went to cultivate their garden, and did what was neceſſary to be done in the houſe, while our young maſter was left alone with his pupil. The reader will judge, from a ſketch I ſhall give of this leſſon, all thoſe which Candor's daughter received afterwards. Let us enter the muſic room, and hear without interrupting.

Alexis. Clara, I find the ſong you ſung yeſterday very pretty; have you compoſed it for me?

Clara. For whom elſe? Is there more than one Alexis in the world?

Alexis. You are juſt like me: I have ſeen many women, yet never but one Clara.

Clara. You joke: I have no charms, no dreſs!—

Alexis. Dreſs is the reſult of art, charms are the gift of nature; you poſſeſs thoſe, and join to them a ſoul, a heart!—

Clara. If I have a heart, I have only perceived it two days ſince; when I ſaw you, it is quite natural.

Alexis. What, did it never beat for your father?

Clara. Yes, it did, but that is a quite different ſenſation!—Now I will aſk him to explain me thoſe two ſentiments.

Alexis. Will you aſk your father?

Clara. Yes, I will. Why ſhould I conceal from him what I feel? I want no other confidant than him! Now mind, Alexis, when we walk or repoſe together in the grove, or ſay a hundred times a day, we love one another, I tell him our converſation every night.

Alexis. Ah heaven! take care!

Clara. What makes you be ſo much ſurpriſed? my father is very glad to ſee me content; if I am pleaſed with you, why ſhould he be angry?

Alexis. Did he never enter into any diſcourſe with you about love?

Clara. Yes, that he did, and very often too! He told me a hundred times that love is a fatal paſſion, which confounds reaſon and ſenſe, and makes people jealous, uneaſy, raving!—Oh! you cannot imagine how he forbade me to give way to that cruel ſentiment.

Alexis. Well, Clara, do you think he will approve of ours?

Clara. Of ours!—you are miſtaken: It is not love I feel for you. I feel nothing of what my father hath told me! Oh! I ſhould be very ſorry if ever I did.

Alexis. What innocence! O my Clara, preſerve then that pure ſentiment, and always be upon your guard of not falling in love, or at leaſt if you do, don't diſcover it to Candor!

Clara. Nay, Alexis, I ſhall like you no more, if you hinder me from placing my confidence in ſo reſpect-

able

able a father!—He ſhall always know not only the moſt ſecret thoughts of my heart, but I will even communicate them to his old friend Germain.

Alexis. Oh! oh! to all the world, if you pleaſe!—Clara, Clara, how unhappy ſhould I be, if—

Clara. Only ſee! you take the alarm at every thing!—Well, let us drop that ſubject, and take leſſon!—

Alexis. You do not underſtand me!—Did you but know people—

Clara. People! my father is not people!—

Alexis. He certainly is ſo kind, ſo generous!—But pray do you know his misfortunes?

Clara. No, but Germain does.

Alexis. Have you known your mother?

Clara. Yes; oh how ſhe loved me!—how I loved her!

Alexis. What is become of her?

Clara. I can't tell. I was brought up in a convent till I was eight years old; my mother came often to ſee me! During the latter part of my ſtay, I could hear no more of her, and my father made me come hither, where he ſince told me a hundred times, that his ſpouſe and ſon (my brother whom I never ſaw) were both near us; that he ſaw them every day, and I ſhould ſee and embrace them too when I ſhould be a few years older. They muſt be very unfortunate too, becauſe Candor and Germain never ſpeak of them without tears.

Alexis. Did you never aſk any farther queſtions?

Clara. It is my father's ſecret, and I reſpected it too much, to force it from him—yet I know that he goes every night into the cave below and takes Germain with him: There they remain about an hour, and then return to their apartment.

They fix every year, a certain day, on which they perform a kind of ceremony, quite ſtrange to me, at the bottom of the great poplar, in the garden. I could never follow them, becauſe every night I am locked up, like you.

Alexis. This very ceremony frightened me much the other night.—I can gueſs part of his misfortunes.—Alas! his ſon, his ſpouſe, fell victims to treachery.

Clara. Do you believe they are dead?

Alexis. Can you doubt it?

Clara. Why, I am to ſee them one day—what can that be?

Alexis. In me he ſhall find an avenger!—I will eſpouſe his cauſe, he ſhall know his Alexis.

Clara. Ah, my ſweet friend! he loves you!

Alexis. He is a wonderful father.

Clara. He told me already:—My daughter, if your heart is to feel, if you are to love, place your affections in Alexis, who, I believe, is worthy of you: But let him deſerve you firſt. Be the recompenſe of the great ſervice I expect him to do me. If he loves you, he will accompliſh all my wiſhes.

Alexis. O heaven! did he ſay this?

Clara. They are his very words; don't you think it would be horrible to betray his confidence?

Alexis. Ah, what a man!—Let us love each other, my dear creature, let us love, and may a father, by his bleſſing, rivet bands as ſacred as thoſe in which we might be joined before the altar, did our manſion not deny us that ſacred ceremony.

The whole time allotted for the leſſon was almoſt ſpent in amorous topics and confidences. But Alexis, anxious for the progreſs of his pupil, was more ready afterwards,

wards, and Clara, in a little time, became a real adept in music and drawing; she got even proficient in the abstract sciences, such as the mathematics, physic, and astronomy. *(To be continued.)*

Anecdotes of Sir Thomas Moore.

WHEN Sir Thomas Moore was first made a privy counsellor, he opposed a motion at the board made by Cardinal Wolsey, which all the rest of the council assented to; upon which the Cardinal in great passion said, "are not you ashamed, being the meanest person here, to dissent from the opinion of so many wise and honourable persons? certainly you prove yourself a great fool for your pains." To which Sir Thomas replied, "Thanks be to God, I rejoice to hear that the King has but one fool in his Right Honourable Privy Council."

When he was Lord Chancellor, he decreed a gentleman should pay a large sum of money to a poor widow he had wronged, to whom the gentleman said, "then I hope your lordship will grant me a long day to pay it in;" "I grant your motion," said the Chancellor, Monday next is St. Barnabas day, which is the longest day in the year, pay it the widow that day, or I will commit you to the fleet."

His lady, though an excellent house wife, was too much given to chiding the servants for trivial offences, for which he often greatly reproved her; and one day coming from confession, she said to her husband, "Be merry, Sir Thomas, for this day I have disburthened my conscience, and will leave my old shrewishness"—yes, says Sir Thomas, and begin anew.

Vita Tho. Mor.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The GLEANER. No. XXVII.

Indulgent Nature yields that plastic glow,
From which unnumber'd soft endearments flow;
About the heart her kindred ties she flings,
And closely twines the sympathetic strings;
Her silver cord with touch magnetic draws,
Reflection all her mellowing powers employs;
Motives for amity her fingers trace,
Blest lineaments—which few can e'er efface.

THE multifarious ligaments which bind families together, being the handy work of nature, and essentially or closely interwoven with our existence, that shock must be indeed violent, that can burst them asunder. It is true that a long continued series of disobligation may obscure the vivid glow of those images, which nature and habit have impressed upon the intellect. Unkindness is the opaque body, which intercepts the sunny beams of luminous, and inborn tenderness; but the eclipse is seldom total, and the cheering influence of affection, is frequently invigorated, and often becomes the more transcendent,

ſcendent, for the momentary obſtruction, by which it ſeemed well near inveloped. Surely that heart muſt be ſtrangely deficient, which the pleaſing ſenſations, that are attendant upon the firſt ſtage of being, hath not indelibly impreſſed; and, that mind is unwarrantably implacable, which, intrenched by inexorable inflexibility, is incapable of being rouſed to the tenderneſs of recollection; which is not ſoftened by the remonſtrances of nature, furniſhed with arguments, drawn from a ſeries of endearing, and ſubſtantially beneficial proofs, of a generous attachment. Yet I know that there are a variety of combuſtibles, which although perhaps not radically natives of the human ſoil, having, however, obtained a growth therein, and once taking fire, it is difficult to ſay where the conflagration may end. I am aware that there are injuries which pride and ſelf eſtimation, conſider as unpardonable. It is a melancholy truth that there are obdurate hearts, and, it may be, that the ſtrong winds of paſſion may obliterate, or uproot from the boſom, every proper ſenſation of the ſoul. Yet, granting that the empoiſoned plant may become rampant in the racourous breaſt, the Gleaner, while engaged in the routine of his profeſſion, hath at no moment bound himſelf to ſelect the noxious weed; he confeſſes that he is fond of culling the flowers of humanity, and with theſe, as often as may be, he is ſolicitous to furniſh and adorn his page.

To the well regulated mind, the contemplation of family harmony is inexpreſſibly pleaſing. The philanthropic ſpeculator views the little ſociety unalterably attached, bound together by the ſtrong cords of mutual affection, and riſing ſuperior to the adverſe influence of ſeparate, or ſelfiſh claims, as a miniature of that vaſt family of man, which futurity ſhall ſee collected under the protecting auſpices of a benignant and paternal God. Order, unbroken confidence, celeſtial tenderneſs, energetic love; in this vaſt aſſembly, theſe ſhall all triumphantly officiate. Peaceful angels ſhall hover round; diſcord ſhall find no entrance there; offences ſhall be no more; but truth, ſky robed innocence, unimpeached integrity, unblemiſhed virtue, and undeviating holineſs, ſhall be eſtabliſhed, *from everlaſting to everlaſting, and of their dominion there ſhall be no end.* Yes, it is pleaſing to trace the ſtriking reſemblance which is exemplified in the animated ſketch. Mild, affectionate, and *judiciouſly* indulgent parents; duteous, and confiding ſons, and daughters, mutually complacent, and unequivocally attached brothers and ſiſters. The royal bard of Iſrael, ſtrikingly, feelingly, and poetically delineates the family of love, "Behold how good, and how pleaſant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity"—well might the ſacred poet ſummon the aid of a ſplendid fancy, and arreſt the moſt expreſſive figures to image the fine effects, and pleaſing utility of domeſtic complacency; the rich perfumes which conſecrated the anointed prieſt of the Hebrew tribes, the fertilizing dew deſcending upon Hermon's verdant ſummit, and reſting with genial influence upon the adjacent eminence; theſe but ſhadow forth the ſublimity of that union, upon which our God hath commanded a bleſſing, which originates a dignified and bliſsful immortality. Yes, it is pleaſing to trace the ſtriking reſemblance which is exemplified in the animated ſketch. The contemplation of domeſtic harmony ſoothes and elevates

the mind, and although it is undeniably true, that the philoſopher will extend his regards from the little group which conſtitutes his relative circle, to friends, to country, to the univerſe at large, until he commences a citizen of the domain of heaven; yet he will not refuſe to acknowledge thoſe ardors, thoſe hopes, and thoſe fears, which upon his opening mind, in the white winged hours that marked his dawn of being, were, by the ſtrong hand of nature, irreverſibly engraved.

Affection is very properly ſaid to deſcend, and it is generally true, that while we venerate with pious duty the authors of our being, while our hearts are warmed for them by inmingling love, and reverence, we are in the ſame moment impelled to acknowledge for our offſpring, augmented and more energetic tenderneſs. Doubtleſs nature hath implanted theſe ſuperior and irreſiſtible ſenſations, for the purpoſe of nerving our efforts for the preſervation, and cultivation of the infant candidate for our favour; but the fact is indubitable, in whatever wiſe regulations it may have originated. Family ties, of every deſcription, are variouſly reſpectable, and variouſly eſtimable, in their various departments. I was lately a ſilent attendant upon a diſquiſition, which aimed at deciding what relative character deſerved the preference—the inveſtigation was rather curious than important; but it ſerved, however, to amuſe, during a vacant hour, which might have been worſe appropriated. The attachment of a well informed and tender father, to an amiable, and grateful daughter, has been ſaid to reſemble that which is experienced by a guardian angel, to the being who is committed to his charge—tender, delicate, and diveſted of all that can debaſe, the paternal eye regards with immeaſureable complacency, his beauteous, his dependant child; and the fineſt feelings of his ſoul become embodied. To protect her from every ill he is ſedulouſly attentive; his judicious cautions hover round her inexperienced ſteps; his protecting arm would preſent the invulnerable ſhield; and his auſpices are thoſe of wiſdom. Ever vigilant, ever upon his guard, to ſave her, even from the imputation of diſhonour, he would conſider his life as a comparatively trivial ſacrifice. It is true that he is impaſſioned, but his ardours are thoſe of virtue; his affections are pure, innocent, laudable, elevated, and refined; originating in nature, originating in God, they will be perfected in heaven. All this is irrefragably juſt, and yet I take leave to obſerve, that the *fraternal* department, when filled by a good and virtuous mind, more exactly anſwers the ideas which I have indulged, of that attendant cherub, ordained to tread with holy vigils, the deſtined path of the expecting voyager. In contemplating the character of a father, however beneficial its offices, we can hardly forbear recollecting, that having produced the being which is cheriſhed, the conſequent attachment may be the reſult of that *ſelfiſh principle* which ſo univerſally, more or leſs, actuates the human mind; and, it is undeniably true, that the operation of a *ſelfiſh principle* eſſentially diminiſhes the luſtre of the moſt beneficial and exemplary action. A brother, it hath been divinely obſerved, is born for adverſity; a gentle and confiding female can hardly boaſt a more agreeable, or *diſintereſted* relation; the general arrangements of nature, authorizes a hope, that his

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protection will continue coeval with her mortal career, and if he fulfills the duties of the fraternal name, he will ſtill continue a natural, patronizing, and conſolatory reſource. What eye is not charmed by a view of the marked, and delicate attention, which is paid by an elegant young man, to the gentle and accompliſhed maiden, who is the daughter of his father and of his mother. Grant that opportunities of this kind are extremely rare, the ſenſations derived therefrom, are nevertheleſs pleaſing in a ſuperior degree. The attachment of a brother to a ſiſter, if it is genuine and ſincere, if it correſponds with the deſignation of unadulterated and upright nature, partakes the exquiſite delicacies and refinements of love, devoid of its tumultuous caprices, or intereſted and ungovernable fervors; with a conſcious glow of ineffable ſatisfaction it yields that protection, to which nature and education combine to give the ſex a claim; it is not ſtinted in its regards, it is tender, elevated, and refined; it is generous and communicable; it is ſympathetic and permanent. A true brother unites the duties of the *paternal*, with the more equal, ſweet, and ſocial pleaſures of the *fraternal* intercourſe; the heart of a brother heſitates not to acknowledge the bland, endearing, and indiſſoluble ties of amity. A true brother is at all times a guardian friend; he rejoiceth in his fraternity, and, I repeat, that his attachment may claim kindred with thoſe ſentiments, which may be ſuppoſed to actuate the tenderly watchful ſeraph, who commiſſioned by the high court of heaven, enters with the firſt moment of our exiſtence upon his truſt, and fulfils his celeſtial miſſion, by attending thro' every ſtage of life, his progreſſing charge.

Richardſon exhibits the character, proper to a brother, in the moſt vivid and glowing hues; but if his Gradiſon originated not in fiction, the portrait doubtleſs owes many embelliſhments to the incomparable pen of that inimitable writer. It is a melancholy fact, that eminent virtue, of whatever deſcription, is a gem that the hand of nature, however indulgent, hath too ſeldom produced. Yet, for the honour of humanity I cannot deny myſelf the gratification of affirming, that I at this moment contemplate, with ſublime pleaſure, the character of a gentleman, with whom I am perſonally acquainted, who is entitled to rank in the ſame grade with Richardſon's finely imagined brother. I am not authorized to name the benevolent example, that I feel myſelf, nevertheleſs, impelled to produce. The emblazoning voice of fame might probably tinge his cheek with the hue of diſapprobation. It is true, that genuine merit "*does good by ſtealth, and bluſhing finds it fame;*" but if, while ſketching the outlines of a character ſo admirable, its ſingularity ſhould induce the finger of perception to point out the man, the Gleaner flatters himſelf that he ſhall not be made reſponſible, for a conſequence ſo natural; that his ſolicitude to pleaſe, by an exhibition of tranſcendent excellence, will apologize for the freedom of his pen, and that this, his motive, may obtain his pardon for preſenting to the public eye, a man, whoſe name, to borrow a metaphor, "deſerves to be written by the rays of the ſun on the ſurface of the heavens."

Reader, on the faith of my veracity, I pledge unto thee my ſacred word of honour, that I am not preſenting thee with the hero of a romance, that I hold not the

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pen of the noveliſt in the ſketch which I am about to attempt; and that *truth* and not *fancy* is the motto of the preſent page.

Fraternus received his birth in a ſmall town within the juriſdiction of the ſtate of Maſſachuſetts; a clergyman, dignified by the integrity of his heart, the clearneſs of his underſtanding, and the humane and indulgent liberality of his ſentiments, was the author of his being. His mother, ſuperior to the generality of women, hath contributed much to the emolument, and elevation of her family; ſhe poſſeſſes a mind capacious and highly cultivated; few perſons can expreſs themſelves with more elegance, preciſion, or fluency, upon any ſubject; her language is the language of propriety, and ſhe adds a grace to every ſentiment which ſhe utters; the candour and openneſs of her diſpoſition, is equalled only by that frankneſs, which is conſpicuous in the manners, and gentlemanlike deport, of her venerable coadjutor in the voyage of life. Such were, ſuch are, for they ſtill live to witneſs the ſalutary effects of efforts dictated by the principles of propriety, the parents of Fraternus.

They have reared to maturity a numerous family of ſons and daughters; they have wept over the untimely grave of one gentle, and uncommonly meritorious child; ſhe was truly amiable in her life; ſhe was rendered exemplary through a long period of ſufferings, and ſhe continued, during the hour of her emancipation, divinely tranquil.—Yet they have ſwelled no murmuring ſigh; with holy reſignation they have ſubmitted to the decrees of heaven; nor have they, in any inſtance, violated the honour of that ſacred function, which the father of Fraternus hath been called to fill; they have ſupported with uniform propriety the Chriſtian and ſacerdotal characters, and they are in poſſeſſion of that applauſe, which ſhould invariably attend the benevolent and the good. Regularity hath preſided in their family; each morning hath ſtill been uſhered in, by the devout breathings of their cheerfully ſolemnized ſpirits, and the return of ſober ſuited evening, hath witneſſed their grateful and pious oriſons. Well have they diſcharged the various duties of humanity, and their leiſure hours have been uniformly devoted to the cultivation of the minds of thoſe children, whom they have deſigned uſeful and ornamental members of the community.

Thus educated, and thus faſhioned by the hands of poliſhed rectitude, thus formed to virtue, Fraternus embarked, at an early age, upon that vaſt ocean of contingencies, on which the buſy ſons of commerce, if not arreſted by the pointed rock, or treacherous ſands, are rapid borne. Integrity is not always hereditary, but Fraternus joined to the inſtructions which were ſealed upon his youthful boſom, an innate probity, and great benevolence of ſoul. His firſt onſet was happy; his early engagements threw open the road to wealth; his enterpriſes have generally been ſucceſsful, and he now ranks among the moſt opulent deſcription of merchants, in a certain celebrated emporium. A citizen of the world, his brethren in every line, according to their ſeveral exigencies, and his abilities, have experienced his beneficence, but his extenſive family, of whom he is juſtly conſidered the pride, and the ornament, derives from his good fortune the moſt important advantages. One amiable ſiſter ſhall ſuffice

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as an example of the arrangements, which he has eſtabliſhed, relative to thoſe of his blood.

This lady joins to a pleaſing exterior, great vivacity, exquiſite ſenſibility, and genuine goodneſs of heart. United to the man of her choice, for many years ſhe continued an ornament to the married ſtate; but he to whom fate had yielded her hand, poſſeſſing all the eccentricities of original genius, neglected to employ his ſuperior talents, in making that proviſion for a rapidly increaſing family, that prudence invariably directs; and the ſiſter of Fraternus ſaw herſelf at the age of thirty ſix, the widowed mother of four ſons and three daughters. She poſſeſſed not a ſhilling of property, and the ſtate of inſolvency upon which ſhe was precipitated, became to her upright ſpirit, a ſource of inexpreſſible regret. Here was an ample field for the exerciſe of thoſe virtues which Fraternus ſo eminently poſſeſſed. In the ſolacing offices of benignity he engaged with ardour, and his arrangements more than anſwered the moſt ſanguine expectations, to which his well known munificence had given birth. His ſiſter has not been degraded from her rank as miſtreſs of a family; her children and domeſtics are continued about her exactly in the wonted train; not only the neceſſaries, but even the elegances of life are *liberally* beſtowed; and, leſt ſhe ſhould have a real or a fancied want unſupplied, delicate pretences are ingeniouſly furniſhed, to place in her hands generous ſums, for which the only compenſation that is required is her *ſilent* acceptance. There is but one point that Fraternus has been known to contend with his ſiſter: As ſhe has no requeſt to make, he is induced to ſuſpect a want of that unbounded confidence in his affection, which he has been ſolicitous to authorize. But what is left for her to aſk, whoſe wiſhes have, in every inſtance, been regularly prevented or anticipated? Fraternus enters into all thoſe exquiſitely tender ſenſations which make up the aggregate of the maternal feelings. Various friends would have ſeverally appropriated the children of his Adelaide; but with a delicacy almoſt unexampled, without referring to her the invidious taſk of objecting, he humanely interpoſed his caveat—"It will be beſt, my love, that thy children ſhould remain with thee; nature hath ordained thee their revered monitreſs, their tenderly intereſted guide; and ſince the demiſe of their father, complicated duties have devolved upon thee: We will watch their various propenſities, and the ſimple and unadulterated indications of their opening minds, ſhall point their future deſtination."—Mean time no attention is wanting; the beſt of ſchools are provided; the girls will figure with the moſt accompliſhed females, and the ſacred walls of Harvard, or the more buſy ſcenes of commercial life, as unerring nature ſhall direct, are deſtined to complete the education of the boys. Yet Fraternus has a young and increaſing family of his own; but his Lydia is the counterpart of himſelf, ſhe ſeconds, in every inſtance, his benignant plans, and, ſyſtematical in the exerciſe of that well judged economy, without which even a princely fortune might ſoon be reduced, ſhe thus enables Fraternus to purſue the generous purpoſes of his munificent heart.

Liberal minded and amiable pair, may the firſt of bleſſings be yours; may your offſpring imitate your virtues; may you ſtill enjoy

joy the felicity of beſtowing competency; may you never loſe that zeſt for Godlike pleaſures which you ſo eminently poſſeſs; and may your means of communicating good be continued coeval with the lateſt period of your exiſtence.

CLAUDINE: *A Swiss Tale.*

[From the French of M. de Florian.]

(Concluded from the 433d page.)

"CLAUDINE, ſurpriſed to find any one who did not deſpiſe her, kiſſed his hands without ſaying a word. He ſpoke to her in the moſt friendly manner, and inquired after his good brother the curate: He dwelt with pleaſure on the good deeds of that worthy man, and obſerved, that one of the moſt pleaſing duties of their miniſtry was to conſole the unhappy, and heal the broken-hearted. Claudine liſtened with reſpectful gratitude, he appeared to her as an angel ſent from heaven to comfort her. After ſupper ſhe retired to bed in a calmer ſtate of mind, and if ſhe did not ſleep, ſhe at leaſt reſted.

"On the morrow, the good curate ſearched through Salenches for a little chamber where Claudine might lie in. An old woman, called Madam Felix, offered an apartment, and promiſed ſecrecy. Claudine repaired thither in the evening, the curate paid three months rent in advance, the old Lady paſſed her for a niece lately married at Chambery, and every thing was ſettled. Indeed it was high time; for the fatiguing journey, and the agitation of mind that Claudine had ſuſtained, brought on her labour pains that very evening; although only ſeven months gone with child, ſhe produced a boy beautiful as the day, whom Madam Felix cauſed to be baptized by the name of Benjamin.

"The curate was deſirous of immediately putting the child out to nurſe, but Claudine declared with tears in her eyes, that ſhe would rather die than be ſeparated from Benjamin: She was allowed to keep him for the firſt few days, and at the end of theſe days her maternal fondneſs had increaſed. The curate reaſoned with her; repreſented to her, that ſuch conduct deprived her of all hopes of ever returning to Chamouny, or of being reconciled to her father. Claudine's only anſwer was to embrace Benjamin. The time ſlipt on, Claudine nurſed her child, and remained with Madam Felix, who loved her with all her heart.

"The fifty crowns from her father, and the little money Nanette had put into her bundle, had hitherto paid her expenſes. Nanette did not dare to come to ſee her, but ſhe ſent her all ſhe could ſpare, and thus Claudine wanted for nothing. She employed her time in learning to read and write of the old lady, who had formerly kept a ſchool at Bonville, and in taking care of Benjamin. Claudine was not unhappy, and little Benjamin grew charming. But ſuch happineſs could not laſt. One morning the Curate of Salenches came to pay her a viſit.

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"My dear girl," said he, "when I received you under my protection, when I covered your faults with the mantle of charity, my design was to take care of your child, to enable him to gain his bread; and I hoped, during that interval, to have appeased the anger of your father; to have prevailed with him to receive you once more into his house, where your repentance, your modesty, your love of virtue, and of labour, might gradually have induced him to forget the distresses of which you had been the source. But this plan you have yourself opposed. With what eyes could Simon look upon this child? He must necessarily remain a lasting monument of your misconduct and disgrace. I can discern by your eyes that your choice is made; but you ought to consider that you cannot always remain with this good woman, whose circumstances, however desirous she might be of befriending you, render it impossible. The money that Nanette sends you, is taken from the support of herself and family. Nanette labours the ground while you cares Benjamin, and Nanette has been guilty of no fault. You have but one resource, which is, to go into service either at Geneva or Chambery; but I doubt whether without separating from your child, you would easily find a place. I allow you two days to reflect coolly on these matters. You will then inform me of your determination, and, depend on it, I will do every thing in my power to assist you." Claudine was sensible of the truth of all the curate had said, but she found it impossible for her to live without Benjamin. After passing a day and a night in reflecting on what she ought to do, she at last resolved, and after writing a letter to the curate, acknowledging all his kindness, which she left on her table, she made a bundle of her clothes, tied up twenty crowns which still remained in a handkerchief, and taking Benjamin in her arms, she departed from Salenches.

"She took the road to Geneva, and slept that night at Bonville; for on account of little Benjamin, she could not travel far. The second day she arrived at Geneva. Her first care was to sell all her female attire, and provide herself with a suit of man's clothes: She even sold her fine black hair, and bought a knapsack, into which she put her clothes. She fastened the ring, which she had always hitherto worn on her finger, round her neck. Thus clad like a young Savoyard, with a stout stick in her hand, her knapsack on her back, atop of which, Benjamin was seated, clasping his hands round her neck, she set out from Geneva on the road to Turin.

"She was twelve days in crossing the mountains, and people were so much pleased with the air and appearance of this handsome little Savoyard, and of the child whom she carried on her back, and called her little brother, that she was hardly allowed to pay any thing, but commonly discharged her reckoning by amusing the company with some of the little beautiful songs peculiar to her country; so that when Claudine arrived at Turin, she had still some of her money left, with which she hired a little garret, bought a brush and blacking, and followed by little Benjamin, who never left her, she set up a little stall for blacking shoes, in the Palais Royal, under the name of Claude.

"During the first days she gained but little, because she was awk-

ward, and took a good deal of time to gain a penny; but ſhe ſoon became expert, and the work went on well. Claude, intelligent, active, alert, ran all the errands of the quarter. Benjamin, during her abſence, ſat upon and guarded the ſtool. If there was a letter to be carried, a box to be removed, or bottles to be conveyed to the cellar, Claude was called in preference to any other. She was the confidant and aſſiſtant of all the lazy ſervants in the neighbourhood, and in the evening often carried home a crown as the gains of the day. This was fully ſufficient to ſupport her and Benjamin, who every day increaſed in ſtature and in beauty, and became the favourite of all the neighbourhood.

"This happy life had laſted for more than two years, when one day Claudine and her ſon being buſy arranging their little ſtall, with their heads bent towards the ground, they ſaw a foot appear upon the ſtool. Claudine took her bruſh, and without looking at the maſter of the ſhoe, immediately began her operation. When the moſt difficult part was done, ſhe raiſed her head.—The bruſh fell from her hands, ſhe remained immoveable; it was Mr. Belton whom ſhe beheld. Little Benjamin, who was not at all affected, took up the bruſh, and with a feeble hand attempted to finiſh the work of Claudine, who ſtill remained motionleſs, with her eyes fixed on Mr. Belton. Mr. Belton aſked Claudine, with ſome ſurpriſe, why ſhe ſtopped, and ſmiled at the efforts of the child, whoſe figure pleaſed him. Claudine recovering her ſpirits, excuſed herſelf to Mr. Belton with ſo ſweet a voice, and ſuch well choſen words, that the Engliſhman, ſtill more ſurprized, aſked Claudine ſeveral queſtions about her country and ſituation. Claudine anſwered, with a calm air, that ſhe and her brother were two orphans who gained their bread by the employment which he ſaw, and that they were from the valley of Chamouny. This name ſtruck Mr. Belton, and looking attentively at Claudine, he thought he recogniſed her features, and inquired her name. "I am called Claude," ſaid ſhe.—"And you are from Chamouny?" "Yes, Sir, from the village of Prieure."—"Have you no other brother?"—"No, Sir, only Benjamin."—"Nor any ſiſter?"—"Pardon me, Sir?"—"What is her name?"—"Claudine."—"Claudine! and where is ſhe?"—"Oh, I do not know, indeed, Sir."—"How can you be ignorant of that?"—"For many reaſons, Sir, which cannot intereſt you, and which it would make me weep to tell." Claudine, with the tears ſtarting in her eyes, told him ſhe had done. Mr. Belton, who did not go away, put his hand into his pocket, and gave her a guinea. "I cannot change you," ſaid Claudine.—"Keep the whole," ſaid the Engliſhman, "and tell me, would you be ſorry to quit your preſent employment, and accept of a good place?"—"That cannot be, Sir."—"Why not?"—"Becauſe nothing in the world would make me quit my brother."—"But ſuppoſe he were to accompany you?"—"That would be another matter."—"Well, Claude, you ſhall be with me; I will take you into my ſervice, you will be very happy in my houſe, and your brother ſhall accompany you."—"Sir, anſwered Claudine, a little embarraſſed, "favour me with your addreſs, and I will call upon you tomorrow."—Mr. Belton gave it her, and bade her not fail to come.

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"It was well for Claudine that the converſation now terminated, for her tears almoſt ſuffocated her; ſhe haſtened to her chamber, and there ſhut herſelf up to reflect on what ſhe ought to do. Her inclination and her affection for Benjamin prompted her to enter into the ſervice of Mr. Belton; but his paſt treachery, and the promiſe ſhe had made to the curate of Salenches, never to do any thing which might endanger her virtue, made her heſitate: But the welfare of Benjamin preponderated; ſhe reſolved to go to Mr. Belton, to ſerve him faithfully, to make him cheriſh his ſon, but never to tell him who ſhe was.

"This point being ſettled, the next morning ſhe waited on Mr. Belton, who agreed to give her good wages, and ordered her and her brother clothes immediately. Mr. Belton now wiſhed to renew the converſation of yeſterday, and to inquire further concerning her ſiſter. But Claudine interrupted him.—"Sir," ſaid ſhe, "my ſiſter is no more: She is dead of miſery, chagrin, and repentance. All our family have lamented her unhappy end; and thoſe who are not our relations, have no right to renew ſuch melancholy reflections." Mr. Belton, more than ever aſtoniſhed at the ſpirit of Claude, deſiſted from further inquiry; but he conceived a high eſteem and a ſincere friendſhip for this extraordinary young man.

"Claude ſoon became the favourite of his maſter; and Benjamin, towards whom Mr. Belton found himſelf attached by an irreſiſtible impulſe, was for ever in his chamber. The amiable child, as if conſcious that he owed his exiſtence to Mr. Belton, loved him nearly as well as Claudine; and he told him ſo with ſuch ſweet innocence and ſimplicity, that the Engliſhman could not do without Benjamin. Claudine wept for joy, but ſhe concealed her tears. But the diſſipation of Mr. Belton afflicted the heart of Claudine, and made her fear that the hour of diſcovery would never arrive.

"By the death of his parents, Mr. Belton had, at the age of nineteen, been left maſter of a very large fortune, which he had hitherto employed in wandering over Italy, ſtopping wherever he found it agreeable to him, that is, wherever he met with agreeable women whom he could deceive and ruin. A lady of the court of Turin, rather advanced in life, but ſtill beautiful, was his preſent miſtreſs: She was lively, paſſionate, and very jealous of Mr. Belton. She required that he ſhould ſup with her every evening, and write to her every morning. The Engliſhman did not dare to refuſe. Notwithſtanding all this, they had many quarrels: For the ſmalleſt cauſe ſhe would weep, tear her hair, ſeize a knife, and play a thouſand fooleries, which begun to tire Mr. Belton. Claude ſaw and felt all this, but ſhe ſuffered in ſilence. Mr. Belton gave her every day freſh marks of confidence, and often complained to her of the unpleaſant life he led. Claude now and then riſqued a little advice, half joke and half ſerious, which Mr. Belton heard with approbation, and promiſed to follow tomorrow; but when tomorrow came, Mr. Belton returned to the lady, more from habit than inclination; and Claude, who wept in private, affected to ſmile, while ſhe accompanied her maſter.

"At length there aroſe ſo violent a quarrel between the Engliſhman and the marquiſe, that he reſolved never again to go near her; and in order to prevent it, connected himſelf with another lady of the ſame

place,

place, no better than the former. In this change, Claudine saw only a new subject of affliction. All that she had done was to begin again; but she resigned herself to it without complaining, and continued to serve her master with the same fidelity as ever. But the marquise was not of a disposition so easily to yield up the heart of her English lover. She had him watched, and soon discovered her rival; she exhausted every stratagem of intrigue to make him return; but in vain. The Englishman did not answer her letters, refused her appointments, and ridiculed her threats.—The marquise, now in despair, thought only of revenge.

"One day, when Mr. Belton, followed by Claudine, was as usual, coming out of the house of his new mistress about two o'clock in the morning, and, already displeased with her, was telling his faithful Claudine that he had thoughts of setting out immediately for London, suddenly four desperadoes fell with poniards on Mr. Belton, who had hardly time to throw himself against the wall with his sword in his hand. Claudine, on sight of the assassins, sprang before her master, and received in her bosom the stroke of a poniard aimed at Mr. Belton: She instantly fell. The Englishman set furiously on the man who had wounded her, and soon stretched him on the pavement; and the three others finding themselves furiously attacked, quickly fled. Mr. Belton did not pursue them; he returned to his domestic, raised him, embraced him, and called on him with tears; but Claudine did not answer, for she had fainted. Mr. Belton took her in his arms, carried her to his house, and laid her in his own bed, while others at his desire ran for a surgeon. Mr. Belton, impatient to see the nature of the wound, unbuttoned Claudine's vest, drew aside the shirt covered with blood, looked, and beheld with astonishment, the bosom of a woman.

"During this, the surgeon arrives, and examines the wound, which he declares not to be mortal, as the weapon had struck against the bone. The wound is dressed, and stimulatives applied, but still Claudine does not recover. Mr. Belton, who supported her head, perceives a ribbon round her neck; he pulls it and discovers a ring. It is his own; the same that he had left on Montanverd to the beautiful shepherdness whom he so cruelly abandoned. Every thing is at once evident. He sends for a nurse, who undresses Claudine, and lays her in her own bed; and the poor girl at length recovering her senses, throws her eyes around, and sees with astonishment, the nurse, the surgeon, her master, and Benjamin, who, awaked by all this noise, had risen, and run half naked to his brother, whom he embraced with tears.

"Claudine immediately endeavoured to console Benjamin; then calling to mind what had happened, seeing herself in a bed, and reflecting with inquietude that she had been undressed, she quickly put her hand to the ribbon which held her ring. Mr. Belton, who watched her, saw in her looks the pleasure with which she found it was still there. He then made every body leave the room, knelt down by the side of the bed, and taking the hand of Claudine,—"Do not be alarmed," said he, "my sweet friend: I know every thing, and it is for the happiness of us both. You are Claudine, and I am a monster. There is but one way that I can cease to be so,

and

and that depends upon you. I owe you my life, and I wish to owe my honour to you, for it is I who have lost it, not you. Your wound is not dangerous; and as soon as you can go out, you shall bestow on me the name of husband, and pardon me a crime which I am far from pardoning myself. I have long strayed from the paths of virtue, Claudine: but they will be the more agreeable when I am restored to them by you." Imagine the surprize, the joy, the transports of Claudine. She would have spoke, but her tears prevented her. She then perceived little Benjamin, who had been turned out with the rest, and who, anxious about his brother, had softly opened the door and thrust in his pretty face to see what was going forwards. Claudine shewed him to Mr. Belton, saying, "There is your son, he will answer you better than I can." He flew; Benjamin covered him with kisses, and carrying him to his mother, he passed the remainder of the night between his wife and his child with a satisfaction of mind to which he had long been a stranger.

"In fifteen days Claudine was well. She had informed Mr. Belton of all that had happened to her. This endeared her to the Englishman, who was now fonder of her than the first time he saw her. Claudine, now dressed as a woman, but with great plainness, entered the coach of the Englishman with Benjamin, and all three went straight to Salenches, to the house of the curate. The good man did not at first know Claudine; but at length recollecting her, he ran to old Madam Felix, who was still alive, and who almost died of joy when she beheld Claudine and Benjamin. The next day they set out for Chamouny, where Mr. Belton, who was a catholic, wished that the marriage might be publicly solemnized in the parish church of Prieure.

"In the evening, the curate of Salenches was sent to demand the hand of his daughter, of the terrible M. Simon. The old man received him with great gravity, heard him without testifying any joy, and gave his consent in very few words. Claudine came to throw herself at his feet; he allowed her to remain a few seconds, raised her without a smile, and saluted Mr. Belton with great coolness. The good Nanette laughed and cried at the same time. On the road to church, she carried Benjamin on one hand, and held her sister with the other: The two curates walked before, and old Madam Felix behind with M. Simon; all the children of the village followed singing songs.

"In this order they reached the church, where the ceremony was performed by the curate of Salenches. Mr. Belton had tables covered on the banks of the Arva, where every guest was welcome, and the whole village danced during eight days. He bought some good estates for old M. Simon, but he refused to accept of them. Nanette was not so impracticable. She accepted of an estate, and a handsome house which Mr. Belton gave her, and is now the richest and the happiest woman in the parish. Mr. and Mrs. Belton went away in about a month, carrying with them the benedictions of every body. They are now at London, where I understand Benjamin has five or six brothers and sisters.

"Such is their history; which I could not shorten because I tried to tell it you in the words of the curate, whom I have often heard repeat it. If it has not pleased you, you will excuse me."

I thanked Francis Paccard, assuring him that his tale had interested me much. I descended from Montanverd, with my head full of Claudine; and during my return to Geneva, I wrote this story as Paccard had told it me, without trying to correct the many faults of style which the critics will no doubt discover in it.

The PARSON: An ANECDOTE.

A CERTAIN *divine* in one of the *West-India* islands, collateral perhaps in point of consanguinity with the celebrated *Sphintext*, read the psalm one Sunday, and sat down, as usual, while it was sung. Whether unmindful of his sacred function, or overplied by the labours of the day, the legend sayeth not; but, while his devotional hallelujah choir was paying a tribute to the *Sovereign of all*, the charitable *parson* threw in his mite to the *Morphean god*. The musick at length was finished, and the people were waiting for the word, while the venerable *dispenser* was in a sound sleep. As soon as the *deacons* observed the sad catastrophe, one of them turned to the parson, and with an audible voice said to him, *it is out*, (meaning the psalm.) *Is it?* said the parson, half waking—*well, fill it up again, and charge it to Jim Bowers.*

Q.

ANECDOTE.

AN English Nobleman once asked Dr. Johnson, what was become of the gallantry and military spirit of the old English nobility? He replied, why my Lord, I'll tell you what is become of it; it is gone into the city to look for a fortune.

ADELISA: *A TALE.*

[By Mr. CUMBERLAND.]

ADELISA, possessed of beauty, fortune, rank, and every elegant accomplishment that genius or education could bestow, was withal so unsupportably capricious, that she seemed born to be the torment of every heart, which suffered itself to be attracted by her charms. Though her coquetry was notorious to a proverb, such were her allurements, that very few upon whom she thought fit to practice them had ever found resolution to resist their power. Of all the victims of her vanity, Leander seemed to be that over whom she threw her chains with the greatest air of triumph; he was, indeed, a conquest to boast of, for he had long and obstinately defended his heart, and for a time made as many reprisals upon the tender passions of her sex, as she raised contributions upon his: Her better star at length prevailed; she beheld Leander at her feet, and though her victory was accomplished at the expense of more tender glances than she had ever bestowed upon

upon the whole sex collectively, yet it was a victory which only piqued Adelisa to render his slavery the more intolerable for the trouble it had cost her to reduce him to it. After she had trifled with him, and tortured him in every way that her ingenious malice could devise, and made such public display of her tyranny, as subjected him to the ridicule and contempt of all the men who had envied his success, and every woman who resented his neglect, Adelisa, avowedly dismissed him as an object which could no longer furnish sport to her cruelty, and turned to other pursuits with a kind of indifference as to the choice of them, which seemed to have no other guide but mere caprice.

Leander was not wanting to himself in the efforts he now made to free himself from her chains; but it was in vain; the hand of beauty had wrapped them too closely about his heart, and love had rivetted them too securely, for reason, pride, or even the strongest struggles of resentment, to throw them off; he continued to love, to hate, to execrate, and adore her. His first resolution was to exile himself from her sight; this was a measure of absolute necessity, for he was not yet recovered enough to abide the chance of meeting her, and he had neither spirits nor inclination to start a fresh attachment by way of experiment upon her jealousy. Fortune however befriended him in the very moment of despair, for no sooner was he out of sight, than the coquetish Adelisa found something wanting which had been so familiar to her, that Leander, though despised when possessed, when lost was regretted. In vain she culled her numerous admirers for some one to replace him; continually peevish and discontented, Adelisa became so intolerable to her lovers, that there seemed to be a spirit conjuring up amongst them, which threatened her with a general desertion. What was to be done?—Her danger was alarming, it was imminent:—She determined to recal Leander:—She informed herself of his haunts, and threw herself in the way of a rencontre; but he avoided her:—Chance brought them to an interview, and she began by rallying him for his apostacy: There was an anxiety under all this affected pleasantry that she could not thoroughly conceal, and which he did not fail to discover. He instantly determined upon the very wisest measure which deliberation could have formed; and he combated her with her own weapons! He put himself apparently so much at his ease, and counterfeited his part so well, as effectually to deceive her; she had now a new task upon her hands, and the hardest as well as the most hazardous she had ever undertaken: She attempted to throw him off his guard by a pretended pity for his past sufferings and a promise of a kinder usage for the future.

He denied that he had suffered any thing, and assured her that he never failed to be amused by her humours, which were perfectly agreeable to him at all times.—"Then it is plain," replied she, "that you never thought of me as a wife, for such humours must be insupportable to a husband."—"Pardon me," cried Leander, "if ever I should be betrayed into the idle act of marriage, I must be in one of those very humours myself: Defend me from the dull uniformity of domestic life! What can be so insipid as the tame strain of nuptial harmony everlastingly repeated?—Whatever other varieties I may then debar myself of,

of, let me at leaſt find a variety of whim in the woman I am to be fettered to."—" Upon my word," exclaimed Adeliſa, " you would almoſt perſuade me we were deſtined for each other."—This, ſhe accompanied with one of thoſe looks, in which ſhe was moſt expert, and which was calculated at once to inſpire and betray inſenſibility. Leander, not yet ſo certain of his obſervations as to confide in them, ſeemed to receive this overture as raillery, and affecting a laugh, replied—I do not think it is in the power of deſtiny herſelf to determine either of us ; for if you was for one moment in the humour to promiſe yourſelf to me, I am certain in the next you would retract it ; and if I was fool enough to believe you, I ſhould well deſerve to be puniſhed for my credulity :—Hymen will never yoke us to each other, nor to any body elſe ; but if you are in the mind to make a very harmleſs experiment of the little faith I put in all ſuch promiſes, here is my hand : It is fit the propoſal ſhould ſpring from my quarter, and not your's ; cloſe with it as ſoon as you pleaſe, and laugh at me as much as you pleaſe, if I vent one murmur when you break the bargain.—" Well then," ſaid Adeliſa, " to puniſh you for the ſaucineſs of your provoking challenge, and to convince you that I do not credit you for this pretended indifference to my treatment of you, here is my hand, and with it my promiſe ; and now I give you warning that if ever I do keep it, it will be only from the conviction that I ſhall torment you more by fulfilling it, than by flying from it."—" Fairly declared, cried Leander, and ſince my word is paſſed, I'll ſtand to it ; but take notice, if I was not perfectly ſecure of being jilted, I ſhould think myſelf in a fair way to be the moſt egregious dupe in nature."

In this ſtrain of mutual raillery, they proceeded to ſettle the moſt ſerious buſineſs of their lives, and whilſt neither would venture upon a confeſſion of their paſſion, each ſeemed to rely on the other for a diſcovery of it. They now broke up their conference in the gayeſt ſpirits imaginable, and Leander at parting, offered to make a bett of half his fortune with Adeliſa, that ſhe did not ſtand to her engagement, at the ſame time naming a certain day as the period of its taking place. —" And what ſhall I gain," ſaid ſhe, " in that caſe, by half your fortune, when I ſhall have a joint ſhare in poſſeſſion of the whole ?"—" Talk not of fortune," cried Leander, giving looſe to the rapture which he could no longer reſtrain, " my heart, my happineſs, my life itſelf is yours."—So ſaying, he caught her in his arms, preſſed her eagerly in his embrace, and haſtily departed.

No ſooner was he out of her ſight than he began to expoſtulate with himſelf upon his indiſcretion :—In the ecſtacy of one unguarded moment he blaſted all his ſchemes, and by expoſing his weakneſs, armed her with freſh engines to torment him. In theſe reflections he paſſed the remainder of the night ; in vain he ſtrove to find ſome juſtification for his folly ; he could not form his mind to believe that the tender looks ſhe had beſtowed upon him were any other than an experiment upon his heart, to throw him from his guard and reeſtabliſh her tyranny. With theſe impreſſions, he preſented himſelf at her door next morning, and was immediately admitted. Adeliſa was alone, and Leander immediately began by ſaying to her, " I am now come to receive at your hands the puniſhment,

ment, which a man who cannot keep his own secret, richly deserves: I surrender myself to you, and I expect you will exert your utmost ingenuity in tormenting me; only remember that you cannot give a stab to my heart, without wounding your own image, which envelopes every part, and is too deeply impressed for even your cruelty totally to extirpate."—At the conclusion of this speech, Adelisa's countenance became serious; she fixed her eyes on the floor, and after a pause, without taking any notice of Leander, and as if she had been talking to herself in soliloquy, repeated in a murmuring tone:—"Well well, it is all over; but no matter."—"For the love of Heaven," cried Leander in alarm, "what is all over?"—"All that is most delightful to woman," she replied;—"All the luxury which the vanity of my sex enjoys in tormenting your's: Oh Leander! what charming projects of revenge had I contrived to punish your pretended indifference, and depend upon it, I would have executed them to the utmost rigour of the law of retaliation, had you not in one moment disarmed me of my malice by a fair confession of your love. Believe me, Leander, I never was a coquette but in self defence; sincerity is my natural character; but how should a woman of any attractions be safe in such a character, when the whole circle of fashion abounds with artificial coxcombs, pretenders to sentiment, and professors of seduction! When the whole world is in arms against innocence, what is to become of the naked children of nature, if experience does not teach them the art of defence!—If I have employed this art more particularly against you, than others, why have I so done, but because I had more to apprehend from your insincerity than any other person's and proportioned my defences to my danger! Between you and me, Leander, it has been more a contest of cunning, than an affair of honour, and if you will call your own conduct into fair review, trust me you will find little reason to complain of mine. Naturally disposed to favour your attentions more than any other man's, it particularly behoved me to guard myself against propensities at once so pleasing and so suspicious. Let this suffice in justification of what is past; it now remains that I should explain to you the system I have laid down for the time to come:—If ever I assume the character of a wife, I devote myself to all its duties; I bid farewel at once to all the vanities, the petulances, the coquetries of what is falsely called a life of pleasure; the whole system must undergo a revolution, and be administered upon other principles and to other purposes: I know the world too well to commit myself to it, when I have more than my own conscience to account to, when I have not only truths but the similitudes of truths to study; suspicions, jealousies, appearances to provide against; when I am no longer singly responsible on the score of error, but of example also:—It is not therefore in the public display of an affluent fortune, in dress, equipage, entertainments, nor even in the fame of splendid charites my pleasures will be found; they will center in domestic occupations; in cultivating nature, and the sons of nature, in benefiting the tenants and labourers of the soil that supplies us with the means of being useful; in living happily with my neighbours, in availing myself of those numberless opportunities,

tunities, which a reſidence in the country affords of relieving the untold diſtreſſes of thoſe who ſuffer in ſecret, and are too humble, or perhaps too proud to aſk."—Here the enraptured Leander could no longer keep ſilence, but breaking forth into tranſports of love and admiration, gave a turn to the converſation, which it is no otherwiſe intereſting to relate, than as it proved the prelude to an union which ſpeedily took place, and has made Leander and Adeliſa the fondeſt and worthieſt couple in England.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The INVESTIGATOR, No. I.

In this wide world what varying objects riſe?

HAPPY is that man, who is free from *envy;* who is content with his condition, and complains not of the deeds of Providence; but, though unfortunate himſelf, rejoices at the proſperity of thoſe around him; whoſe eyes moiſten at the tale of ſorrow, and whoſe ſympathetic breaſt beats in uniſon with the ſufferer; who from his little ſtore beſtows a generous mite to the children of poverty: Happineſs is moſt certainly his companion, and the ills of life reſt lightly on his head. The morſel which he eats, is ſweet and nourithing; the water which he drinks, is cool and refreſhing; and the ſtraw which ſupports his limbs, ſoothes him in ſoft forgetfulneſs. He is beloved by all who know him; careſſed where ever he goes, and ſought after by the good and generous. When he viſits his neighbours in trouble, ſuch benignity ſets upon his countenance, that the eye of ſorrow wears a ſmile, and the perturbed breaſt ceaſes to heave a ſigh. He, like a miniſter of peace, is received among them, and his words affect them as the oil of conſolation. How infinite, how extenſive muſt be his felicity! Surely he, above all the reſt of mankind, partakes of heaven below, of bliſs which none but ſaints and angels ever claim. He becomes, by his deeds, an honour to human nature, and a bleſſing to mankind.

But the *envious man* is a plague to ſociety, a torment to himſelf, and a diſgrace to humanity. Envy is of ſuch a poiſonous, corroſive nature, that it feſters the mind and corrupts the ſoul. All the tender, ſympathetic feelings, are by it deſtroyed, and its poſſeſſor is rendered unfit to perform the deeds of this world, and to undergo the troubles concommitant with man. It mars all his enjoyments, extirpates tranquillity from the mind, and ruins domeſtic and conjugal happineſs. The pleaſures of friendſhip and converſation are entirely cut off. Society, the boon of heaven and choiceſt gift of God, is by it rendered abortive, without which, who can travel life's dull and weary round?

The envious man is of all men the moſt miſerable; he is the moſt pitiful object in nature, for if he happens to fall into company, like a true cynic, he ſhows the colour of his mind by the features of his face. The wrinkled frown upon his brow, and the ſnearing crook of his noſe, are things which plainly mark *the man*. If the topic of converſation happens to run upon men

and

and public measures, he *is* pleased, for then he can and *will* join the confab' by uttering the most bitter epithets and virulent remarks upon the characters above him. His envy poisons all he says or does, it diffuses itself into every word which he utters, and corrupts even his retired thoughts.

While he is receiving the blessings of health and riches from the hand of his merciful Creator, he *sits* repining at the hardness of his lot. He exclaims against Providence while he is living on his bounty. He curses the food which he is eating, because it is the same which nourishes and supports those around him. There is nothing which he so much dreads, and which so much vexes his soul, as the prosperity of his neighbours. With sorrow and indignation he beholds their fields waving in luxuriant pride, their mountains covered with herds, and their pastures moving with cattle. That they should merit the smiles of God more than himself; that they should be superior to him in knowledge, or riches, are ideas too shocking for his conception, too degrading to his nature, and things which he wishes to conceive as impossibilities.

The life which he leads, is wretched beyond description. To say he possesses any peaceful moments, no one can, unless those can be called such, which he expends in trying to destroy the good fame and character of his fellow beings. His time rolls heavily along, bringing with it something productive of heartfelt uneasiness, which to others (though not because they rejoice in his afflictions) is the source of pleasure and happiness. He eats his best food without relish, and drinks his wine as if it partook only of the sourness of the grape. He rises from his table unsatisfied, and unrefreshed; and after roving in some solitary place, till the sun has declined the west, he returns peevish and morose, having thrown himself upon his couch, he lingers out a restless night. Thus his life wears away; thus he goes cursing and cursed down to the grave; the sods of the valley cover him; the eye beholds his deposit, unmoved, and the earth tumbles upon his coffin without raising a sigh!

Happy are they who shun this last extreme;
Who live all mindful of some happier soil,
Who court the blessings of the great Supreme,
Nor think for sacred bliss too much they toil.

Who view the increase of their neighbour's store
With joy unmingl'd with an envious eye;
And whose ambition leads him to that lore,
Which teaches how to live and how to die.

Singular Account of La Maupin.

[From Burney's History of Music.]

LA MAUPIN seems to have been a most extraordinary personage. "She was equally fond of both sexes, fought and loved like a man, and resisted and fell like a woman. Her adventures are of a very romantic kind. Married to a young husband, who soon was obliged to absent himself from her, to enter on an office he had obtained at Provence,

Provence, she ran away with a fencing master, of whom she learned the small sword, and became an excellent fencer, which was afterwards a useful qualification to her on several occasions. The lovers first retreated from persecution to Marseilles; but necessity soon obliged them to solicit employment there, at the opera; and, as both had by nature good voices, they were received without difficulty. But soon after this she was seized with a passion for a young person of her own sex, whom she seduced, but the object of her whimsical affection being pursued by her friends, and taken, was thrown into a convent at Avignon, where La Maupin soon followed her; and having presented herself as a novice, obtained admission. Some time after, she set fire to the convent, and, availing herself of the confusion she had occasioned, carried off her favourite. But being pursued and taken, she was condemned to the flames for contumacy; a sentence, however, which was not executed, as the young Marsellaise was found, and restored to her friends.

"She then went to Paris, and made her first appearance on the opera stage in 1695, when she performed the part of Pallas, in Cadmus, with the greatest success. The applause was so violent, that she was obliged, in her car, to take off her casque to salute and thank the public, which redoubled their marks of approbation. From that time her success was uninterrupted. Dumeni, the singer, having affronted her, she put on men's clothes, watched for him in the Place des Victoires, and insisted on his drawing his sword and fighting her, which he refusing, she caned him, and took from him his watch and snuff box. Next day, Dumeni having boasted at the opera house, that he had defended himself against three men who attempted to rob him, she related the whole story, and produced his watch and snuff box in proof of her having caned him for his cowardice. Thevenard was nearly treated in the same manner, and had no other way of escaping her chastisement, than by publicly asking her pardon, after hiding himself at the Palais Royal during three weeks. At a ball given by Monsieur, the brother of Louis XIV. she again put on men's clothes, and having behaved impertinently to a lady, three of her friends, supposing La Maupin to be a man, called her out. She might easily have avoided the combat by discovering her sex, but she instantly drew, and killed them all three. Afterwards, returning very coolly to the ball, she told the story to Monsieur, who obtained her pardon."

Observations on Blindness, and on the Employment of the other Senses to supply the Loss of Sight.

[By Mr. Bew.—From "Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester."]

——— tenebrasque necesse 'st
Non radii solis, neque lucida tela diei
Discutiant ——— LUCRET.

AMONGST the various accidents and calamities, to which the human species are subjected, there are none that excite compassion, or call forth our benevolent aid more powerfully, than blindness.

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The blind man, in all ages and countries, has ever been allowed an indisputable claim on the good offices of his fellow creatures; his necessities have generally been supplied with sacred care; and his genius, if it approached to excellence, has been respected with a degree of reverence, superior to what is usually bestowed, on such as are possessed of the faculty of sight.

The faculty of sight, indeed, is justly considered as superior to any of the other senses. Hearing, tasting, and smelling, when compared with vision, appear very limited in their powers and determinations; and though the sense of touch may possess the most general, and accurate power of conveying the ideas of the various modifications of matter to the mind; yet the comprehensiveness, together with the instantaneous celerity, with which vision displays to us the wonders of Nature, or the varieties of Art, far transcend any of the perceptions, that the touch, or the other senses are able to furnish us with. It is, perhaps, on this account, that we figuratively employ the term, *seeing*, in acknowledging the conscious evidence of reason and truth; and even extend the application, as the most expressive, to one of the distinguishing attributes of Almighty perfection.

In no part of the human fabric, or even throughout the whole of nature, with which we are acquainted, are there more evident marks of exquisite perfection and wisdom, than in what relates to the sense of seeing; whether we direct our attention to the wonderful regularity, order, minuteness, and velocity of the rays of light, which minister to this sense, or to the structure and formation of the little organ, in which this faculty is destined to reside. "With a "ball and socket, (as a learned and "and elegant philosopher* beauti-"fully observes) of an inch diame-"ter, we are enabled, in an instant "of time, without changing our "place, to perceive the disposition "of an army, the figure of a palace, "and the variety of a landscape;" and not only, as he farther remarks, to "find our way through the path-"less ocean, traverse the globe of "the earth, determine its figure and "dimensions, and delineate every "region of it:" But,

---"Breaking hence, take our ardent flight
"Through the blue infinite,"

ascertain the order, revolutions and distances of the planetary orbs, and even form probable conjectures on

- - - - - - - - - - - - - "Every star
"Which the clear concave of a winter's night
"Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube,
"Far stretching, snatches from the dark abyss." THOMSON.

In contemplating, therefore, the extensive and almost unlimited properties of vision, we not only find our gratitude warmed and elevated to piety and devotion, but are, likewise, conscious of an involuntary impulse, that urges us to exert our endeavours, towards the assistance of such as are unfortunately deprived of this noble faculty, whenever they are presented to our notice.

And here, again, we have every motive to inspire us with admiration of the providential wisdom and benevolence, displayed by the divine Author of our existence. For, notwithstanding the great and comprehensive powers of sight, there is little of the actual knowledge acquired by this faculty, that may not, by attentive and patient perseverance, be communicated to the man who has been doomed to darkness from his birth.

* *Dr. Reid, p.* 121.

birth. The bigot, or the enthuſiaſt, who condemns the reſearches of philoſophy, and erroneouſly pronounces them to be incompatible with religion; perceives, with aſtoniſhment, the blind enabled to expatiate on light or colours; on reflection, refraction, and on the various ſubjects, from which we might naturally ſuppoſe they would be excluded, by the deprivation of ſight; and ſatisfies himſelf with abruptly referring the whole to the immediate diſpenſation of the Deity. The philoſopher, on the other hand, though, with willing ſubmiſſion, he ultimately attributes the effects to Omnipotence; is, nevertheleſs, deſirous to avoid the cenſure paſſed on the ſervant, "*who buried his talent in a napkin;*" and ventures to exert the abilities with which he may be endowed in endeavouring to inveſtigate the means by which the effects are ordained to be accompliſhed, to the end, that the intereſts of humanity may be ſerved with greater certainty.

The powerful influence of exerciſe and habit upon the intellectual, as well as upon the corporeal faculties, are too well known and acknowledged, to require much illuſtration. The muſcles, of any part of the body, acquire peculiar vigour and fullneſs by habitual exerciſe; and the ſame is remarkable, though in a ſtill higher degree, with reſpect to the effects of exerciſe and habit, on the faculties of the mind. From this wiſe regulation, in the economy of nature, reſults a train of reſources, which the blind are found capable of deriving, from the exerciſe of the other ſenſes; and which may be ſo far perfected, as to compenſate, in a great meaſure, for the loſs of the darling ſenſe of ſight. The delicacy and preciſion, with which ſome eminent blind people have employed the other ſenſes, particularly *hearing* and *touch*, would, indeed, exceed the bounds of credibility, were we not aſſured of the facts, as well from actual experience, as from undoubted authorities.

Dr. Saunderſon loſt his ſight by the ſmall pox, ſo early in his infancy, that he did not remember to have ever ſeen. He had no more ideas of light, than if he had been born blind. Notwithſtanding this misfortune, he acquired ſuch profound and perfect knowledge in the ſcience of mathematics, that, by the influence of his merit only, he was appointed to the profeſſorſhip in the Univerſity of Cambridge. The addreſs of this celebrated philoſopher was no ways inferior to the knowledge he poſſeſſed; a circumſtance, which we do not always meet with in thoſe who have the full powers of ſight. His lectures on the different branches of mathematics, natural philoſophy, aſtronomy, and optics, were remarkably clear and intelligible. Fully aware of the difficulties young minds have to contend with, from the abſtruſeneſs in which the ſubjects of natural philoſophy are uſually involved, his endeavours were ſucceſsfully directed to obviate and remove theſe obſtructions; and to furniſh a method, at the ſame time, comprehenſive, natural, and eaſy to be underſtood.

Dr. Saunderſon's ſenſation of touch, as is uſual with blind people, was very exquiſite; and it was by means of this ſenſe, that he acquired many of his principal ideas. He diſtinguiſhed, with aſtoniſhing nicety, the peculiar properties of bodies, that depended on the roughneſs or ſmoothneſs of their ſurfaces. A remarkable inſtance is given of his nice accuracy in this reſpect. A ſeries of Roman medals, ſome of which were true, and others falſe,

were

were presented to his touch. Dr. Saunderson, by running his fingers over them, was soon able to distinguish the genuine antiques, from those that were counterfeited; tho' the latter had been executed, with such exactness of imitation, as to deceive a connoisseur, who only judged by the eye. But, says the professor, "I, who had not that sense "to trust to, could easily feel a "roughness in the new cast, sufficient to distinguish them by."

The impression made by the approach of bodies nearer to him, or their being removed farther off; and the different states of the atmosphere, were distinguishable to him by the same delicate sense of touch; and his sense of hearing was refined to a similar degree of perfection. He could readily ascertain the fifth part of a note of music. He not only distinguished and remembered the different people he conversed with, by the peculiar sounds of their voices, but, in some measure, places also. Judging by the sounds of the pavements, of the courts and piazzas, and the reflection of these sounds from the walls, he remembered the different variations, so as to be able to recollect the places, pretty exactly, when conducted to them afterwards.

We might produce a great variety of instances, both ancient and modern, where blind persons have excelled in different departments of science; and particularly, in the several branches of mathematics.* But the attachment, which these unfortunate people display, for the pleasing pursuits of music and poetry, is still more general. The powerful influence of verbal expression, when communicated to the blind, in the form of poetry, and the congenial ideas it inspires, are really astonishing. Of this we have a recent proof in Dr. Blacklock, of Edinburgh. This amiable gentleman was, I believe, either born blind, or became so very soon after his birth: Yet, we find no defects, in those beautiful poems he has exhibited to the world, that can be attributed to his want of sight; on the contrary, we meet with descriptions of visual scenes and objects, as beautiful, expressive, and just, as if he had actually been possessed of the faculty of seeing; and had drawn his descriptions, from an enraptured survey of the variegated prospects of nature. Whereas, we must be convinced, when we accurately consider the matter, that the poetic enthusiasm, which inspired him, and excited these imitative powers, could only be produced by the various combination of sounds, which were conveyed, by words, to his imagination.

The influence of music is still more generally to be observed than that of poetry. Music, almost without exception, appears to be the favourite amusement of the blind. There is no other employment of the

* Diodotus, the preceptor of Cicero, is represented as attaching himself, with greater assiduity to the Science of Mathematics after he became blind.

"Diodotus Stoicus, cæcus multos annos, nostræ domi vixit: is vero, quod credibile "vix esset, cum in Philosophia multô etiam magis assiduè quam antea versaretur tum "quod fine occulis fieri possit. Geometriæ munus tuebatur, precipiens discentibus, "unde, quo, quamque lineam scriberent." Cic. Tusc. disp. L. V. 39.

Didymus of Alexandria is celebrated by St. Jerom and the historian Cassiodorus, as a prodigy in logic and mathematics, though blind from his infancy. The latter writer, likewise speaks of one Eusebius, an Asiatic, who, though blind, distinguished himself highly in all kinds of learning.

the mind, religious contemplation excepted, that ſeems ſo well adapted to ſooth the ſoul, and diſſipate the melancholy ideas, which, it may naturally be expected, will ſometimes pervade the diſpoſitions of thoſe who are utterly bereft of ſight. This, together with the beneficial influence that reſults from the practice of this delightful art, by quickening and perfecting the ſenſe of hearing, is a matter that deſerves the moſt ſerious attention. The celebrated Profeſſor, juſt now mentioned, excelled in performing on the flute, in his youth; and the refinement of his ear has been very juſtly attributed to his early attention to muſic. It is not, therefore, ſurpriſing that ſo many blind people have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in this ſcience. Stanley and Parry were deprived of their ſight in early infancy; yet both theſe gentlemen have diſplayed extraordinary proofs of their abilities, not only as compoſers and performers of muſic, but, likewiſe, in matters that, at a firſt view, we might be apt to conſider as peculiar to thoſe who are fully poſſeſſed of the faculty of viſion. Their ſeparate reputations, as muſicians, are ſufficiently known and acknowledged. The ſtile of Stanley is truly his own; and his execution on the organ, equal, if not ſuperior to any of his cotemporary performers on that grand inſtrument. Parry may be revered as the Britiſh bard of modern times. The halls of the Cambrian Chief reſound with the melodious vibrations of his harp, and he has united the refinements of taſte and elegance to the rude, but expreſſive modulations of antiquity.

I paſs over a number of inſtances, that might be offered to your notice, and proceed to give ſome account of Dr. Henry Moyes, the elegant reader on philoſophical chemiſtry; whoſe lectures, the greateſt part of this ſociety had the ſatisfaction of attending, and whoſe perſonal acquaintance ſeveral of us have enjoyed.

This intelligent philoſopher, like the celebrated profeſſor of Cambridge before mentioned, loſt his ſight, by the ſmall pox, in his early infancy. He never recollected to have ſeen: "But the firſt traces of memory I have," ſays he, "are in ſome confuſed ideas of the ſolar ſyſtem." He had the good fortune to be born in a country where learning of every kind is highly cultivated, and to be brought up in a family devoted to learning.

Poſſeſſed of native genius, and ardent in his application, he made rapid advances in various departments of erudition; and not only acquired the fundamental principles of mechanics, muſic, and the languages; but, likewiſe entered deeply into the inveſtigation of the profounder ſciences; and diſplayed an acute and general knowledge of geometry, optics, algebra; of aſtronomy, chemiſtry; and, in ſhort, of moſt of the branches of the Newtonian philoſophy.

Mechanical exerciſes were the favourite employments of his infant years. At a very early age, he made himſelf acquainted with the uſe of edged tools, ſo perfectly, that, notwithſtanding his entire blindneſs, he was able to make little windmills; and, he even conſtructed a loom, with his own hands, which ſtill ſhew the cicatrices of wounds, he received in the execution of theſe juvenile, exploits.

By a moſt agreeable intimacy, and frequent intercourſe, which I enjoyed, with this accompliſhed blind gentleman, whilſt he reſided in Mancheſter; I had an opportunity

nity of repeatedly obſerving the peculiar manner, in which he arranged his ideas, and acquired his information. Whenever he was introduced into company, I remarked, that he continued ſome time ſilent. The ſound directed him to judge of the dimenſions of the room, and the different voices, of the number of perſons that were preſent. His diſtinction, in theſe reſpects, was very accurate; and his memory ſo retentive, that he ſeldom was miſtaken. I have known him inſtantly recognize a perſon, on firſt hearing him ſpeak, though more than two years had elapſed ſince the time of their laſt meeting. He determined, pretty nearly, the ſtature of thoſe he was ſpeaking with, by the direction of their voices; and he made tolerable conjectures, reſpecting their tempers and diſpoſitions, by the manner in which they conducted their converſation.

It muſt be obſerved, that this gentleman's eyes were not totally inſenſible to intenſe light. The rays refracted through a priſm, when ſufficiently vivid, produced certain diſtinguiſhable effects on them.—The red gave him a diſagreeable ſenſation, which he compared to the touch of a ſaw. As the colours declined in violence, the harſhneſs leſſened, until the green afforded a ſenſation that was highly pleaſing to him; and which he deſcribed, as conveying an idea ſimilar to what he felt, in running his hand over ſmooth poliſhed ſurfaces. Poliſhed ſurfaces, meandering ſtreams, and gentle declivities, were the figures, by which he expreſſed his ideas of beauty. Rugged rocks, irregular points, and boiſterous elements, furniſhed him with expreſſions for terror and diſguſt. He excelled in the charms of converſation; was happy in his alluſions to viſual objects; and diſcourſed on the nature, compoſition, and beauty of colours, with pertinence and preciſion.

Dr. Moyes was a ſtriking inſtance of the power, the human ſoul poſſeſſes, of finding reſources of ſatiſfaction, even under the moſt rigorous calamities. Though involved "in ever during darkneſs," and excluded from the charming views of ſilent or animated nature; though dependent on an undertaking for the means of his ſubſiſtence, the ſucceſs of which was very precarious; in ſhort, though deſtitute of other ſupport than his genius, and under the mercenary protection of a perſon, whoſe integrity he ſuſpected—ſtill Dr. Moyes was generally cheerful and apparently happy. Indeed it muſt afford much pleaſure to the feeling heart to obſerve this hilarity of temper prevail, almoſt univerſally, with the blind. Though "cut off from the ways of men, and the contemplation of the human face divine;" they have this conſolation; they are exempt from the diſcernment, and contagious influence, of thoſe painful emotions of the ſoul, that are viſible on the countenance, and which hypocriſy itſelf can ſcarcely conceal. This diſpoſition, likewiſe, may be conſidered, as an internal evidence of the native worth of the human mind; that thus ſupports its dignity and cheerfulneſs under one of the ſevereſt misfortunes that can poſſibly befal us. Nor is this cheerful reſignation peculiar to thoſe who have been blind from their birth; we find it, alſo, generally prevail with ſuch as have loſt their ſight, even at a more advanced age; and who muſt, undoubtedly, feel the misfortune with the utmoſt anguiſh. The diſtreſſing recollection, which memory muſt preſent, of former enjoyments, we find, however, ſoon ſubſides. Gentler and more pleaſ-

ing reflections succeed. Contemplation takes her residence in her proper province, the human mind; and the blind, submissively and cheerfully resign themselves to the will of Heaven, and the benevolent protection of the less unfortunate of their fellow creatures. And hard, indeed, is the heart of him, who will not stretch out his hand to succour the blind; or who, by injustice, illiberality, or unkindness, adds a sting to the conscious dependence, to which, whilst they live, they must ever be subjected.

[*Remainder next month.*]

ESSAY on DELICACY of SENTIMENT.

[From "The Bee," a Scotch Periodical Publication.]

Oh! teach us—yet unspoil'd by wealth
That secret rare, between th' extremes to move,
Of mad good nature, and of mean self love. POPE.

THE character of delicacy of sentiment, so esteemed at present, seems to have been unknown to the ancients. It is certainly a great refinement on humanity. Refinements are never attended to in the earlier ages, when the occupations of war, and the wants of unimproved life, leave little opportunity, and less inclination, for fanciful enjoyments. Danger and distress require strength of mind, and necessarily exclude an attention to those delicacies, which while they please, infallibly enervate.

That tenderness which is amiable in a state of perfect civilization, is despised as a weakness among unpolished nations. Shocked at the smallest circumstances which are disagreeable, it cannot support the idea of danger and alarm. So far from exercising the cruelties which are sometimes politically necessary in a rude state, it starts with horror from the sight, and at the description of them. It delights in the calm occupations of rural life, and would gladly resign the spear and the shield for the shepherd's crook and the lover's garland. But in an unformed community, where constant danger requires constant defence, those dispositions which delight in retirement and ease will be treated with general contempt; and no temper of mind which is despised will be long epidemical.

The ancient Greeks and Romans were the most civilized people on the earth. They, however, were unacquainted with that extreme delicacy of sentiment which is become so universally prevalent in modern times. Perhaps some reasonable causes may be assigned. The stoic philosophy endeavoured to introduce a total apathy, and, though it was not embraced, in all its rigidity, by the vulgar, yet it had a sufficient number of votaries to diffuse a general taste for an insensibility of temper. It perhaps originally meant no more than to teach men to govern their affections by the dictates of reason; but as a natural want of feeling produced the same effects as a rational regulation of the passions, it soon passed among the vulgar for what it could lay no claim to, a philosophical indifference.

That respectful attention to women, which in modern times is called

called *gallantry*, was not to be found among the ancients. Women were looked upon as inferior beings, whose only duty was to contribute to pleasure, and superintend domestic economy. It was not till the days of chivalry that men showed that desire of pleasing the softer sex, which seems to allow them a superiority. This deference to women refines the manners and softens the temper; and it is no wonder that the ancients, who admitted no women to their social conversations, should acquire a roughness of manners incompatible with *delicacy of sentiment*.

Men who acted, thought, and spoke, like the ancients, were unquestionably furnished, by nature, with every feeling in great perfection. But their mode of education contributed rather to harden, than to mollify their hearts. Politics and war were the sole general objects. Ambition, it is well known, renders all other passions subservient to itself; and the youth who had been accustomed to military discipline, and had endured the hardships of a campaign, though he might yield to the allurements of pleasure, would not have time to attend to the refinements of delicacy. But the modern soldier, in the present mode of conducting war, is not compelled to undergo many personal hardships, either in the preparation for his profession, or in the exercise of it. Commerce, but little known to many ancient nations, gives the moderns an opportunity of acquiring opulence without much difficulty or danger; and the infinite numbers who inherit this opulence, in order to pass away life with ease, have recourse to the various arts of exciting pleasure. The professions of divinity and law, leave sufficient time, opportunity, and inclination to most of their professors, to pursue every amusement and gratification. The general plan of modern education, which, among the liberal, consists of the study of the poets and sentimental writers, contributes, perhaps more than all other causes, to humanise the heart and refine the sentiments: For, at the period when education is commenced, the heart is most susceptible of impression.

Whatever disposition tends to soften, without weakning the mind, must be cherished; and it must be allowed that delicacy of sentiment, on this side the extreme, adds greatly to the happiness of mankind, by diffusing an universal benevolence. It teaches men to feel for others as for themselves; it disposes us to rejoice with the happy, and, by partaking, to increase their pleasure. It frequently excludes the malignant passions, which are the sources of the greatest misery in life. It excites a pleasing sensation in our own breast, which if its duration be considered, may be placed among the highest gratifications of sense. The only ill consequence that can be apprehended from it is, an effeminacy of mind, which may disqualify us for vigorous pursuits and manly exertions.

In the most successful course of life, obstacles will impede, and disagreeable circumstances disgust. To bear these, without feeling them, is sometimes necessary in the right conduct of life: But he who is tremblingly alive all over, and whose sensibility approaches to soreness, avoids the contest in which he knows he must be hurt. He feels injuries never committed; and resents affronts never intended. Disgusted with men and manners, he either seeks retirement, to indulge his melancholy, or, weaken-

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ed by continual chagrin, he conducts himself with folly and imprudence.

How then shall we avoid the extreme of a disposition, which in the due medium, is productive of the most salutary consequences? In this excess, as well as all others, reason must be called in to moderate. Sensibility must not be permitted to sink us into that state of indolence, which effectually represses those manly sentiments that may very well consist with the most delicate. The greatest mildness is commonly united with the greatest fortitude in the true hero. Tenderness, joined with resolution, form indeed, a finished character.

The affectation of great sensibility is extremely common. It is, however, as odious as the reality is amiable. It renders a man contemptible, and a women ridiculous. Instead of relieving the afflicted, which is the necessary effect of genuine sympathy, a character of this sort flies from misery, to shew that it is too delicate to support the sight of distress. The appearance of a toad, or the jolting of a carriage, will cause a paroxysm of fear. But it is remarkable that this delicacy and tenderness often disappear in solitude, and the pretender to uncommon sensibility is frequently found, in the absence of witnesses, to be uncommonly unfeeling.

To have received a tender heart from the hand of nature, is to have received the means of the greatest blessings. To have guided it by the dictates of reason, is to have acted up to the dignity of human nature, and to have obtained that happiness of which the heart was constituted susceptible.

May a temper, thus laudable in itself, never be rendered contemptible by affectation, or useless by neglect!

History of the Intercourse between the Earl of Chesterfield and Dr. Johnson.

Lord Chesterfield, to whom Dr. Johnson had paid the high compliment of addressing to his lordship the plan of his Dictionary, had behaved to him in such a manner as to excite his contempt and indignation: But when the dictionary was upon the eve of publication, lord Chesterfield, who, it is said, had flattered himself with expectations that Johnson would dedicate the work to him, attempted, in a courtly manner, to sooth and insinuate himself with the sage, conscious, as it should seem, of the cold indifference with which he had treated its learned author; and further attempted to conciliate him, by writing two papers in "The World," in recommendation of the work; and it must be confessed, that they contain some studied compliments, so finely turned, that if there had been no previous offence, it is probable that Johnson would have been highly delighted. Praise in general was pleasing to him; but by praise from a man of rank and elegant accomplishments, he was peculiarly gratified. His lordship in these papers, says, I think the public in general and the republic of letters in particular, are greatly obliged to Mr. Johnson, for having undertaken, and executed, so great and desirable a work. Perfection

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is not to be expected from man; but if we are to judge by the various works of Johnson already published, we have good reason to believe, that he will bring this as near to perfection as any man could do. The plan of it, which he published some years ago, seems to be a proof of it. Nothing can be more rationally imagined, or more accurately or elegantly expressed.——

It must be owned that our language is, at present, in a state of anarchy, and hitherto, perhaps, it may not have been the worse for it. During our free and open trade, many words and expressions have been imported, adopted and naturalized from other languages, which have greatly enriched our own. Let it still preserve what real strength and beauty it may have borrowed from others; but let it not, like the Tarpeian maid, be overwhelmed and crushed by unnecessary ornaments. The time for discrimination seems to be come. Toleration, adoption, and naturalization, have run their lengths. Good order and authority are now necessary. But where shall we find them, and at the same time, the obedience due to them? We must have recourse to the old Roman expedient in times of confusion, and choose a dictator. Upon this principle, I give my vote for Mr. Johnson to fill that great and arduous part. And I hereby declare, that I have made a total surrender of all my rights and privileges in the English language, as a free born British subject, to the said Mr. Johnson, during the term of his dictatorship. Nay more, I will not only obey him, like an old Roman, as my dictator, but, like a modern Roman, I will implicitly believe in him as my Pope, and hold him to be infallible while in the chair, and no longer. More than this he cannot well require; for I presume, that obedience can never be expected, when there is neither terror to enforce, nor interest to invite.

This courtly advice failed of its effect. Johnson, who thought that "all was false and hollow," despised the honied words, and was even indignant, that lord Chesterfield should for a moment imagine, that he could be the dupe of such an artifice.—His expression concerning lord Chesterfield, on this occasion, was, "After making great professions, he had, for many years, taken no notice of me; but when my dictionary was coming out, he fell a scribbling about it. Upon which I wrote him a letter, expressed in civil terms, but such as might shew him, that I did not mind what he said or wrote, and that I had done with him."

The Letter.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Chesterfield.

MY LORD,

I HAVE been informed by the Proprietor of The World, that two papers, in which my dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre;—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that

that neither pride nor modeſty would ſuffer me to continue it. When I had once addreſſed your lordſhip in public, I had exhauſted all the art of pleaſing, which a retired and uncourtly ſcholar can poſſeſs. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleaſed to have his all neglected, be it ever ſo little.

Seven years, my lord, have now paſted, ſince I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulſed from your door; during which time. I have been puſhing on my work through difficulties, of which it is uſeleſs to complain, and have brought it at laſt, to the verge of publication, without one act of aſſiſtance, one word of encouragement, or one ſmile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The ſhepherd in Virgil grew at laſt acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks. Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man ſtruggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleaſed to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am ſolitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical aſperity not to confeſs obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public ſhould conſider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myſelf.

Having carried on my work thus far with ſo little obligation to any favourer of learning, I ſhall not be diſappointed, though I ſhould conclude it, if leſs be poſſible, with leſs; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boaſted myſelf with ſo much exultation.

My lord, your lordſhip's moſt humble, moſt obedient ſervant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

[*Boſ. Life Johnſon.*

ANECDOTE.

ON the 25th of October, 1694, a bowl of punch was made at the Right Hon. Edward Ruſſel's houſe, when he was Captain-General and Commander in Chief of his Majeſty's forces in the Mediterranean ſeas. It was made in a fountain in a garden, in the middle of four walks, all covered over head with lemon and orange trees, and in every walk was a table the whole length of it, covered with cold collations, &c. In the ſaid fountain were the following ingredients, viz. four hogſheads of brandy, eight hogſheads of water, 25,000 lemons, twenty gallons of lime juice, thirteen hundred weight of fine Liſbon ſugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs, 300 toaſted biſcuits, and, laſtly, a pipe of dry mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy, built to keep off the rain; and there was built on purpoſe a little boat, wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain, and filled the cups to the company; and in all probability more than 6000 men drank thereof.

[*Weſtmin. Mag.* 1778.

DESCRIPTION

DESCRIPTION of the CORAL.

[From HARRIS's Natural History of the Bible.]

CORAL* is a hard, ſtony, marine ſubſtance, reſembling in figure the ſtem of a plant divided into branches. It is of different colours; black, white, and red. The latter is the ſort emphatically called coral, as being the moſt common, and moſt valuable, and employed in the way of ornament. It is of a fine uniform red colour throughout its whole ſubſtance.

This, though no gem, is ranked by the author of the book of Job xxviii. 18. with the onyx and ſapphire. It muſt however be owned that the ſignification of the original word is altogether uncertain.

The Syrians anciently brought it from the South, and traded therein with the Tyrians. Ezek. xxvii. 16.

Mr. Bruce† thinks the ſea Zuph, in our and other verſions called the Red Sea, ſhould be named *the ſea of coral*. "As for what fanciful people have ſaid of any redneſs in the ſea itſelf, or colour in the bottom, the reader may aſſure himſelf all this is fiction, the Red Sea being in colour nothing different from the Indian or any other ocean.

"There is a greater difficulty in aſſigning a reaſon for the Hebrew name, *yam ſuph*; properly ſo called, ſay learned authors, from the quantity of *weeds* in it. But I muſt confeſs, in contradiction to this, that I never in my life (and I have ſeen the whole extent of it) ſaw a weed of any ſort in it; and, indeed, upon the ſlighteſt conſideration it will appear to any one that a narrow gulf, under the immediate influence of monſoons blowing from contrary points ſix months each year, would have too much agitation to produce ſuch vegetables, ſeldom found but in ſtagnant waters, and ſeldomer, if ever, found in ſalt ones. My opinion then is, that it is from the *large trees*,‡ or *plants, of white coral*, ſpread every where over the bottom of the Red Sea, perfectly in imitation of plants on land, that the ſea has obtained this name."

While I am making this extract, a learned friend§ ſtrengthens, by his ingenious criticiſms, this opinion of Mr. Bruce. He obſerves that the word *ſuph* means ſometimes *poſt*, or *ſtake*, to which the large branches of coral may bear ſome reſemblance. Dr. Shaw ſpeaks of them as ſo conſiderable that they tied their boats to them. The ſea is at this day called *Bahrſuf*, and the vegetation it produces *ſuſo*. And Calmet produces the authority of Don John de Caſtro, Viceroy of the Indies for the King of Portugal, who believes likewiſe that it has its name, *yam ſuph*, from the great quantity of *coral* found in it.

If after this I might hazard a conjecture of my own, I would contend that it means the *extreme*, or *boundary ſea*; my reaſons for which I will produce after accounting for the name it now bears. It is certain that the books of the old teſtament invariably call it *the ſea zuph*. And I am inclined to believe that the name *red* was not given to it till after

* Vaſt groves of it grow on the rocks in the Red Sea, Perſian gulf, &c. See Chryſoſt. ex Strab. geogr. l. 16. p. 213. ed. Hudſon, and Shaw's travels, p. 384, &c.

† Travels, p. 246. 8vo.

‡ I ſaw one of theſe, which from a root nearly central, threw out ramifications in a nearly circular form, meaſuring twenty ſix feet diameter every way.

§ Rev. Mr. Weſt, of New Bedford.

after the Idumeans [or Edomites] had ſpread themſelves from Eaſt to Weſt till they came to border upon and poſſeſs this ſea. They had long the property and uſe of it for their ſhipping. Then it came to be called by the name of the *ſea of Edom*, which the Greeks tranſlated *thalaſſe Erythrea, the ſea of Erythras* (the ſame as Edom) Edom ſignifying *red.*‖ In 1 Kings, ix. 26, and 11 Chron. viii. 17. *the ſea of ſuph* is mentioned as in the land of Edom, which may be conſidered as a confirmation of this conjecture.

This ſea is twice mentioned * expreſsly as the *limit* or *extreme boundary*, of the poſſeſſions of the Iſraelites: And in ſeveral inſtances † is implied, or included, in the boundary. The original and moſt general meaning of *ſuph* is *end, limit, extremity*, or *hinder part.* § This has induced me to believe it originally called by the Jews *the further boundary ſea.* That it was not named *ſuph* becauſe abounding in *coral.* I apprehend from this circumſtance that that marine production is mentioned in ſcripture by an entirely different name. It is ſpoken of in Job xxviii. 18. and Ezek. xxvii. 16. as a precious ſtone, and is called *ramut*, from a verb, whoſe primary and uſual ſignification is *to lift*, or *raiſe up*, and in Iſai. ii. 13. x. 33. *to have lofty branches.* Coral, as we have before obſerved, lifts itſelf many yards above the water; and therefore might very properly be called, *ramut, the branching ſtone.*

‖ Gen. xxv. 30. Buxtorf. Taylor.
* Exod. xxiii. 31. and Numb. xxxiv. 3.
† Deut. xi. 24. Joſhua 1. 4. 1 Kings, iv. 21, 24. Pſal. lxxii. 8.
§ See Buxtorf, and Taylor.

Remarkable ANECDOTE of the BARON DE MIZELANDWITZ.

HE was one of the Swediſh Senate deprived of all power by the preſent king, upon the memorable revolution in the Government which changed it to an abſolute monarchy; he was poſſeſſed of an eſtate equal to one worth 10,000l. a year in England, and upon the event fled his country, ſaying, he would ſuffer the moſt wretched exile abroad rather than to remain a ſlave where he had a right to freedom. He took up his reſidence at Hamburg, where he has lived ever ſince in great poverty, lodging in a very miſerable apartment, and waiting entirely on himſelf. The King has written twice to him in the moſt flattering terms, inviting him to return to his eſtate and honours; but he never took any notice of his letters; and, upon his Majeſty's ſending him a remittance to enable him to live more comfortably, he refuſed it, ſaying, "I will die rather than receive a dollar at the hands of one who has enſlaved my country!"

[*Weſtmin. Mag.* 1780.

HISTORICAL TRAITS.

IT is remarkable, that in Catholic countries the Sunday is almoſt every where a day of irregularity. In Paris no leſs than fourteen feſtivals in the year have been recently ſuppreſſed, which was taking off ſo many

many days from drunkenneſs and debauchery.—A cobler of that city, perceiving on Thurſday a ſergeant, who was ſo intoxicated, that his ſupporters could hardly keep him from falling, ſuddenly left his ſtall, placed himſelf before the tottering man, and, after attentively looking at him, pathetically exclaimed, "Alas, this will be my condition next Sunday!"

Adriano, of Cordova, was an artiſt ſo diffident of himſelf, that he uſed to deface or deſtroy his pictures, as ſoon as he had executed them; and ſo general was this practice with him, that his friends took occaſion to intercede with him for the preſervation of his valuable productions in the name of the ſouls in purgatory, knowing his attachment to the holy offices in their behalf. By this mode of exorciſm, the deſtroying ſpirit, which his ſelf diſſatisfaction had conjured up, was kept in check; and thanks to the ſouls in purgatory! ſome very valuable pictures were reſcued from extinction by their influence and authority.

Apicius, the celebrated Roman Epicure, could not name all the animals that covered his table, and which were brought from every part of the world. It was his ſlave who enjoyed the delicacies which his own loſs of appetite prevented him from taſting. At length, he poiſoned himſelf; for, on looking over his accounts, and finding he had but 60,000 crowns left, he was apprehenſive that he ſhould die of hunger.

Peter, King of Caſtile, ſurnamed the Cruel, was ſaid by the Spaniſh hiſtorians to be a lover of juſtice. The following anecdote is a very *curious* proof of it. Being fond of roving in the ſtreets in the night, he once made a riot. The watch man, not ſuſpecting him to be more than a private man, attacked him inſtantly, and was killed by the King. Search was made the next day after the prepetrator of the murder. A woman, who had been a witneſs to the fact, recollected the perſon of his Majeſty, and accuſed him of the crime. The Magiſtrates, in a body, went inſtantly to carry their complaints to the throne. The King allowed that juſtice ought to be ſatisfied; and, with that view, moſt graciouſly ordered his head to be ſtruck off—from his own effigy. A mutilated ſtatue is ſtill to be ſeen in a corner of the ſtreet where the murder was committed.

ANECDOTES of the late EMPEROR of GERMANY.

THIS amiable Prince had determined to viſit Paris in the month of January, 1777; but the great quantities of ſnow, that had fallen in Auſtria and Bavaria, had rendered the roads impracticable, and obliged his Majeſty to poſtpone his journey. Being told by one of his Courtiers that ſome hundreds of peaſants would ſoon clear the roads, he nobly anſwered: "I would rather ſacrifice every pleaſure of my life, than give pain to the meaneſt of my ſubjects."

His Majeſty often drives through the ſtreets of Vienna in a chabriolet, a kind of one-horſe chaiſe. One day, he happened to overſet a green-ſtall, and the woman, who knew him not, while ſhe was gathering her cabbages and carrots, loaded him with a thouſand reproaches. The moment he had returned to the Palace, he ſent a dozen ducats to the good woman, with

with this obſervation: "I think ſhe will now be ſatisfied. This will repair any injury I may have done her, and ſhe has had ſufficient leiſure to abuſe me."

Before he quitted the frontiers of Auſtria, the Emperor, who travelled incognito, happened to meet with one of thoſe vain-glorious beings, who, in reality, are *little*, in the very proportion in which they would exalt themſelves above their inferiors; forgetting that the virtues only form the real diſtinctions between men, and that in the beginning all where equal. This ſingular adventure is thus related: The Count of Falkenſtein, (the title under which the Emperor travelled) had ſcarce alighted at an inn, when he ſaw a very ſplendid equipage, preceded and followed by a great number of poſtillions. Inquiring what Nobleman it was who travelled with ſuch parade, he was informed, that it was the Biſhop of ——, who was going to Vienna, accompanied by his Grand Vicar. Certain of not being known, the Count ſent to requeſt the Biſhop would permit him to have the honour to ſup with him. The Prelate received with great coolneſs this ſelf-invitation from a man whom he thought of ſuch inferior rank; nor would he have admitted the ſtranger to his table but, for the preſſing inſtances of his Grand Vicar. Apprehenſive, however, of doing him too much honour, the Biſhop with difficulty deigned, during the repaſt, to addreſs two or three words to the illuſtrious traveller; and the converſation would have been extremely languid, but for the politeneſs of the Grand Vicar, who, after diſplaying a great deal of wit and good ſenſe, informed the Count, that the Biſhop was going to Court, to ſolicit for a rich Abbey then vacant, and which he was certain of obtaining. His Majeſty retired, as little ſatisfied with the ridiculous vanity of the Prelate, as charmed with the excellent qualities he had diſcovered in his companion. The Biſhop had no ſooner arrived at Vienna, than he repaired to the Prime Miniſter, with all the certainty of ſucceſs. But how great was his mortification in being informed, that this rich Abbey was diſpoſed of to his own Grand Vicar, at the recommendation of the Nobleman with whom he had ſupped at ſuch an inn.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

R E V I E W.

Sermons on various Subjects, Evangelical, Devotional, and Practical, adapted to the Promotion of Chriſtian Piety, Family Religion, and Youthful Virtue. By Joſeph Lathrop, D. D. Paſtor of the 1ſt Church in Weſt Springfield.

TO promote virtue in youth, religion in families, and Chriſtian piety among all ranks and ages, is the worthieſt employment in which the human faculties can be enjoyed. That theſe Sermons are well calculated to anſwer this important end, will be readily acknowledged by every reader of diſcernment and piety. They are not intended, nor adapted to ſupport any particular ſyſtem—to propagate ſingularities, to offend or to flatter any ſect or denomination of Chriſtians, but, by commending the truth as it is in Jeſus, to every man's conſcience

in

in the sight of God, *to please all men for their good to edification*, and to make them Christians in belief, in temper, and in practice.

It is the great excellence of these Sermons, that the subjects are important and practical; that the thoughts naturally grow out of the subjects, are judiciously arranged, and communicated in language that is easy, perspicuous, and familiar, and at the same time pure and elegant. Our author is happy in his matter and method, in the conciseness and clearness of his discourses. He is equally happy in dignifying and enriching his stile as well as enforcing his matter, by introducing with facility and pertinence the language of scripture. The reader of taste as well as devotion, finds, as he proceeds, his feelings interested, and his mind opened, elevated, and satisfied. Perhaps it will not be easy for young students in divinity to find a better model for sermonising. We are persuaded that if their discourses are formed after the pattern of these, as to sentiment, construction, arrangement and language, they will be more than popular preachers, they will be entertaining and useful. They will be intelligible to the unlearned, pleasing to the refined, and profitable to all.

We select a few passages to gratify those who have not the volume in their hands, and to verify our criticism.

SERMON I. p. 15. "We are to glorify God for our own existence.

"If a happy existence is to be valued, an existence accompanied with present enjoyments, and with the means of higher enjoyments hereafter, is to be contemplated with gratitude and joy. Perhaps in the gloom of a discontented mind you complain of life as a burden. Impatience may undoubtedly draw up a long list of grievances. But from this list, let your sober reason make proper deductions. In the first place, strike out your *imaginary* troubles; those which arise from pride, vanity, avarice, habit, irregular passion, and extravagant expectation. Strike out next the troubles which are merely *negative*, consisting only in the removal of blessings which you have enjoyed for a while, and which, if you had never enjoyed them, you never would have desired. Strike out also your *comparative* evils, which owe their existence to an apprehension, that your neighbours possess benefits derived to you—benefits you would not have thought of, if you had not seen them in the possession of others. Make these deductions, and your list of grievances will be much reduced. Call gratitude to make the estimate, and your blessings will be found to exceed your troubles. You have more days of health and comfort, than of sickness and pain. In a course of regular industry, you have more success than disappointment. In your connexions, you have many friends; few enemies—perhaps none. Remember also, that your real troubles, rightly regarded, are preparatives for a state of pure enjoyment; and that death, which of all things here you most dread, is your passage to that state.

"But still perhaps some will conclude, that their existence is to be regretted:" "For revelation informs us, that a great part, yea, much the greater part of the human race will be miserable forever. It is then, with respect to each one who comes on this stage, more probable that he will be miserable than happy. And if this is his state, what ground is there to be thankful for existence?"—"Now, without entering on the question, whether the proportion of the saved will be great or small, a question not subject to human calculation, we are to consider, whether we have the means and offers of happiness, and whether we have them from a Being that may be trusted? If we have, then there is cause of thankfulness for our existence; for we may be happy if we will be wise. It is only the abuse of divine goodness that makes us miserable. You are not to consider the plan of the gospel, as the scheme of a lottery, in which each man's chance for success is according to the proportion of prizes to blanks; but as a moral and rational plan, in which each one's success will be determined by his own choice. Be the number of the saved ever so small, this diminishes not the probability in favour of those, who seek for glory by a patient continuance in well doing.

doing. Be it ever so great, this gives no additional hope to those who neglect their salvation. To determine the probability of your success, you need not inquire how many, or how few will be saved: You are only to inquire what you yourselves are doing. In the destruction of the old world, Noah and his household, though few, only eight souls, were preserved. At the wedding supper, the one unworthy guest was cast into utter darkness. Whatever may be the number of the righteous, or of the wicked, the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation, and how to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished."

"Finally, we are to glorify God for the prospects which are opened before us. Here we may know something of God's works; for creation is all around us and Providence is working before us. Angels and saints above know more of God's works than can be known here. They have a stronger sight, and can look to more distant objects. They are raised to higher ground, and can command a more extensive view. Their sight is not bounded by the circle of our horizon, nor their prospect terminated by the canopy of our skies. They see more than we can see, and they admire and love more than we can do. But delightful is the hope, that we shall one day be with them, and be like them; see as they see, and praise as they praise."

Sermon XVI. p. 243. "As the conjugal relation is one of the most important relations in life, to the parties themselves, to society, and to posterity, they who sustain it, ought above all things to study mutual peace. This will render the relation a blessing; without this, it will become a vexation and a curse. The Christian pair, considering themselves as having one common interest, and feeling themselves animated by one soul, will readily participate in each other's labours and sorrows, and will cheerfully communicate to each other their own pleasures and joys. The rougher paths of life they will tread hand in hand, and by reciprocal smiles of content, will beguile the tiresome walk. The pains of life they will lighten by bearing each other's burdens, and heighten every enjoyment by sharing it in common. In the education and government of the family, they will strengthen each other's hands; and instead of contending for an idle superiority, will combine their influence for the good of the household. Little differences of opinion will be composed by mutual condescension. Accidental mistakes and trivial faults, will be overlooked, or viewed with the eye of candour. More serious errors will be mentioned with tenderness, and corrected with meekness. Real virtues and worthy actions will meet the cheering smiles of approbation; and worthy designs will be encouraged by a prompt, unsolicited concurrence. Unavoidable infirmities will be viewed with the comforting eye of pity, not with the insulting eye of disdain.—Real failings will not be matter of keen reproach, but of kind expostulation.—Under trifling inconveniences they will not tease and vex each other by eternal complaints; nor under severe misfortunes will they embitter each other's spirits by mutual upbraidings. But on the contrary, by examples of patience, cheerfulness, and heavenly mindedness, they will elevate their own and each other's minds above the smaller, and fortify them to bear the greater troubles of this changing world."

Sermon XIX. p. 299. "You must always remember that religion is a *benevolent* and *useful* thing; and that wherever it takes place, it makes men *better* than they were before. It consists not in empty noise and vain show; but in solid virtue and substantial goodness. It does not essentially consist in little niceties and trifling distinctions, which neither influence the heart, nor concern the practice; nor in the observance or rejection of particular rites and forms, which a man may use or disuse without prejudice to real virtue in himself or others; nor in a zealous attachment to, or angry abhorrence of, this sect, or that church, in which, as in most other fields, there are some tares and some wheat; but in something more excellent and divine. That, in a word, is true religion, which makes a *good man*—which renders one pious toward his God—conformed to the pattern of his Saviour—benevolent to his fellow men—humble in his temper and manners—peaceable in society—just in his treatment of all—condescending in cases of difference—strict in the government of himself—patient in adversity—and attentive to his duty in all conditions and relations of life. When you see such a character, you may believe that religion is there. When you find this to be your character, you may believe that wisdom has entered into your heart."

CABINET

CABINET OF APOLLO.

PAPER: A POEM.

Written by the late Dr. FRANKLIN.

SOME wit of old—such wits of old there were—
Whose hints show'd meaning, whose allusions care,
By one brave stroke to mark all humankind,
Call'd clear blank paper ev'ry infant mind;
When still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true;
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.
I (can you pardon my presumption) I—
No wit, no genius, yet for once will try.

Various the papers various wants produce,
The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.
Men are as various: And, if right I scan,
Each sort of *paper* represents some *man*.

Pray note the fop—half powder and half lace—
Nice, as a bandbox were his dwelling place:
He's the *gilt-paper*, which apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands in the 'scrutoire.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
Are *copy paper*, of inferior worth;
Less priz'd, more useful, for your desk decreed,
Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

The wretch whom av'rice bids to pinch and spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is coarse *brown-paper*; such as pedlars choose
To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys
Health, fame and fortune, in a round of joys.
Will any paper match him? Yes, throughout,
He's a true *sinking-paper*, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought
Deems *this* side always right, and *that* stark nought;
He foams with censure; with applause he raves—
A dupe to rumours, and a tool of knaves;
He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
While such a thing as *fools-cap* has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
Who picks a quarrel, if you step awry,
Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure:
What's he? What? *Touch-paper*, to be sure.

What are our poets, take them as they fall,
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
Them and their works in the same class you'll find;
They are the mere *waste-paper* of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet,
She's fair *white-paper*, an unsullied sheet;
On which the happy man whom fate ordains,
May write his *name*, and take her for his pains.
One instance more, and only one I'll bring;
'Tis the *great man* who scorns a little thing,
Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own,
Form'd on the feelings of his heart alone:
True genuine *royal-paper* is his breast;
Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

An ADDRESS to the rising SONS of AMERICA.

COLUMBIA's sons, for you shall sacred truth
Beam thro' corruption and direct the press,

For

For you bright laurels of immortal worth
Shall bloom eternal on the brow of peace.

Therefore behold the great and glorious ſtar,
That ſhines conſpicuous at the helm of ſtate;
That led our heroes thro' tremendous war,
And robb'd the quiver of approaching fate.

Copy from him the all celeſtial flame;
The patriot's virtue and the ruler's guide;
On his perfections rear a glorious name,
And with him be your country's boaſt and pride.

With him purſue where reaſon deigns to lead;
Unaw'd by faction—conquer needleſs fear,
And learn to copy each heroic deed
From the bright annals of each paſſing year.

Firm to the cauſe of lib erty remain,
To freedom's rights, and to the rights of God;
That India's commerce may enrich our main,
And peace and plenty gild Columbia's road.

That heaven born ſcience my diffuſe her light
Around the mind begloom'd with bigot zeal;
That art increaſing may enchant the ſight,
And to the plough transform Bellona's ſteel.

Rob of its fang, and all corroſive power
The demon ſlander, ere its baneful uſe
Deſtroys the bud of many an op'ning flower,
And treats good nature with its curs'd abuſe.

Full many a genius, many a freeborn ſon
Has felt its blaſt, and from the ſtroke recoil'd; [gun,
Has—ere pure reaſon had its courſe be-
For ſlights of fancy been forever foil'd.

Therefore to you the prune and pen is given [ſoil;
To ſpread improvement o'er our infant
To keep the path, that leads to truth, to heaven,
And wreſt the bloſſom from eternal ſpoil.

Then immortality will bleſs your names,
And o'er your minds diffuſe ſuch ſacred bliſs,
Than when th' Archangel nature's end acclaims
You'll riſe triumphant to the realms of peace.

ALCADOUR.

To the Editors *of the* Maſſachuſetts Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

The following STANZAS, *written by Mrs.* ROBINSON, *the* Sappho *of her age, are, with pleaſure preſented to the public eye, by an* American—*The unaffected ſimplicity, tenderneſs, and poetic beauty, which run through each line, muſt charm every reader of taſte and ſentiment.* ANNA.

BOUNDING billows,* ceaſe your motion,
Bear me not ſo ſwiftly o'er;
Ceaſe your roarings, foamy ocean,
I ſhall tempt your rage no more.

Ah! within my boſom beating,
Varying paſſions wildly reign;
Love with proud reluctance meeting,
Throbs by turns of *joy* and *pain*.

Joy, that far from foes I wander,
Where their arts can reach no more!
PAIN, that women's hearts grow fonder,
When their dream of bliſs is o'er.—

Far I go where fate ſhall lead me,
Far acroſs the reſtleſs deep!
Where no ſtranger's ear ſhall heed me,
Where no eye for *me* ſhall weep.

Proud has been my *fatal paſſion!*—
Proud my *injured heart* ſhall be!
Every thought and inclination,
Still ſhall prove me *worthy thee!*

Not *one* ſigh ſhall tell my ſtory,
Not *one* tear my cheek ſhall ſtain,
Silent grief ſhall be my glory,
Grief that *ſcorns* not to complain!

Yet ere far from all I treaſur'd
Frederic!† ere I bid adieu!
Ere my days of pain are meaſur'd,
Take the ſong that's ſtill thy due.—

I have lov'd thee, *dearly* lov'd thee!
Thro' an age of worldly woe;
How *unworthy* I have prov'd thee,
Let my mournful exile ſhow!

Ten

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* *Written on her paſſage from Dover to Calais.*

† *The Prince of Wales.*

Ten long years of tender sorrow,
Hour by hour I counted o'er;
Looking forward till *tomorrow*,
Every day I lov'd thee more!

Power and splendor could not charm me,
I no joy in wealth could see:—
Nor could threats or fears alarm me,
Save the fear of losing *thee!*

When the storms of fortune press'd thee,
I have wept to see *thee* weep!
When the pangs of care distress'd thee,
I have lull'd those cares to sleep!

Think when all the world forsook thee,
When with grief thy soul was press'd,
How to these fond arms I took thee,
How I clasp'd thee to my breast.

Often hast thou smiling told me,
Wealth and *power* were trifling toys,
When thou fondly didst infold me,
Rich in love's luxuriant joys!

Fare thee well, ungrateful rover!—
Welcome *Gallia's* hostile shore!—
Now the breezes waft me over,
Now we *part*—to *meet no more!*—

To the MEMORY of a TAYLOR.

A PARODY.—Scene a GARRET.

RESOUND ye walls! resound the dismal lay!
(A taylor cries) our master dy'd to-day!
Say what avails it now our feats to keep,
Since he who feed us—Oh!—is fast asleep.
Rise, rise, my friends! haste! get upon your feet,
We lose our time if we preserve our seat:
But let us, ere we leave the garret, try,
Who best can speak his griefs, who loudest cry.
Begin——This charge the dying backram gave,
And said—Ye workmen sing, around my grave!
Sing, whilst the widow'd lady sits below,
And laughs, and eats, and sips, to soothe her woe.
O! Twist and Thimble, cast your work away,
Burn all the thread, and stitch no more to day,
And with your needles, now so useless grown,
Inscribe this verse on Buckram's tender stone:
Let Nature change—let heav'n and earth deplore,
For Buckram, best of taylors, is no more!

TWIST.

'Tis done! see Nature's various charms decay;
'Tis dark as pitch, tho' middle of the day!
Ho! Molly! bring us lights, that we may see,
How well inanimates with us agree.
Lo! where in hell the faded cabbage lies,
With him it flourish'd and with him it dies!
Were Buckram living how the dyes would bloom,
And suits on suits be scatter'd o'er the room.
Ah! what avail'd of business his store!
He's dead! and now enjoys the trade no more!

THIMBLE.

At morn good ale, at evening gin I prize:
At morn and evening how they cheer'd my eyes,
But Buckram always—Now, nor gin, nor beer,
Can please my soul, for Buckram is not here.
Oh grief! the heated goose and I agree,
That hot with fire, and I inflam'd by thee,
Alas! poor master, oft my thumb shall bleed,
For losing thee can I my stitching heed?
Away, my needle, I will sit and roar,
For Buckram, first of taylors, is no more!

STAY-TAPE.

My wretched brethren, what avails our art,
That mendeth clothes, yet cannot heal the heart?
How Nature mourns! the sun has ceas'd to shine,
The dogs to bark, and silent are the swine!
Ye happy pigs, that on the clean straw lie,
No more we hear ye grunt, or hear ye cry;
O! happy pigs, ye sleep in peace the same,
Nor heed the sorrows which our breasts inflame;
But when awaken'd, O! how ye will mourn
Your wash, beans, barley-meal, e'en all things scorn,
And, stretch'd at large upon your strawy bed,
Will grunt in chorus, for poor Buckram's dead!

THIMBLE.

For him the dogs shall loathe their 'custom'd meal,
The cats disdain the savory bit to steal,
Yet shall they scream in concert, louder far
Than when at night they urge the amorous war;

No

No more, alas! their ſqualling ſhall forbear,
A ſweeter muſic than their own to hear,
But, growing wild, inceſſantly ſhall roar,
And tell that Buckram's ſinging is no more!

TWIST.

No more ſhall cloth retain its wonted dyes,
And e'en, untouch'd, ſhall break the needles' eyes:
The ſheers, when ſeiz'd by other hands for uſe,
Shall ſtubborn cloſe, and cutting-out refuſe;
And every journeyman ſhall ſcorn his bread,
And ſtarve in pity, for a taylor's dead!

STAY-TAPE.

Hark! hark! the meaſures, by the pitying wind
The ſad news told, are grumbling here behind!
The grumbling meaſures to the impatient fire;
His death regrumble, and the flame burns higher;
Th' impatient fire to embers waſted down,
Now ſnaps with rage, now ſoars with diſmal moan:
The wind, the meaſures, and the fire deplore,
For Buckram, beſt of taylors, is no more!

THIMBLE.

Whilſt yonder cuſhion ſhall our needles hold,
His fame to future taylors ſhall be told.

ALL.

Adieu our ſhop-board, gooſe, and hell adieu! you!
Buckram is dead, and we muſt part with

TWIST.

Reſound the tale of woe, for Buckram's dead!

ALL.

We will, as long as we can needles thread.

Here every thimbled hero ſhook his head,
Now grief grew riotous, they kick'd, they roar'd;
At laſt it broke, and all came tumbling from the board!

[*T. and C. Mag.*

SONNET to the MORNING.

Extracted for the Maſſachuſetts Magazine.

MORN'S beaming eyes at length unclose,
And wake the bluſhes of the roſe,
That all night long oppreſs'd with dews,
And veil'd in chilling ſhade its hues,
Reclin'd, forlorn, the languid head,
And ſadly ſought its parent bed;
Warmth from her ray the trembling flow'r derives,
And ſweetly bluſhing through its tears revives.
"Morn's beaming eyes at length unclose,"
And melt the tears that bend the roſe;
But can their charms ſuppreſs the ſigh,
Or chace the tear from ſorrow's eye?
Can all their luſtrous light impart
One ray of peace to ſorrow's heart?
Ah! no; their fires her faining ſoul oppreſs—
Eve's penſive ſhades more ſooth her meek diſtreſs.

SONNET to the LILY.

Extracted for the Maſſachuſetts Magazine.

SOFT ſilken flow'r! that in the dewy vale
Unfolds thy modeſt beauties to the morn,
And breath'ſt thy fragance on her wandering gale,
O'er earth's green hills and ſhadowy vallies borne;

When day has clos'd his dazzling eye,
And dying gales ſink ſoft away;
When eve ſteals down the weſtern ſky,
And mountains, woods, and vales decay;

Thy tender cups, that graceful ſwell
Droop ſad beneath her chilly dews;
Thy odours ſeek their ſilken cell,
And twilight veils thy languid hues.

But ſoon, fair flow'r! the morn ſhall riſe,
And rear again thy penſive head;
Again unveil thy ſnowy dyes,
Again thy velvet foliage ſpread.

Sweet child of ſpring! like thee, in ſorrow's ſhade,
Full oft I mourn in tears, and droop forlorn;
And O! like thine, may light my glooms pervade,
And ſorrows fly before joy's living morn.

EPITAPH on a GLAZIER.

PRECARIOUS dealer! Death, alas!
Has ſnapt in two life's brittle glaſs;
Keen was thy di'mond on the pane,
And well thy putty ſtopt the rain;

But all thy arts were weak thro' life,
Death cut more certain with his ſcythe;
And thou, ſafe from a rainy day,
Art putty'd up in mother clay.

The

The Rose and the Butterfly.

A FABLE, by Cunningham.

AT day's early dawn a gay Butterfly spy'd
A budding young Rose, and he wish'd her his bride:
She blush'd when she heard him his passion declare,
And tenderly told him—he need not despair.
Their faith was soon plighted as lovers will do,
He swore to be constant, she vow'd to be true.
It had not been prudent to deal with delay,
The bloom of a rose passes quickly away,
And the pride of a butterfly dies in a day.
When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies,
From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies;
Nor did he revisit his bride, till the sun
Had less than one fourth of his journey to run.
The Rose thus reproach'd him: "Already so cold!
"How feign'd, O you false one, the passion you told!
"'Tis an age since you left me;" she meant a few hours;
But such we'll suppose the fond language of flowers:
"I saw when you gave the base vi'let a kiss;
"How—how could you stoop to a meanness like this?
"Shall a low, little wretch, whom we roses despise,
"Find favour, O love! in my Butterfly's eyes?
"On a tulip quite tawdry, I saw your fond rape,
"Nor yet could the pitiful primrose escape:
"Dull daffodils too, were with ardour address'd,
"And poppies ill scented you kindly caress'd."
The coxcomb was piqu'd, and reply'd with a sneer,
"That you're first to complain, I commend you, my dear!
"But know, from your conduct my maxims I drew,
"And if I'm inconstant, I copy from you.
"I saw the boy Zephyrus rifle your charms,
"I saw how you simper'd and smil'd in his arms;
"The honey bee kiss'd you, you cannot disown,
"You favour'd besides—O dishonour!—a drone;
"Yet worse—'tis a crime you must not deny,
"Your sweets were made common, false Rose, to a fly."

MORAL.

This law, long ago, did love's providence make,
That every coquette should be curs'd with a rake.

A.

Stanzas on a Lake in Savoy, environed with Mountains, Precipices, &c.

HOW smooth that lake expands its ample breast!
Where smiles in soften'd glow the summer sky;
How vast the rocks that o'er its surface rest!
How wild the scenes its winding shores supply.

Now down the western steep slow sinks the sun,
And paints with yellow gleam the tufted woods;
While here the mountain shadows, broad and dun,
Sweep o'er the chrystal mirror of the floods.

Mark how his splendor tips with partial light
Those shatter'd battlements! that on the brow
Of yon bold promontory burst to sight,
From o'er the woods that darkly spread below.

In the soft blush of light's reflected power,
The ridgy rock, the woods that crown its steep,
Th'illumin'd battlement, and darker tower,
On the smooth wave in trembling beauty sleep.

But, lo! the sun recals his fervid ray,
And cold and dim the wat'ry visions fail;
While o'er yon cliff, whose pointed craggs decay,
Mild evening draws her thin empurpled veil!

How sweet that strain of melancholy horn!
That floats along the slowly ebbing wave,
And up the far receding mountains borne,
Returns a dying close from Echo's cave!

Hail ſhadowy forms of ſtill, expreſſive Eve!
Your penſive graces ſtealing on my heart,
Bid all the fine attun'd emotions live,
And fancy all her lovelieſt dreams impart.

[*Romance of the Foreſt.*

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

HYMN to CHEERFULNESS.

NYMPH of the darkly rolling eye,
Enrob'd in fancy's tinctur'd veſt,
Forth from thy ſecret covert fly,
And take poſſeſſion of my breaſt.
Now fancy's airy forms, on wing,
Their momentary charms diſplay,
And ſeem to chide thy long delay,
"In number boundleſs, as the blooms of ſpring."

Here let us join the nightly dance,
And ſport on yonder flow'ry lawn,
Beneath the ſoft moon's ſilver glance,
And ſhun the purple light of morn.
In midnight's ſolitary hours,
O Cheerfulneſs, thy charms beſtow,
Spread o'er our minds a peaceful glow,
And breathe a fragrance on the fields and flowers.

Loſt to all feeling, ſenſe and ſhame,
The miſer graſps his golden toys,
Spurns the rich honours of thy name,
And poiſons all his ſocial joys.
How ſoon his fairy proſpects fade,
See haggard diſappointment ſtand;
Behold he moves his ſable hand,
And clouds the landſcape with a gloomy ſhade.

The ſailor quits the realms of eaſe,
Forſakes, alas! thy happy reign,
He ploughs with joy the foaming ſeas,
But, lo! he ne'er returns again.
While round the howling billows rave,
Hark! how he ſhrieks with wild affright,
As dim he ſees the *ghoſt of night*,
Half viewleſs gleaming thro' the ſea green wave!

Fair Goddeſs, to thy charms divine
Thy ſuppliant daily homage pays,
And lights thy conſecrated ſhrine
With pure affection's hallow'd blaze.
Here let me ſoft Contentment find,
And far from all the din of courts,
Amidſt theſe lively rural ſports
Reap the rich harveſt of a virtuous mind.

THE HERMIT.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The INDIAN in PRISON.

ONCE on thoſe plains where nature gave me birth,
In mild ſerenity well pleas'd I rov'd,
Taſted the ſweets and ſipp'd the wines of joy.
Freedom, that bleſt prerogative of man,
Was mine: To me ſhe gave unbounded bliſs;
Gave me to roam where fancy call'd, and where
The flowers of eaſe, without the thorns of care,
Lifted, in honeſt pride, their fragrant heads.

There I enjoy'd a father's tender love,
That led my youthful feet in all the ways
Which nature ſhew'd and cuſtom pointed out;
Taught me to tame the lordly beaſt, that fill'd
With cries the ſolitary wilderneſs;
Taught me to aim aright the miſſive dart,
To hunt the gloomy dens, where lurks alone
The hoſtile beaſt, and ſhuns the eye of day.
Paternal care inſtructed me to guide
The tottering barge acroſs the ruffled pool;
To tear the finny monſters from the deep;
To lure the airy wanderers to my net;
To ſhun the poiſon'd ſerpent's deadly ſting,
And the more pois'nous rage of vengeful man.

'Twas there a mother's fond ſolicitude I knew;
Her care protected, and her love preſerv'd
My youthful frame from all the woes of life.
When pallid ſickneſs ſhook my tender frame,
And potent death ſeem'd ardent for his prey,
Then would maternal care procure the ſhield
That turn'd the levell'd dart aſide.
A brother's converſe there and ſiſter's love,
Beam'd like the ſun upon good fortune's day;
And in affliction's night, like the fair moon,
Shed heavenly comforts on its weeping ſhades.
Together oft we've join'd the friendly throng,
And while the hours in ſwift ſucceſſion flew,
Cheerful and bleſt have ſearch'd the finny ſtream,
Or rov'd the woods and ſhady groves along.

Such

Such was the sea of pleasure, where in youth
I swam, unconscious of the hidden rocks.
Child of the woods, by parent nature nurs'd,
I spent my youth in solitary wilds,
Slept on the rosy couch of much lov'd ease,
Heedless of thorns, those cares of riper days.
But war, dread demon, stalk'd the plains along,
While his big cry roll'd through the hollow vale,
And mighty tremblings seiz'd the hills around.
High wav'd the banners of insulting foes;
Their deadly weapons gleam'd upon the hills
Like meteors dancing in the shades of night—
Stern strode the chief in all the pomp of war,
And wav'd his sword in triumph o'er his head.
To guard the infant, to protect the sire,
To save my country from the impending storm,
I seiz'd my arms, and with the warrior band
Rush'd, like the lion, on the bloody foe.
As two dark clouds that lift their sullen brows
Above the hills, and at a distance frown,
Then meet with fury; while the angry winds
Howl o'er the hills, and roar the groves along,
Loud thunders rumble, and the lightnings blaze—
So roar'd the fight—warrior with warrior mix'd,
In horrid confusion. Five bloody youths
Lay welt'ring at my feet, ere came the blow,
That gave the cursed wound: Prone in the dust
I fell: Ah, had I dy'd in honour's cause!
A warrior ought to meet a warrior's fate.
Scarce had the battle ceas'd, when I was led,
Besmear'd with blood, into this dreary cell.
Here have I lain, o'erwhelm'd with tides of grief,
And wish'd in vain for death. No comfort here;
No consolation to my harrass'd soul!
Dire is this gloomy place. No sound I hear,
Save the sad accents of my butcher'd friends,
Who mourn in wild despair: Save when I hear
The big mouth'd bell speak sullen in the ear
Of night, and tell when comes the hour of rest:
At morning, too, his voice salutes the dawn,
Bids drowsy mortals shake off sleep, and rise.
Oft at his voice I wake; but wake, alas!
To scenes for me too awful to describe!
When will the happy moment come, when free'd
From this detested gloom, my feet shall rove,
The fields again, when gales bring health and peace!

LINUS.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The GHOST of WARREN.
A VISION.

By the Same.

LOUD roar'd the surges of the sea
Along the rocky shore;
All darkness was the night to me,
And mirth was heard no more.

On Bunker's hill alone I stood,
High on the mossy rocks;
The tear of grief my face bedew'd;
Hoarse winds sigh'd through my locks.

Of WARREN's death, my sighing song
Told the lamented tale:
My numbers roll'd the hill along,
Borne by the passing gale.

At length, upon a gloomy cloud,
I saw great WARREN soar;
Ten thousand warriors round him bow'd,
And wav'd their swords of gore.

Borne on the pinions of the wind,
The splendid vision pass'd;
While WARREN cast a look behind,
And thus the bard address'd.

"Sweet are thy numbers, son of songs!
My shade is sooth'd to rest;
No more shall great COLUMBIA's wrongs
Disturb my tranquil breast.

To scenes, in other worlds, I go,
Where joys shall never end;
Then cease thy song, O bard of woe!
And weep no more thy friend."

He said—they mounted on the gale,
While music roll'd around;
Thro' the broad sky in pomp they sail,
To realms where joys abound.

SONG

Song of a Spirit.

By Mrs. Radcliff.

IN the ſightleſs air I dwell,
On the ſloping ſun beams play;
Delve the cavern's inmoſt cell,
Where never yet did day light ſtray;

Dive beneath the green ſea waves,
And gambol in the briny deeps;
Skim ev'ry ſhore that Neptune laves,
From Lapland's plains to India's ſteeps.

Oft I mount with rapid force
Above the wide earth's ſhadowy zone;
Follow the day ſtar's flaming courſe
Through realms of ſpace to thought unknown:

And liſten to celeſtial ſounds
That ſwell the air unheard of men,
As I watch my nightly round,
O'er woody ſteep, and ſilent glen.

Under the ſhade of waving trees,
On the green bank of fountain clear,
At penſive eve I ſit at eaſe,
While dying muſic murmurs near.

And oft, on point of airy cliff,
That hangs upon the Weſtern main,
I watch the gay tints, paſſing ſwift,
And twilight veil the liquid plain.

Then, when the breeze has ſunk away,
And ocean ſcarce is heard to lave,
For me, the ſea nymphs ſoftly play
Their dulcet ſhells beneath the wave.

Their dulcet ſhells! I hear them now,
Slow ſwells the ſtrain upon mine ear;
Now faintly falls—now warbles low,
Till rapture melts into a tear.

The ray that ſilvers o'er the dew,
And trembles thro' the leafy ſhade,
And tints the ſcene with ſofter hue,
Calls me to rove the lonely glade;

Or hie me to ſome ruin'd tower,
Faintly ſhewn by moon light gleam,
Where the lone wand'rer owns my power
In ſhadows dire that ſubſtance ſeem;

In thrilling ſounds that murmur woe,
And pauſing ſilence makes more dread;
In muſic breathing from below
Sad ſolemn ſtrains, that wake the dead.

Unſeen I move—unknown am fear'd;
Fancy's wildeſt dreams I weave;
And oft by bards my voice is heard
To die along the gales of eve.

Ode to Liberty.

HAPPY the man, who, unconſtrain'd
Obeys but Nature's equal laws;
Who fears no power by might maintain'd,
And boldly vindicates his Country's cauſe.

Fortune's attacks ſecure he braves,
Firmly prepar'd for any chance;
None tremble at her frowns but ſlaves,
Whoſe daſtard fears their abject hopes enhance.

His roving ſteps, uncurb'd by dread,
From clime to clime can freely roam;
He goes where choice or fortune leads,
Freedom his guide, and all the world his home.

Conſcious of worth, his generous ſoul
To ſtoop to lawleſs power diſdains;
No threats or force his thoughts control,
He e'en enjoys his Liberty in chains.

MUSA.

STANZAS,

Written extempore, on ſeeing a beautiful Young Lady bathing at a diſtance.

HOW ſweet do Clara's charms appear,
When bathing in yon ſtream ſo clear!
My ſoul in rapture melts away,
I feel each faculty decay,

Kind god of Love! thy aid impart,
To ſoothe a wretched ſhepherd's heart:
O, teach the lovely, cruel fair,
The anguiſh of my ſoul to ſhare!

Or, from my tortur'd love-ſick breaſt,
Which knows nor joy, nor peace, nor reſt!
Withdraw the cruel, deadly dart,
That ſadly wounds my yielding heart.

LEANDER.

The Advantage of Virtue.

VIRTUE, ſoft balm of every woe,
Of every gift the cure;
'Tis thou alone that canſt beſtow
Pleaſures unmix'd and pure.

The ſhady wood, the verdant mead,
Are Virtue's flow'ry road;
Nor painful are the ſteps which lead
To her divine abode.

'Tis not in palaces or halls,
She or her train appear;
Far off ſhe flies from pompous walls,
Virtue and Peace dwell here.

MONTHLY

MONTHLY GAZETTE.

Summary of Foreign Intelligence.

TURKEY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 27.

THE people are anxious for a war with Ruſſia, and as the greateſt preparations are making to complete the military eſtabliſhment, it is confidently reported and believed that the deſires of the people will be complied with. A rumour was circulated three days ago, that the Porte had ordered the French frigates to quit the Archipelago. The fact is, that the French ſhips meet with the moſt ample protection, and are permitted to diſpoſe of their cargoes, and to carry on their commerce in the ſame manner as they did during the exiſtence of the old government. A French brig from Smyrna has brought orders to the frigates to return to Toulon: This brig carried into Smyrna two Engliſh merchantmen, which ſhe had captured in her paſſage from Toulon.

A member of the National Convention arrived here yeſterday: His entry was magnificent, and he appeared with the bonnet rouge on his head. The object of his miſſion is not yet known, but it is ſaid, that it is for the purpoſe of pointing out to the Porte, the policy and neceſſity of ſupporting the Poliſh patriots againſt Ruſſia, and of Pruſſia, and promiſing that if this ſyſtem of policy is adopted, the French will protect with their fleets, the trade of Turkey.

FLANDERS.

Camp of Ecloo, near Thielt, June 21.

I have only time to inform you of the melancholy poſture of affairs in Weſt Flanders. Ypres ſurrendered yeſterday morning; the garriſon conſiſting of ten battalions, much reduced in number by the ſiege, are priſoners of war, and have been eſcorted to Lille; the Hanoverians are at Bruges, where the Britiſh, who were at Oſtend, joined them laſt night. General Clairfayt is at Thielt, and unleſs he receives reinforcements, muſt fall back upon Ghent tomorrow.

Never was ſeen ſuch a break up as that of yeſterday at Oſtend: Every body that could find the means were quiting the place. The magiſtrates and people of property were all gone: When the French come, they will find nothing but magazines empty, ſhops ſhut up and deſerted. General Steward gave leave to all the inhabitants yeſterday to depart: All the ſhips in the harbour were ordered out into the road, and all the baggage belonging to the ſtaff, the 85th Regiment of foot, and the 8th Dragoons, was embarked; the departure of Prince Erneſt was the ſignal of alarm and flight. The French came yeſterday with 20,000 men to Rouſelaer. A piquet of 30 men of the 8th dragoons, ſent out in the morning, was ſurrounded and taken, before Giſtell. As far as we can judge from appearances, Nieuport and Oſtend will be abandoned to them in the courſe of two days, without ſtriking a blow, for the inundations have not produced the expected effect. The French have again paſſed the Sambre, and inveſted Charleroi, with more numerous forces than before, ſo that we have no aſſiſtance to hope from that quarter, but much to fear.

FRANCE.

PARIS, *May* 28.—The National Convention have lately decreed the formation of a military ſchool in the plain of Sablons, near Paris. The heads of this decree are: That there ſhall be ſent to Paris from each diſtrict of the Republic, ſix young citizens, from the age of 16 to 17 and an half, to receive, by a revolutionary education, all the knowledge and habits of a Republican Soldier. They ſhall come to Paris on foot, unarmed, and travel as the defenders of the Republic: The national agents of the diſtricts ſhall take ſuch meaſures that the Eleves of their vicinity ſhall march ten days after the receipt of the decree. The Eleves of the military ſchool ſhall be clothed, armed, and fed, at the expenſe of the Republic. They ſhall be exerciſed in the uſe of arms, the maneuvres of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. They ſhall learn the principles of the art of war, and fortification; they ſhall be trained to fraternity, good manners,

ners, love of their country, and a hatred for Kings; and be under the immediate inspection and management of the Committee of Public Welfare.

DEFEAT of the SPANIARDS.

Letter from the Representatives near the Eastern Pyrennean army.

CITOYENS COLLEAGUES. We have to announce to you a great victory obtained over the Spaniards. Nothing but the infant love of country could have enabled our brothers in arms to have overcome the almost insuperable obstacles which opposed their success, and which shielded their enemies. St. Elmos, situated on an almost inaccessible mountain, has fallen, and its garrison, though thus situated, have capitulated. We have this instant been to see, according to the terms of capitulation, 7000 slaves deposit their arms at the feet of the Republicans, and take the oath not to serve against the French republic during the war. The force of the Spanish guards at Collioure and its environs, are six battalions of Spanish, and one regiment of little Waloon guards; in all eleven regiments not compleat, besides artillery and cavalry. Return of prisoners, 3 Marshals de Camp, 10 Brigadiers, 15 Colonels, 60 Lieutenant Colonels, 300 Captains and Lieutenants, 300 Sergeants, 6468 privates, and several companies of cavalry and artillery, 6468 musquets, 20 standards, 100 chests of rambour, all the horses and mules, the army and equipments of the cavalry and artillery. We have sent two officers who are charged to present to the National Convention the splendid trophies of this victory of republicans.

Signed, SOUNBRAY and MILHAUD.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, *June* 20.—The committee of American merchants had an interview with Mr. Pitt on Saturday last, to know whether they might with confidence prepare their goods for the American markets as usual, or whether, under the existing circumstances, the alarm of a rupture was sufficiently grounded to make them hesitate in executing the orders they had received? Mr. Pitt declined giving them any advice as to executing their orders; he said he was happy in being able to assure them, that the governments of the two countries were disposed to preserve a good understanding; but it could not be concealed that Jacobin doctrines had made their way in America to such an extent as to make it doubtful what would be the issue of the differences now to be settled. He trusted, however, that they would be guided by moderation and wisdom in the propositions they had to make to this country, and the gentlemen, whom they had deputed on the occasion, would find his majesty's ministers earnestly disposed to preserve the peace which so happily subsisted between the two countries.

June 28.—A servant belonging to the Duke of York arrived this morning at the Secretary of State's office with dispatches from his Royal Highness. The particulars of the contents have not yet transpired; but it is known that they confirm what has been stated, that the army has made a movement towards Nivelles to succour the Prince of Orange, who was judged to be in a critical situation, on account of the immense numbers of the French.

This messenger was obliged to come by the way of Holland, which puts it beyond a doubt that the French have cut off completely for the present, all communication between East and West Flanders.

Gen. Kosciusko's account of the action between the Polish troops, and the army of the King of Prussia, received by the Dutch mails, differs, very materially, from that given in the Berlin papers. The loss of the Poles amount to 600 men, that of the enemy is much more considerable. Some reports state the loss of the Prussians at 500 killed and wounded and that of the Russians at 400.

Yesterday Mr. Jay, the American Minister, had a private interview with Mr. Pitt at his house in Dawning street.

We have just learnt that the French, having returned in great numbers to Nieuport, have retaken the town of Furnes, and all the ports of which a part of our garrison had possessed themselves the evening before. Sixty thousand French troops, collected from Lisle, Countray and Menin, are now surrounding the fortress of Ypres, the communication of which, with the other places in Flanders, is entirely cut off. The bombardment of it is carried on vigorously. Two attempts, it is said, have been made to take it by assault. An attempt is meditated by the French, on Ostend. It appears that the French have fired red hot balls into Ypres, by which means they have destroyed the convents, and many fine buildings belonging to that town. By letters received yesterday from Ostend, we have the unpleasant

pleasant intelligence, that Gen. Clairfayt had fuſtained a defeat in his attempt to relieve Ypres on the 12th inſt. In conſequence, it is ſaid that Ypres had ſurrendered on the 13th.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

NOVA SCOTIA.

HALIFAX, *July* 24.

CAPTURE of the *FRENCH CONVOY.*

ON Tueſday laſt arrived from the Capes of the Delaware, his Majeſty's ſhips Argonaut of 70 guns, Capt. Aylmer, and L'Oiſeau of 36 guns, Capt. Murray; having under their convoy the following French and American veſſels: 5 ſhips, 1 ſnow, 6 Brigs and 1 ſchooner, chiefly laden with flour, and belonging to Philadelphia and Alexandria. Theſe veſſels are prizes to his Majeſty's ſhips under the command of Rear Admiral Murray. The Admiral ſailed from Plymouth the 19th of May, having under his command, the following ſquadron, which are appointed to the American ſtation, and are to rendezvous at this place.

Ships.	Guns.
Reſolution,	74
Argonaut,	70
Africa,	64
Thetis,	38
L'Oiſeau,	36
Celopatra,	32
Thiſbe,	28
Alert,	14

It is ſaid that Fauchet had been for ſome time collecting this proviſion fleet, and that he expected the arrival of four ſail of the line, which not arriving at the time appointed, and the expenſes of demurage, &c. high, he had concluded to ſend them away with the above mentioned convoy.

GRAND NAVAL COMBAT.

Letter from Admiral Earl HOWE, *on board the Queen Charlotte, June* 2, 1794.

SIR,

THINKING it may not be neceſſary to make a more particular report of my proceedings with the fleet for the information of the Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty, I confine my communications chiefly in this diſpatch, to the occurrences when in preſence of the enemy yeſterday.

Finding on my return off Breſt, on the 19th paſt, that the French fleet had, a few days before put to ſea; and receiving on the ſame evening advices from Admiral Montague, I deemed it requiſite to endeavour to form a junction with the Rear Admiral as ſoon as poſſible, and proceeded immediately for the ſtation on which he meant to wait for the return of the Venus. But having gained very credible intelligence on the 21ſt of the ſame month, whereby I had reaſon to ſuppoſe the French fleet was then but a few leagues farther to the weſtward, the courſe before ſteered was altered accordingly.

On the morning of the 28th the enemy where diſcovered far to windward, and partial actions were engaged with them that evening, and the next day. The weather guage having been obtained in the progreſs of the laſt mentioned day, and the fleet being in a ſituation for bringing the enemy to cloſe action the firſt inſtant, the ſhips bore up together for that purpoſe, between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning.

The French, therefore, conſiſting of twenty ſix ſail of the line, oppoſed to his Majeſty's fleet of twenty five, waited for the action, and ſuſtained the attack with their cuſtomary reſolution.

In leſs than an hour after the cloſe action commenced in the centre, the French Admiral, engaged by the Queen Charlotte, crowded off and was followed by moſt of the ſhips of his van in condition to carry ſail after him, leaving with us 10 or 12 of his cripled or totally diſmaſted ſhips, excluſive of one ſunk in the engagement. The Queen Charlotte had then loſt her fore topmaſt and the main topmaſt fell over the ſide very ſoon after.

The greater number of the other ſhips of the Britiſh fleet were at this time ſo much diſabled, or widely ſeparated, and under ſuch circumſtances with reſpect to thoſe ſhips of the enemy in a ſtate for action, and with which the firing was ſtill continued, that two or three even of their diſmaſted ſhips attempted to get under a ſpritſail, ſingly, or ſmaller ſail raiſed on the ſtump of the foremaſt could not be detained. Seven remained in our poſſeſſion, one of which however ſunk before the adequate aſſiſtance could be given to her crew; but many were ſaved.

The

The Brunſwick having loſt her mizen maſt in the action, and drifted to leeward of the French retreating ſhips, was obliged to put away large to the northward of them. The material injury to his Majeſty's ſhips, I underſtand, is confined principally to their maſts and yards, which I conclude will be ſpeedily replaced.

I have not yet been able to collect regular accounts of the killed and wounded in the different ſhips. Capt. Montague is the only officer of his rank who fell in the action. The number of both diſcriptions I hope will prove ſmall, the nature of the ſervice conſidered; but I have the concern of being obliged to add on this ſubject that Admiral Graves had received a wound in the arm, and that Rear Admirals, Bowyer and Paſley, and Capt. Hutt of the Queen have each had a leg taken off.

REMARKS on the PRESENT SITUATION of FRANCE.

The reſources of France are ſo aſtoniſhingly great that the loſs of 25 ſhips at Toulon ſcarcely excited the attention of the nation. The loſs of them has not been mentioned by the National Convention, as an event in any reſpect connected with the great ſyſtem of their revolution. Amidſt this diſaſter they purſued their victories, and in a few months fitted out a fleet equal, according to the Engliſh account, to theirs. France muſt excite the aſtoniſhment of the world. *Alone* ſhe is fighting the cauſe of freedom, of mankind, and particularly of America. Beſet with a banditti of tyrants, ſhe appears like a lion, ſurrounded with every ravenous beaſt of the foreſt. Animated with the ſpirit of liberty, they will rouſe to the combat, and like her ſiſter America, who always became formidable from her misfortunes, will renew their attacks with tenfold energy. In Flanders the French are almoſt uniformly victorious. The Germans are computed to have loſt 60,000 men in the month of May, and are now wholly on the defenſive.

DISTRESSING CONFLAGRATION.

On Wedneſday the 30th ult. a fire in this town began its devaſtation in the Ropewalk owned by Mr. Howe, about twenty minutes after 4 o'clock A.M. from accident. Mr. How had kindled a fire that morning, a ſpark from which caught ſome hemp and tar, and inſtantly communicated the flames in all directions, baffling every effort to extinguiſh them. The alarm was inſtantly ſpread through the town; but before any number of citizens could be collected, ſuch was the quantity of the combuſtibles on fire, all the walks adjacent, ſix of which were ſix hundred feet in length, were enveloped in the flames; which, fed by immenſe quantities of hemp, cordage and tar, ſpread with nearly the celerity of electricity. A large number of dwelling houſes in Green's Lane and in the ſtreet facing the Ropewalks have been deſtroyed, and, it is ſaid, nearly one hundred families turned out of doors by this diſtreſſing accident.

PUBLIC EXECUTION.

On Wedneſday afternoon, 30th ult. Collins, Fertidi, and Poleſki, were executed on the common in this town for piracy, agreeably to the ſentence of the Circuit Court.

MARRIAGES.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boſton*, Mr. Jacob Euſtis to Miſs Eliza S. Gray; Mr. Iſaac Larkin, junior editor of the Independent Chronicle, to Miſs Nabby Clark; Mr. William Trefrey to Miſs Mary Stimpſon; Mr. Aſa Hatch to Miſs Patty Brown; Mr. Thomas Stepſon to Miſs Polly Hammond; Mr. Thomas H. Kemble to Miſs Abigail Bumſtead.

Dedham, Mr. Joſiah Bumſtead to Miſs Abigail Baker.

Lexington, Dr. Joſeph Fiſk, jun. to Miſs Betſey Stone.

Methuen, The Rev. Titus Theodore Barton to Miſs Ruth Wood.

Salem, Capt. John Foſter to Miſs Polly Burchmore.

Tewkeſbury, Mr. Ruſſell Meers to Miſs Suſannah Duton.

DEATHS.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boſton*, Mr. John Robinſon, 56; Mr. Daniel Collins, 58; Miſs Sally Mackay; Capt. Joſeph Cowdin, 29; Samuel May, Eſq. 71; Mrs. Frances Maud, 57; Miſs Phebe Harlow, 18; Mrs. Hannah Dinmore, 68; Mrs. Sarah Davis, 47; Miſs Mary Blake, 29; Capt. William Porter, 30; Mr. John Winniett, 70; Mr. John Clap; Mr. William Eaton, 38; Mrs. Mary Alline; Mr. William Foot, 44; Mrs. Eliza Eaton, 38; Mr. William Penniman, 59.

Boylſton, Mrs. Rebekah Keyes, 89.

Glouceſter, Mrs. Mary Beach, 31; Mrs. Deborah Melvill, 58.

Haverhill, Mrs. Priſcilla Bartlett.

Plymouth, Mrs. Nancy Jackſon, 28.

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MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY MUSEUM

OF

KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.

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MDCCXCIV.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We drop the tear of ſympathy with *Celia* on the death of her friend; ſhould we publiſh her elegy, we ſhould occaſion her, in the hour of diſpaſſionate reflection, additional ſorrow.

Eſſay on Juſtice—under conſideration.

The Stranger ſhall receive due attention.

The Meſſengers of David, are deſired to tarry at Jerico till their beards be grown.

Preſerves of Parnaſſus—They do not contain a ſufficiency of attic ſalt to preſerve them from putrefaction.

Lothario is thanked for his beautiful extract—future favours are ſolicited.

PRICES OF PUBLIC SECURITIES, BANK STOCK, &c.

September.	Six per Cents.	Three per Cents.	Defer'd Stock.	Maſſachuſ. State Notes.	U.S.B. Shares. ab. par.	Maſſachuſ. Bank Shares.	Union Bank Shares. ab. pr.	Final & L. Of. Cert. inter. fr. Jan. 1788.	Reg. Dt. with int. fr. March 4, 1789.	Indents. Int. on Loan Offi. Cer. & Reg. Dt.	New Emiſſion Money.	O. Emiſ. Mo.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	per ct.	dols.	per ct.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s.
1	19 1	11 0	12 0	15 2	20	None	9 1-2	16 9	16		9 6	8 0	40
2	19 1	11 0	12 0	15 2	20	at	10	16 9	16		9 6	8 0	40
3	19 2	11 0	12 0	15 2	20	mkt.	10	16 9	16		9 6	8 0	45
4	19 2	11 0	12 0	15 2	22		10	16 9	16		9 6	8 0	45
5	19 2	11 0	12 0	15 2	22		10 1-2	16 9	16		9 6	8 0	45
6	19 2	11 0	12 0	15 2	22		10 1-2	16 9	16		9 6	8 0	45
8	19 2	11 0	12 0	15 2	22		10 1-2	16 9	16		9 6	8 0	45
9	19 2	11 0	12 0	15 2	22		11	16 9	16		9 6	8 0	45
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11	19 2	11 0	12 0	15 2	22		11	17 0	16		9 6	8 0	45
12	19 4	11 0	12 0	15 2	22		11	17 0	16		9 6	8 0	45
13	19 5	11 1	12 2	15 4	22		11	17 6	16		10 0	8 0	45
15	19 5	11 2	12 4	15 4	23		11	17 6	16		10 0	8 0	45
16	19 1	11 2	12 4	15 4	23		12	18 0	17		10 0	8 0	45
17	19 1	11 0	12 6	15 4	23		12	18 0	17		10 0	8 0	45
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19	19 1	11 0	12 6	15 4	23		12	18 0	17		10 0	8 0	45
20	19 2	11 0	12 6	15 4	23		12	18 0	17		10 0	8 0	45
22	19 2	11 1	12 6	15 4	25		8	18 0	17		10 0	8 0	45
23	19 2	11 1	12 6	15 4	25		8	18 0	17		10 0	8 0	45
24	19 2	11 1	12 6	15 4	25		8	18 0	17		10 0	8 0	45
25	19 2	11 1	12 6	15 4	25		8	18 0	17		10 0	8 0	45
26	19 2	11 1	12 6	15 4	25		8	18 0	17		10 0	8 0	45
27	19 2	11 1	12 6	15 4	25		8	18 0	17		10 0	8 0	45
29	19 2	11 1	12 6	15 4	25		8	18 0	17		10 0	8 0	45
30	19 2	11 1	12 6	15 4	25		8	18 0	17		10 0	8 0	45

JOHN MARSTON, *Stock Broker.*

the united preſſure of thoſe currents from all ſides, into the higher regions; which funnel, as the denſity of the air leſſens according to its height, and the ſurrounding preſſure which contracts it muſt decreaſe nearly in the ſame proportion, would more and more diverge and expand the higher it roſe above the ſurface of the ſea. This would be attended with a moſt furious blaſt of wind up to, and far above the top of the atmoſphere. In like manner,

6. If inſtead of a pure vacuum, or a total annihilation of ſuch part of the atmoſphere, we ſuppoſe the ſame to become, by any means whatever, ſpecifically lighter than the ſurrounding regions, the effect would be the ſame as above, in kind, though not in degree; the denſer air flowing in, but with leſs rapidity, from all quarters without, expelling the lighter and ſupplying its place, as in article four; upon which alſo a large quantity of this confluent air, for the ſame reaſon, would be driven up with violence through a like narrow vent, yet not with the ſame impetuoſity, nor to the ſame height as if forced through this funnel into a pure vacuum.

That the atmoſphere over large tracts of ſea or land may thus become ſpecifically lighter than that over the ſurrounding regions, will be evident, if we conſider, 1. That heat has a natural tendency to rarefy and expand the air upon which it acts. 2. That the atmoſphere over our head does not conſiſt of mere elementary air, but it is an univerſal receptacle of all the heterogeneous vapors and effluvia that are perpetually exhaling from every ſubſtance that exiſt upon the face of the earth, whether animal, vegetable or mineral. 3. That, by the caſual diſpoſition of theſe vapours and effluvia in the atmoſphere, the air which is, of itſelf, naturally enough diſpoſed to acquire heat from the paſſage of the ſun's rays through it, may become more diſpoſed to imbibe and retain that heat, in one region, than in another in its neighbourhood; which from the intervention of clouds, or from its purity and freedom from thoſe ſteams and vapours with which the former is charged, may, in a great degree, retain its natural coolneſs and denſity, while the other becomes heated, rarefied and expanded, and is thereby rendered ſpecifically lighter.

That theſe different affections of the atmoſphere actually take place, and diſpoſe the air, at one time and in one place, even in the ſame ſeaſons of the year, to imbibe and retain the heat excited by the ſun's rays, more than at another, is not a matter of mere conjecture; but, whatever the cauſe may be, is notorious to all perſons of obſervation.

ANECDOTE of the late Lord Chancellor NORTHINGTON.

[From the life of Biſhop NEWTON, prefixed to his Works.]

WHILE this great lawyer continued at the bar, he went the weſtern circuit, and being of lively parts and a warm temper, he was like ſome other lawyers, too apt to take indecent liberties in examining witneſſes. An extraordinary inſtance of this kind happened at Briſtol. In a cauſe of ſome conſequence, Mr. Reeve, a conſiderable merchant, and one of the people called Quakers, was croſs-examined

by

by him with much raillery and ridicule. Mr. Reeve complained of it at the time; and when the court had adjourned, and the lawyers were all together at the White Lion, Mr. Reeve sent one of the waiters to let Mr. Henley know, that a gentleman wanted to speak to him in a room adjoining. As soon as Mr. Henley had entered into the room, Mr. Reeve locked the door, and put the key into his pocket. "Friend Henley," said he, "I cannot call thee; for thou hast used me most scurrilously. Thou mightest think, perhaps, that a Quaker might be insulted with impunity: but I am a man of spirit, and am come to demand, and will have, satisfaction. Here are two swords, here are two pistols; choose thy weapons, or fight me at fifty cuffs if thou hadst rather; for fight me thou shalt before thou leavest this room, or beg my pardon." Mr. Henley pleaded in excuse, that it was nothing more than the usual language of the bar; that what was said in court should not be questioned out of court; lawyers sometimes advanced things to serve their client, perhaps beyond the truth, but such speeches died in speaking; he was so far from intending any insult or injury, that he really had forgotten what he had said, and hoped the other would not remember it; upon his word and honour he never meant to give him the least offence, but if undesignedly he had offended him, he was sorry for it, and was ready to beg his pardon, which was a gentleman's satisfaction. "Well," said Mr. Reeve, "as the affront was public, the reparation must be so too. If thou wilt not fight, but beg my pardon, thou must beg my pardon before the company in the next room." Mr. Henley, after some difficulty and some delay, submitted to the condition; and thus this fray ended. No farther notice was taken on either side, till after some years the lord chancellor wrote a letter to Mr. Reeve, informing him that such a ship was coming into the port of Bristol, with a couple of pipes of Madeira on board, consigned to him. He therefore begged Mr. Reeve to pay the freight and the duty, and to cause the vessels to be put into a waggon, and sent to the Grange; and he would take the first opportunity of defraying all charges, and should think himself infinitely obliged to him. All this was done as desired; and the winter following, when Mr. Reeve was in town, he dined at the chancellor's with several of the nobility and gentry. After dinner the chancellor related the whole story of his first acquaintance with his friend Reeve, and of every particular that had passed between them, with great good humour and pleasantry, and to the no small diversion of the company.

On AFFECTATION.

IT is commonly remarked, that handsome people are vain and fantastical, this is because every motion, gesture and action of their's is more particularly observed, and envy never fails to give a disadvantageous turn to every little inadvertency: whereas an ugly person may be guilty of a thousand impertinences which nobody will regard.

What the ladies are pleased to call a pretty kind of woman, is a creature little superior to a piece of machinery, which discovers no other signs of life but that it moves.

OBSERVATIONS

OBSERVATIONS on BLINDNESS, and on the Employment of the other Senses to supply the Loss of SIGHT.

[By Mr. BEW.—From "Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester."]

(*Concluded from the 490th page.*)

THE blind people I have hitherto selected to speak of, it may be remarked, were such as had their native faculties excited and matured by early and attentive education. But we shall find, even where education has been wanting, and the blind left, in a great measure, to the simple exertions of nature; that the natural faculties themselves make surprizing efforts towards supplying the deficiency of sight. I shall bring forwards to your notice a person, well known in this neighbourhood, of which he is a native. This is one John Metcalf, who, like the gentlemen already mentioned, became blind at a very early age, so as to be entirely unconscious of light and its various effects. This man passed the younger part of his life as a waggoner, and occasionally, as a guide in intricate roads during the night, or when the tracks were covered with snow. Strange as this may appear to those who can see, the employment he has since undertaken is still more extraordinary: It is one of the last to which we could suppose a blind man would ever turn his attention. His present occupation is that of a projector and surveyor of highways in difficult and mountainous parts. With the assistance only of a long staff, I have several times met this man traversing the roads, ascending precipices, exploring valleys, and investigating their several extents, forms, and situations, so as to answer his designs in the best manner. The plans which he designs, and the estimates he makes, are done in a method peculiar to himself; and which he cannot well convey the meaning of to others. His abilities, in this respect, are, nevertheless, so great, that he finds constant employment. Most of the roads over the Peak in Derbyshire, have been altered by his directions; particularly those in the vicinity of Buxton: And he is, at this time, constructing a new one, betwixt Wilmslow and Congleton, with a view to open a communication to the great London road, without being obliged to pass over the mountains.*

These instances will, I am persuaded, be sufficient to prove, how effectually, by proper exercise, the other senses may be refined and perfected, so as, in many respects, to supply the loss of sight. The sensations of smell and taste, indeed, are so very limited, that they do not seem capable of yielding many peculiar advantages to blind people: But the perceptions of hearing and touch, as we have seen, may be

* Since this paper was written, and had the honour of being delivered to the society, I have met this blind projector of the roads, who was alone as usual; and amongst other conversation, I made some inquiries respecting this new road. It was really astonishing to hear with what accuracy he described the courses, and the nature of the different soils, through which it was conducted. Having mentioned to him a boggy piece of ground it passed through, he observed, that "that was the "only place he had doubts concerning; and that he was apprehensive they had, "contrary to his directions, been too sparing of their materials."

be applied to purpoſes wonderfully extenſive.

By the nice diſtinction of touch and ſound, the blind man not only acquires knowledge with reſpect to perſons and ſituations; is not only warned from danger, and excited to pleaſure; but by means of theſe delicate faculties, he is enabled to conceive many of the viſual qualities of bodies, and to diſtinguiſh them with certain preciſion. I do not mean to infer, that a blind man annexes the ſame ideas to viſual qualities, as are excited in the minds of thoſe who are poſſeſſed of the perfect faculty of ſight. I only wiſh to obſerve, that he forms a general conception of their characters, by the analogy which he finds they bear to qualities he is acquainted with, by means of his other ſenſes. Thus, for example, if we preſent a violet to him, and demand of him what ideas he has of its qualities; he will be able to anſwer with great preciſion reſpecting its ſmell, &c. which, as well as the name of the violet are ſoft, ſweet, and pleaſing. But, with regard to the colour, he will be wholly unable to conceive any idea of it, except what takes place from very diſtant analogies: The plaintive melody of the flute, the ſoft ſmoothneſs of ſurfaces, &c. In like manner, by oppoſite aſſociations, he may compare the intenſe colour of ſcarlet to the glow of a furnace, the noiſe of a trumpet, or the odour of aromatics; becauſe they ſeverally affect his ſenſes with intenſe excitements.

But whatever amazing information, the ſenſes of hearing and touch, may afford the blind; theſe powers would, nevertheleſs, be tranſient and ineffectual, were not the impreſſions and ideas they excite in the mind, preſerved and matured by the aſſiſtance of the memory. It is chiefly by the aſſiſtance of the memory, that the blind acquire the exquiſite advantages, derived from the other ſenſes. In this reſpect, providential benevolence ſeems to have determined the greateſt compenſation, for the ſevere deprivation of the ſenſe of ſight. The ſoul of the blind man, undiſtracted by the never ceaſing variety which is always preſent to the organs of viſion, when awake, purſues its internal perceptions and contemplations with unconfounded ſerenity. The blind unlettered projector of roads could reply to me, when I expreſſed myſelf ſurprized at the accuracy of his diſcriminations, "that there was nothing ſurprizing in the matter; You, "Sir," ſays he, "can have recourſe to your eye ſight whenever "you want to ſee or examine any "thing; whereas, I have only my "memory to truſt to. There is one "advantage, however," he remarked that he poſſeſſed. "The "readineſs with which you view "an object at pleaſure, prevents "the neceſſity of fixing the ideas "of it deeply in your mind, and "the impreſſions, in general, become quickly obliterated. On "the contrary, the information I "poſſeſs, being acquired with greater difficulty, is, on that very account, ſo firmly fixed on the "memory, as to be almoſt indelible." Such, indeed, is the wonderful influence, reſulting from the union of exerciſe and habit, on the faculties of the blind, that the permanency of their knowledge in a great meaſure, compenſates for the labour required in its attainment!

The inſtantaneous facility, with which, by the aid of ſight, we are able to aſcertain the peculiarities of

of any place we survey, and the ease with which we review and recognize them, renders dependence on the memory, to us, less necessary. For instance, the dimensions of the apartment I sit in; the furniture, &c. will, by the organs of vision, be immediately presented to the mind of any stranger who may call on me, so that he will be able, in a moment, to recollect the whole whenever he repeats his visit, to the same place. This kind of information can only be acquired by the blind man, in consequence of the most patient attention. He is to be led round the several parts of the room, his finger conducted to the surfaces of the furniture, pictures, &c. before he can possibly form any idea with respect to the place. But when, by means of the perceptions of touch, and a necessary degree of information, he conceives a regular train of distinguishing ideas, his mind associates them, with such tenacity, that he seldom has occasion to repeat his inquiries.

It is this accurate and retentive power of the memory, that enables the blind mathematician to make exact calculations and inferences; to work problems in algebra, and in infinite series; to conceive, with precision, the different effects that bodies must produce to the sight, by their being nearer or farther off; by their moving in a strait or in an oblique line; and, that directs his investigation with respect to the principles of projection, and the various rules of perspective.

It must here be remarked, that though the blind man may conceive the properties of figure and extension with certain accuracy; yet it does not follow that he would be able to distinguish them, with the same certainty, by vision, provided that faculty were, immediately, bestowed on him. On the contrary, the question started by Mr. Molineux, * was found to prove exactly as that philosopher expected, in the extraordinary case of a blind youth, whom Mr. Cheselden had the good fortune to bring to sight, by couching, at thirteen years of age. This young man, at his first feeling the impressions of objects on the organs of vision, imagined every thing he saw touched his eyes; nor was he able to discriminate one object from another, however different their forms. When things that were before known to him, by touching, were presented to him, he considered them attentively, in order to recognize them; but on a sudden, he felt himself confused, from the multitude of objects that crowded for admission, and the whole was involved in obscurity. It appears, therefore, from the above fact, as well as from a due examination of the subject, that those who make use of their eyes, for the first time, see only surfaces and colours; and have no conception of the visible effects of light and projection, until they learn it from experience. In fact, if we carefully attend to the operation of our own minds, we shall find, that the visible appearances of objects are seldom accurately attended to, unless we are employed in delineating those objects. The visible appearance of things, is varied according to the direction of the light, the position, and the distance, with respect to the beholder: Yet, as we are conscious from experience, of the identity, the real figure is conceived in its actual proportion, and the visible, or perspective appearance is considered only as a sign or indication.

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* Lock on the understanding, vol. I. p. 107.

The accurate painter is well aware of this operation of the mind, and in delineating his objects, and relieving them with the distribution of light and shade, is carefully attentive to avoid forming conclusions, before he accurately considers the premises. The effect produced by a well managed picture, sufficiently evinces the actual appearance of bodies, according to their point of view; and the impressions they must make on the organs of sight, when employed previous to the influence of reason, and the correction of the judgment. The painter, who exerts the imitative powers of his art to deceive the eye, does not merely draw the outline of his figure, and colour it with the exact uniform tinge it naturally displays: He surveys it in one certain point of view, and then proceeds to delineate and adapt his tints, as if the figure were, in reality, adhering to the canvass. It is no wonder, therefore, that the young gentleman, just mentioned, was astonished to find, on examining the pictures, presented to him, with his finger, that they had not the same projection, with the objects they represented. This, as well as the art of diminishing a figure, and still preserving the resemblance, would evidently be as much an enigma, to a person just possessed of vision, as the circumstance of the Mirror, mentioned by *M. Diderot.**

It is more than probable, therefore, that the blind man, has no ideas of colour, except, as has been already remarked, what are derived from a kind of distant analogy, regulated by the associating powers of the mind, and preserved by the memory; and, indeed, most of the persons of this class I have conversed with, have frankly confessed themselves wholly ignorant of its qualities. Nor is this deficiency in the forming of ideas peculiar to the sense of sight. A deaf man would be just as much embarrassed, with respect to the qualities of sound; and the same may be observed with respect to the other senses.

In the course of my inquiries, however, on this subject, it occurred to me, that I might possibly derive some new matter for observation, from the recollection of the blind man's perceptions whilst under the influence of his dreams. In the usual silent hours of repose, when the exercise of the memory is, in a great measure, suspended; and the unfettered imagination displays its powers, in a very peculiar manner; I conceived it might be possible for the blind to experience some transient impressions, relative to visual qualities. It is true Mr. Lock gives it as his opinion, "that "the dreams of sleeping men are "made up of waking men's ideas; "though," he allows, "they, are, "for the most part, oddly put "together." The impressions of dreams, it must be acknowledged, are too fleeting to admit of much investigation; and our recollection of them is liable to the greatest uncertainty: Yet, notwithstanding the opinion of this great philosopher, there are few, I am persuaded, who have not felt themselves sometimes affected, during their dreams, in a manner which they could by no means account for, or reconcile with any circumstance that had previously taken place in real life. And though I have not been able to gratify my curiosity to its full extent, yet I have gained sufficient information to convince me, that the blind feel impressions in dreaming,

* Vid les Œuvres de M. Diderot, tom. II. Art. Lettres sur les Aveugles, &c.

ſing, in ſome degree, ſimilar to the viſible appearances of bodies. A blind gentleman, with whom I have lately converſed, clearly proves to me, that he is conſcious of the figure, though he cannot diſtinguiſh the varieties of the human countenance: And from the confuſed efforts he makes to explain himſelf, it may be perceived, that he feels himſelf alarmed with new ſenſations, that bear a ſtrong relation to our ideas of light and colour; but which he finds it impoſſible to deſcribe, becauſe he cannot fix on any comparative idea whereby to explain himſelf. Theſe dreams, my intelligent friend informs me, are always painful, and, as may naturally be expected, the impreſſions are extremely tranſient and unſatisfactory.

But it is not the blind only, who are unable to trace the various effects produced by light and colour. There are perſons, whoſe organs of viſion are ſo imperfectly formed, that they cannot diſtinguiſh colours, though they ſee the objects perfectly. In the philoſophical tranſactions we have an account of a man who knew no difference of colour whatever; and there is an ingenious perſon, within the circle of our acquaintance, whoſe knowledge in perſpective, as well as in the other branches of natural philoſophy, is unqueſtionable; yet who finds himſelf deficient in diſcerning the difference of ſome colours, which he knows to exiſt, and which are diſtinguiſhable to perfect viſion. In particular, I think I have heard him mention, that the ſenſation he felt, from the colours of brown and green, had no obvious difference, provided they were diffuſed with equal degrees of intenſeneſs.

But theſe ſpeculations, however curious and entertaining, were not the principal objects I had in view when I ſat down to conſider the ſubject of blindneſs. It may be remarked, that in the ſketches, relative to blind people, I have offered to your notice, I have purpoſely avoided ſpeaking of ſuch, as had ever poſſeſſed the faculty of viſion, ſo as to recollect it with any degree of accuracy: And I have been the more particular in my account of Dr. Moyes, and the blind projector of roads, becauſe I had an opportunity of availing myſelf of immediate information from them, with reſpect to ſuch peculiarities, as it was not in my power to derive from the writings of the few authors, who have treated on this ſubject.* In tracing the progreſs, and marking the degrees of perfection, to which the moſt celebrated blind people have carried the exertions of the other ſenſes, to ſupply the loſs of ſight; I was perſuaded, that farther obſervations and diſcoveries might be made, which might be applied to advantage in the education of blind children; and alſo in rendering more perfect, the different inventions, that have already been deviſed, in order to facilitate their information, and the means of their improvement: And I flattered myſelf, that theſe matters would be deemed ſufficiently important, to engage the attention of the learned members of this ſociety. Inſtances too frequently occur, that moſt powerfully call for the generoſity and compaſſion of mankind; and though our abilities rarely arrive at the divine perfection

* Beſides occaſional hints which I have acquired from converſing with various blind people, whoſe names are not mentioned; I have particular acknowledgments to make to Mr. Cheeſe, the organiſt of the collegiate church in Mancheſter, for the ſatisfaction he has afforded me in many of my inquiries.

fection of *giving ſight to the blind*, we ſhall always experience a conſcious benevolent ſatisfaction, in miniſtering to their knowledge, their convenience and happineſs.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The G L E A N E R. No. XXVIII.

Turn how we may, avoid it how we will,
Innate conviction muſt attend us ſtill;
Religion follows as our guardian ſhade,
Ardent to bleſs, though impiouſly betray'd:
Our every breath Omnipotence proclaims,
A plaſtic God all varying nature names,
The breeze is his—the uprooting whirlwind's roar,
The gentle rill—the waves of every ſhore;
'Tis God directs the day—and God the night,
As erſt he ſpake, and Nature ſprang to light.

NO, Atheiſm will never do. The prime procurer and miniſter of the French arrangements, at length accedes to this axiom; and Gallia, having guillotined her ſovereign, and blaſphemouſly ſought to dethrone and annihilate the Monarch of heaven—becomes, in her preſent reſolutions, ſolicitous to re-eſtabliſh the Deity in her ſyſtems, to inveſt the Supreme with thoſe divine honours which the language of nature haſteth to beſtow, which the dictates of reaſon invariably award. Oppoſed, from principle, to thoſe ſanguinary decrees, which pronouncing the death warrant of whole hecatombs of my ſpecies, fail not to let looſe the dogs of war, I will confeſs that I have not felt for the name of Robeſpierre, any of thoſe cordialities, which conſtitute the aggregate of amity. The anarchy and conſequent enormities, prevalent in France, together with thoſe licentious principles which have apparently been ſo generally embraced, I have conſidered as replete with incalculable evils, as the baleful precurſors of every ill which can afflict humanity! Such my ſentiments, I expected not from the report of Robeſpierre, thoſe ſtrong and glowing ſenſations, which, whenever I attend to the voice of truth, moſt delightfully expand my ſoul. But I have read, and charmed with the prevalent contour of the compoſition, the energy and beauty of the diction, and the demonſtrative propriety and ſublimity of the obſervations; while I do homage to the tranſlator, I cannot but join my ſuffrage to thoſe applauſes, by which America have marked the *new born* piety of the French politician.

It is true that, as being a member of the proteſtant community, I am neceſſitated by my creed to renounce all ſupplications made to ſaints, whatever eclat may have attended their canonization. I may not feel at liberty to cry out, "Oh! Sancta Robeſpierre, ora pro nobis," yet, if he *in reality* ſhall at length purſue the *mild dictates* of *truth* and *reaſon* every ſentiment of my ſoul will combine to wiſh him God ſpeed. An admirer of the report in the groſs, I yet conceive that the following extracts can hardly

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be too often repeated, can scarcely be too strongly inculcated, or too deeply engraven upon the tablets of reflection. "What was the wish of those, who in the bosom of the conspiracies with which we were surrounded, in the midst of the embarrassments of such a war, at the moment while the torch of civil discord was still smoaking, suddenly attacked all kinds of worship by violence, to establish themselves as the furious apostles of annihilation, and as the fanatic missionaries of atheism? Attend only to the happiness of your country and the interests of humanity; *cherish all opinions and institutions which console and elevate the mind;* reject those which tend to degrade and corrupt them; *revive* and exalt all those generous sentiments and those great moral ideas which they have wished to extinguish; *reconcile, by the charms of friendship, and the bonds of virtue, those citizens whom they have wished to divide. Who has given thee the mission of announcing to the people, that the Deity does not exist?* To you who are attached to this barren doctrine, and who are not animated in the cause of your country, *what advantage do you derive* from *persuading man that a blind force presides in his destiny, and strikes by chance his virtues or his vices; and that his soul is only a transient breath which is extinguished at the tomb? Will the idea of his annihilation inspire him with more pure or more elevated sentiments than that of his immortality?* Will it inspire him with more respect for his fellow men, or for himself; more attachment to his country; more firmness in braving tyranny; more *contempt for death* or pleasure? *You who regret a virtuous friend, do you not delight to reflect that the most valuable part of him has escaped decease?* You who weep over the corpse of a son or a wife, *are you consoled by him who tells you that nothing more of them remains than a vile heap of dust?* Unfortunate men, who expire under the stroke of an assassin, your last sigh is an appeal to eternal justice! Innocence, on the scaffold, makes the tyrant turn pale in his triumphal car: Would it have this ascendancy if the tomb put upon a level the oppressor and the oppressed? Miserable sophist! from whence do you derive this right of rending from innocence the sceptre of reason, and of placing it again in the hands of vice; *to throw a melancholy veil over nature, to drive misfortune to despair;* to encourage vice, to afflict virtue, to degrade humanity? *The more a man is endowed with sensibility and genius, the more is he attached to those ideas which aggrandize his being, and which elevate his mind; and the doctrine of men of this character should become that of the universe.* Ah! how can those ideas differ from truth? At least I cannot conceive how nature could have suggested to man any *fictions* more useful than these *realities;* and if the existence of a God, if the immortality of the soul, were only dreams, they would still remain the most splendid of all the conceptions of the human mind. The idea of the Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul, is a continual invitation to justice: It is then social and republican. He who can replace the Deity in the system of social life, is, in my opinion, a prodigy of genius; and he, who without having replaced him, only endeavours to banish him from the mind of man, appears to me a prodigy of stupidity or perversity. If the principles I have hitherto developed are errors, I am deceived in

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what the world unite to revere. Obſerve with what art Ceſar, pleading in the Roman Senate in favour of the accomplices of Cataline, loſt himſelf in digreſſion againſt the doctrine of the immortality of the ſoul; ſo well calculated did theſe ideas appear to him, to diſtinguiſh in the hearts of the judges the energy of virtue; ſo cloſely did the cauſe of vice appear to him, connected with that of Atheiſm. Cicero, on the contrary, invoked againſt the traitors both the ſword of the law and the thunder of the gods. Socrates, when dying, converſed with his friends on the immortality of the ſoul. Leonidas, at Thermopyles, ſupping with his companions in arms, at the moment of executing the moſt heroic deſign that human virtue ever conceived, invited them for the next day to another banquet in a new life. A great man, a real hero, eſteems himſelf too much to be pleaſed with the idea of his annihilation. A villain, contemptible in his own eyes, and horrible in thoſe of other men, perceives that nature cannot afford him a more ſplendid boon than that of his annihilation. Religion collects mankind together, and by collecting them together you will render them better; for when men are thus aſſembled, they endeavour to pleaſe each other, which can only be effected by thoſe things that render them eſtimable; give to their reunion a great moral and political motive, and the love of virtuous things will, with pleaſure, enter their hearts; for mankind do not ſee each other without pleaſure."

I had but recently peruſed the whole of this very excellent moral report, when one of the beſt informed, and moſt ſentimental of my friends, put into my hands a piece ſelected from the London Morning Chronicle of November 29, 1793.

To the matured judgment of this friend I am in the habit of paying high deference, and he conceived, that whether we regarded the little narration as a fact, or a malevolent reflection on the conduct of the predominant party in France, it contained a ſufficient quantum of good ſenſe to merit preſervation. It is a proper ſupplement for the celebrated report of Robeſpierre, and in my office of caterer for my readers, perhaps I could not do better than to offer it to their acceptance. I ſubjoin it, therefore, with an added wiſh, that it may contribute as largely to their pleaſures, as it did to the ſatisfaction of the Gleaner.

A few days after the biſhop of Paris and his vicars had ſet the example of renouncing their clerical character, a curi from a village on the banks of the Rhone, followed by ſome of his pariſhoners, with an offering of gold, ſilver, ſaints' chalices, rich veſtments, &c. preſented himſelf at the bar of the houſe. The ſight of the gold put the Convention in very good humour, and the curi, a thin venerable looking man, with gray hair, was ordered to ſpeak. I came, ſaid he, from the village of ———, where the only good building ſtanding (for the chatteau has been pulled down) is a very fine church; my pariſhoners beg you will take it to make a hoſpital for the ſick and wounded of both parties, they being equally our countrymen; the gold and ſilver, part of which we have brought you, they entreat you will devote to the ſervice of the ſtate, and that you will caſt the bells into cannon, to drive away its foreign invaders. For myſelf I am come with great pleaſure to reſign my letters of ordination of induction, and every

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ceed of title, by which I have been conſtituted a member of your eccleſiaſtical polity. I am ſtill able to ſupport myſelf with the labour of my hands, and I beg you to believe that I never felt ſincerer joy than I now do in making this renunciation—I have longed to ſee this day; I ſee it, and am glad.

When the old man had done ſpeaking, the applauſes were immoderate. You are an honeſt man, ſaid they all at once; a brave fellow, you do not believe in God; and the preſident advanced to give him the fraternal embrace. The curi did not ſeem greatly elated with theſe tokens of approbation; he retired back a few ſteps, and thus reſumed his diſcourſe: Before you applaud my ſentiments, it is fit you underſtand them; perhaps they may not entirely coincide with your own. I rejoice in this day, not becauſe I wiſh to ſee religion degraded, but becauſe I wiſh to ſee it exalted and purified. By diſſolving its alliance with the ſtate, you give it dignity and independence; you have done it a piece of ſervice which its well wiſhers would never have had courage to render it, but which is the only thing wanted to make it appear in its genuine luſtre and beauty. Nobody will now ſay of me, when I am performing the offices of my religion—it is his trade; he is paid for telling the people ſuch and ſuch things; he is hired to keep up a uſeful piece of mummery. They cannot now ſay this, and therefore I feel myſelf raiſed in my own eſteem, and ſhall ſpeak to them with a confidence and frankneſs, which before this I never durſt venture to aſſume. We reſign, without reluctance, our gold and ſilver images and embroidered veſtments, becauſe that we have never found, that looking upon gold or ſilver made the heart more pure, or the affections more heavenly: We can alſo ſpare our churches; for the heart that wiſhes to lift itſelf up to God, will never be at a loſs for room to do it in;—but we cannot ſpare our religion, becauſe, to tell you the truth, we never had ſo much occaſion for it. I underſtand that you accuſe us prieſts of having told the people a great many falſehoods. I ſuppoſe this may have been the caſe, but till this day we have never been allowed to inquire, whether the things which we taught them were true or not. You required us formerly to receive them all without proof, and you now would have us reject them all without diſcrimination. Neither of theſe modes of conduct become philoſophers, ſuch as you would be thought to be. I am going to employ myſelf diligently, along with my pariſhoners, to ſift the wheat from the bran, the true from the falſe: If we are not ſucceſsful, we ſhall be at leaſt ſincere. I do fear, indeed, that while I wore thoſe veſtments which we have brought you, and ſpoke in the large gloomy building which we have given up to you, I told my poor flock many idle ſtories. I cannot but hope, however, that the errors we have fallen into have not been very material, ſince the village has in general been ſober and good; the peaſants are honeſt, docile, and laborious; the huſbands love their wives, and the wives their huſbands; they are fortunately not too rich to be compaſſionate, and they have conſtantly relieved the ſick and fugitives of all parties, whenever it has lain in their way. I think, therefore, what I have taught them cannot be ſo very much amiſs. You want to extirpate prieſts; but will you hinder the ignorant from applying for inſtruction,

ſtruction, the unhappy for comfort and hope, the unlearned from looking up to the learned? If you do not, you will have prieſts, by whatever name you will order them to be called; but it is certainly not neceſſary, they ſhould wear a particular dreſs, or be appointed by ſtate letters of ordination. My letters of ordination, are my zeal, my charity, my ardent love for my dear children of the village; if I were more learned, I ſhould add my knowledge; but, alas! we all know very little; to man every error is pardonable, but want of humility. We have a public walk, with a ſpreading elm tree at one end of it, and a circle of green round it, with a convenient bench. Here I ſhall draw together the children as they are playing round me. I ſhall point to the vines laden with fruit, to the orchard, to the herds of cattle lowing round us, to the diſtant hills ſtretching one behind another, and they will aſk me how theſe things came? I ſhall tell them all I know or have heard from wiſe men who have lived before me; they will be penetrated with love and veneration; they will kneel, I ſhall kneel with them; they will not be at my feet, but all of us at the feet of that good Being, whom we ſhall worſhip together; and thus they will receive within their tender minds, *a religion.* The old men will come ſometimes from having depoſited under the green ſod one of their companions, and place themſelves by my ſide; they will look wiſhfully at the turf, and anxiouſly inquire—*Is he gone forever? Shall we be ſoon like him? Will no morning break over the tomb?* When the *wicked ceaſe from troubling, will the good ceaſe from doing good?* We will talk of theſe things; I will comfort them; I will tell them of the goodneſs of God; I will ſpeak to them of a life to come; I will bid them hope for a ſtate of retribution. In a clear night, when the ſtars ſlide over our head, they will aſk what thoſe bright bodies are, and by what rules they riſe and ſet? And we will converſe about different forms of being, and diſtant worlds, in the immenſity of ſpace, governed by the ſame laws, till we feel our minds raiſed from what is groveling, and refined from what is ſordid. You talk of Nature, this is Nature; and if you could at this moment extinguiſh religion in the minds of all the world, thus would it be kindled again. You have changed our holy days; you have an undoubted right, as our civil governors, ſo to do; it is very immaterial whether they are kept once in ſeven days, or once in ten; ſome, however, you will leave us, and when they occur, I ſhall tell thoſe who chooſe to hear me, of the beauty and utility of virtue, and of the dignity of upright conduct. We ſhall talk of good men who have lived in the world, and of the doctrines they have taught; and if any of them have been perſecuted and put to death for their virtue, we ſhall reverence their memories the more—I hope in all this there is no harm. There is a book, out of which I have ſometimes taught my people: It ſays, we are to love thoſe who do us hurt, and to pour oil and wine into the wounds of a ſtranger; it has enabled my children to bear patiently the ſpoiling of their goods, and to give up their own intereſt to the general welfare. I think it cannot be a very bad book. I wiſh more of it had been read in your town; perhaps you would not have had ſo many aſſaſſinations and maſſacres. In this book we hear of a perſon called JESUS; ſome wor-

ſhip

ſhip him as a God; others, as I am told, ſay it is wrong to do ſo;—ſome teach that he exiſted before the beginning of ages; others, that he was born of Joſeph and Mary. I cannot tell whether theſe controverſies will ever be decided; but in the mean time, I think we cannot do otherwiſe than well in imitating him; for I learn that he *loved the poor, and went about doing good.*

Fellow citizens, as I travelled hither from my own village, I ſaw peaſants ſetting amongſt the ſmoking ruins of their cottages; rich men and women reduced to deplorable poverty; fathers lamenting their children in the bloom and pride of youth; and I ſaid to myſelf—*theſe people cannot afford to part with their religion.* But indeed you cannot take it away; if, contrary to your firſt declaration, you chooſe to try the experiment of perſecuting it, you will only make us prize it the more, and love it the better. Religion, *true* or *falſe*, is ſo neceſſary to the mind of man, that you have already begun to make yourſelves a new one. You are ſowing the ſeeds of ſuperſtition at the moment you fancy you are deſtroying ſuperſtition, and in two or three generations your poſterity will be worſhipping ſome clumſy idol, with the rights perhaps of a bloody Moloch, or a laſcivious Thamuſar. It was not worth while to have been philoſophers, and deſtroyed the images of our ſaints for this, but let every one chooſe the religion that pleaſes him: I and my pariſhoners are content with ours; it teaches us to bear the evils your childiſh or ſanguinary decrees have helped to bring upon the country.

The curi turned his footſteps homeward, and the Convention looked for ſome minutes on one another, before *they reſumed their work of blood.*"

The Gleaner is aware, that the republiſhing of the foregoing, cannot fail of unveiling him to the gentleman, from whom he received the manuſcript; but he has ſuch perfect confidence in the indulgence and honour of the diſpoſition of his reſpected friend, and in that of thoſe with whom he ſtands immediately connected, as to reſt aſſured that they will not betray a ſecret, which he, the Gleaner, hath delayed to reveal to the deareſt of his aſſociates.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

A COMPARISON between DEMOSTHENES and CICERO.

DEMOSTHENES was a citizen of Athens. He was contemporary with Philip of Macedon, againſt whom, by the moſt vigorous and ſpirited eloquence, he endeavoured to rouſe the Athenians.

Cicero flouriſhed at Rome. He was the moſt eloquent orator in the ſenate, and the moſt eminent pleader at the bar, that the Roman nation ever produced. He lived in the ſame age with the notorious Cataline, whoſe traiterous deſigns he detected and fruſtrated.

Theſe two men have been eſteemed the greateſt orators the world ever produced. Their merits have been extolled to the very clouds. Their names have been enrolled in the liſt of fame with the moſt illuſtrious characters that ever exiſted. They have been denominated the

princes

princes and fathers of eloquence. Their orations have ſtood the teſt of ages, and are ſtill eſteemed as the genuine works of nature, as the moſt excellent models of eloquence, and as the moſt ſurpriſing exertions of human genius and learning.

Demoſthenes, unaſſiſted by art, was entirely original. He made nature his miſtreſs: Tutored by her hand, and guided by her principles, he gradually aroſe to the ſummit of eloquence. Many were the difficulties he had to encounter. His pronunciation was rapid, his articulation indiſtinct, and his geſtures unnatural and awkward. But, by indefatigable diligence, he conquered thoſe habits, and obtained that excellence which nature ſeemed to have denied him. Accompliſhed as he was, he could not, in a free ſtate, fail of obtaining the eſteem of his countrymen, and ariſing to the higheſt ſtations of honour. His promotion was equal to his wiſhes. He long poſſeſſed the eſteem of a grateful country.

His eloquence, peculiar to himſelf, was ſpontaneous and ſublime. Unpoliſhed by art, it was the genuine effuſions of nature: It was more forcible than perſuaſive; more rapid and penetrating, than tender and attractive. He did not lull his audience to ſleep; but kept their minds in a continual agitation. No one could hear him declaim, and not feel intereſted in the ſubject of his declamation. He inſenſibly ſtole the attention of his audience, and by that means accompliſhed whatever he deſigned. When he aroſe, it was with the dignity of age: When he ſpoke, it was with the fire of youth. He exerted every faculty. Not a nerve or muſcle were uſeleſs. His limbs and his features were expreſſive of the tone of his mind. His countenance was ſtern, his eyes darted lightning, and his voice ſhocked like the thunder of heaven. His eloquence fell upon his audience unexpected: It took them by ſurprize, and like the fearful whirlpool, it drew every underſtanding and every heart into the vortex. It was irreſiſtible.

Cicero lived in a more enlightened age than Demoſthenes. Mankind had become more poliſhed: They had exchanged the ſimplicity of nature for the refinements of art. Great improvements were made in civilized life. The arts and ſciences were carried to a higher degree of perfection.

Cicero, inſpired with the love of fame, early determined to diſtinguiſh himſelf as an orator. With the greateſt ardour imaginable he entered on the ſtudy of eloquence. His attention was cloſe and unremitted; and his improvement was rapid. After a long diſcipline in the ſchool of elocution, he made his appearance in public, and aſtoniſhed the Romans with his eloquence. In his firſt performance he was intimidated; he felt the diffidence of youth. But he ſoon acquired that confidence which was neceſſary. Conſcious of his own worth, he ſeemed to feel himſelf ſuperior to all around him.

Cicero was endowed with a comprehenſive memory, which he improved by ſtudy and reflection. He was a very great ſtudent, and his erudition was almoſt unbounded. He was well acquainted with law, politics, philoſophy, arithmetic, mythology, and with the fine arts; particularly poetry, in which he made a conſiderable proficiency.

When Cicero aroſe to ſpeak, it was with an unaſſuming and engaging modeſty. His language was ſmooth and magnificent; but did not poſſeſs the energy of Demoſthenes.

moſthenes. Honied muſic dropped unbidden from his lips. His voice was the voice of the charmer. His words rolled on like a deep and ſmoothly flowing ſtream. His lips breathed ſoftneſs, and ſublimity ſat upon his tongue. He was a model of eloquence, of which no idea can be formed but by thoſe who heard him. He was a great orator, but not ſo great as Demoſthenes. As a repreſentation differs from the original, ſo Cicero differed from Demoſthenes. In ſhort, Cicero ſeemed formed to delight, inſtruct, and perſuade; but not to command.

Cicero was highly honoured by his country. By the ſuffrages of free citizen, he was placed in the higheſt offices of government. In a free country, true merit will unavoidably lead to eminence. In theſe offices Cicero had a grand opportunity to exerciſe and improve the talents nature had given him. With the eye of the vulture, he watched over the rights of his conſtituents, and defended them againſt the encroachments of tyrannic luſt. He diſplayed the ſtandard of unconquered abilities, and blowed the trumpet of irreſiſtible eloquence; vice ſhuddered; cruelty hid her ſnaky head; and oppreſſion turned pale, and ſhrunk into that abject, cowardly thing, that God and nature ſtamped her. Under his adminiſtration, peace was promoted, and the rays of glory gilded his country.

Cicero was the mild and inſinuating man; Demoſthenes was the rough and commanding man. Cicero's oratory was like the gentle gale ſighing through the graſs on the hill; but the oratory of Demoſthenes was like the rough blaſt in the woods, that overturns the ſturdy oak, and bears down all obſtructions. Demoſthenes poſſeſſed the greateſt genius; but Cicero the moſt art. Demoſthenes hurried his audience with an irreſiſtible force; Cicero conducted them with an alluring dignity. Cicero often forgot his ſubject and introduced himſelf; Demoſthenes paſſed by himſelf, and attended to his ſubject ſolely.

I eſteem both theſe orators; but, I confeſs that I eſteem the elaborate pomp of Cicero, leſs than the energetic ſimplicity of Demoſthenes.

LINUS.

ALEXIS: Or, The *Cottage* in the *Woods*.

(Continued from the 466th page.)

PART SECOND.

ALEXIS paſſes a twelvemonth in the Cottage.—He is forced to leave it.

CHAPTER III.

Some part of the Manuſcript is wanting.

THE VOICE IN THE FOREST.

ALEXIS, happy and cheriſhed in the cottage, had forgot his misfortunes. Muſic, agriculture, and ſometimes the ſport of the chace in the foreſt took up all his time, and left him no leiſure to be diſguſted.

How ſweet and innocent were the pleaſures of our four hermits! They had every thing they wanted, deſired no more, and all nature ſeemed to reſpect their retreat, and to co-operate in their happineſs. The thunder, which ſtruck inceſſantly the loftieſt trees of the foreſt, had never deſcended on their premiſes; the robbers, who were heard all

day

day long, crying and ſhouting about its walls, had never formed the deſign, perhaps impracticable, to ſcale them. Germain left the cottage only once a year to go to St. Marcellin, to buy corn, and, doubtleſs by a viſible protection of heaven, he had never been attacked, except the laſt time, when he was relieved by Alexis. Candor had expreſsly enjoined Clara not to tell her young friend where ſhe had been, on the day ſhe met with him in the valley of Romans, becauſe he himſelf intended to give one day every detail of it to Alexis, and exact from his hand a moſt terrible revenge, which he wiſhed to take of his enemies, before he ſhould go down to the grave.

In conſequence of this intent, he ſtudied daily the character and temper of Alexis, and flattered himſelf to ſee him always ſteady and courageous; he thanked heaven, for having ſent him in his ills a being, perhaps the only one on earth, capable to execute his projects. It was with complacency he beheld the love ſubſiſting between the young couple; he protected and even ſtrengthened it, in hopes it would one day turn to his advantage. His daughter kept no ſecret from him; he calculated the progreſs of this paſſion, and waited till it had reached the higheſt pitch, to diſcloſe his ſecrets to Alexis. In the mean time he commanded Clara, not to ſuffer her lover to take the ſmalleſt liberty with her: He followed them whereſoever they went, watched them carefully, and apprehending their innocence might be in danger in the little grove, he always joined them there, brought them back to the cottage, and, not ſufficiently confident of his own vigilance, he made choice of Germain to aſſiſt him.

All theſe precautions were to no purpoſe; Alexis was too delicate, too virtuous to infringe upon the laws of hoſpitality, and Clara endowed with too much prudence and reſpect to diſobey her father, and commit a fault, which ſhe would never have been able to own. On the other hand, their paſſion was protected, and they had the promiſe to be united. They were at liberty to love, and declare their mutual paſſion before Candor. This freedom baniſhed the very idea of crime; and if love ſometimes ventured to put the blind upon their eyes, the light of truth ſoon ſhook it off, with offering to their ſight the abyſs in which they would plunge themſelves, and a ſenſe of ſhame and remorſe ever ready to aſſail them upon leaving the grove.

Thus the two children loved one another; but their love was pure, decent, grounded upon virtue, upon ſelf-eſteem, and the voluntary conſent of a father.

Sweet ſympathy of the ſoul, unſullied by the mean impulſe of ſenſuality, ſatisfied with calm ſentiment and reflection, a ſtranger to ſore remorſe, to guilty ſecreſy, to guilty diffidence, and ſanctioned by paternal authority—ah! how few are the hearts deſtined to feel thy delights!

Alexis, who by this time perceived the ſcrupulous vigilance of Candor and Germain, deemed it an affront upon his principles. The ſole idea of being ſuſpected of treachery, ſapped the happineſs he enjoyed. Often when returned from a walk where Candor had interrupted a delicious *tête-à-tête*, he would go to his room, and, regardleſs of the tokens of love and affection which the old man continually laviſhed upon him, ſhed a torrent of tears. What ſhould, would he exclaim, I be capable of?

—and

—and can they think it?—I am dogged and watched as if there was any occasion to apprehend that I could so far forget myself, as to betray the confidence I enjoy, and to seduce an innocent child! It seems they cannot read in my heart!—No, they will never know it; that feeling heart, fraught with gratitude and delicacy, is torn by the most outrageous suspicion!—Alas! will men never do me justice!—O Candor, Candor, how you grieve me!

Candor often surprized him in those accesses of a gloomy temper; he inquired for the cause of his trouble, but Alexis remained silent; the remembrance of his misfortunes was his excuse; and the old man, who knew him to be candid and sincere, believed, comforted and engaged him to a walk in the garden, and, partly by his caresses, partly by dint of argument, dissipated the melancholy of his young friend.

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Here a matter of twenty pages is wanting in the original manuscript. Some leaves half torn prove, however, that this deficiency, in other respects little interesting, was filled with the pleasures and occupations of our four hermits, in the cottage; also with an account of the increasing passion between the young couple. I thought it useless to make supplements of my own, as those passages which are wanting, lessen by no means the merit of the work. I will, therefore, simply begin where the narrative is continued in a successive and regular order.

In this manner, Candor, Clara, Alexis, and Germain, passed their life at the cottage. They always terminated the business of the day by a rural walk; they all four sat down in the little grove on the borders of the limpid rivulet, they returned, enjoyed a frugal meal, and tasted the sweets of a quiet sleep, from which nothing could rouze them, but the rising of Aurora, and the concerts of birds.

At the expiration of a twelvemonth, our young couple loved no more, but adored each other. It was a violent passion which nothing could keep within bounds, but the hope of a speedy union. They were determined to speak of it to Candor, and to crave, upon their knees, his paternal blessing, a tie as sacred in their eyes, as the august ceremony of wedlock, which they had no opportunity to obtain; but the old man, equally cunning and vindictive, had waited for that instant, to lay open his projects to Alexis. He had himself fostered in his breast the flames of love, and suffered the passion of Alexis to attain the very pitch of violence, only with a view to be convinced of his fidelity to serve him. He was, however, unacquainted with the firmness and spirit of our young hero; he intended putting them to trial, in order to be sure of his inviolable attachment, and to defer, a little longer, the story of his misfortunes, which he had promised to relate.

Alexis, for his own part, always mistrusting and susceptible, was alarmed at the delays of Candor. He had repeatedly entreated him to unite him with the object of his love, and the old man would always answer, My son, it is not enough for me, that you love my daughter, and have her welfare at heart; but it is also necessary that your friendship for her father be equal to your love to her. Clara can therefore, not be yours, unless

I have real proofs of your attachment.—Alexis, with tears in his eyes, asked which were those proofs that he required of him. Candor made no reply, squeezed his hand, and left him, with a sigh and a woeful countenance.

What a situation for our hero! It was then that his first misfortunes retraced themselves in his mind, and he sighed.

One day, going to fell some wood at the entrance of the forest, he was struck with astonishment, upon perceiving his name engraved on the bark of a lofty tree. He approaches, he discovers some other characters, and trembling, read these few lines: *Alexis, fly from Candor, fly from the perfidy of the cottage, where the most enormous crime is expected of you.*

Cruel wretch! exclaimed he, with indignation, whoever thou be, thou art an impostor!—Candor is virtuous; Candor is the most respectable of men; and this is the value I set upon thy infamous calumny! So saying, he lays hold of his ax, and with several blows effaces the odious inscription. Though he gave it not the least credit, a sensation of sadness remained in his soul; he strives to dissipate it, but without success.

What hand inimical to my rest, said he to himself; what traitor could give me such insidious advice! Unknown as I am to all the world, I am known to live in this forest.—Why should I leave it? Why destroy my peace by unjust suspicion? What do I say? I have no suspicion. Avaunt, guilty mistrust! O my father! shouldst thou design me to be criminal, thou the most wise, the most generous of men! O! why is it not in my power to extirpate with my own hand the base accuser who dared to outrage a virtuous man! But who is he? what interest can he find to give me such dangerous advice? Does he know me? Is it my father, or Dumont? who—O God! I have not well enough examined the characters! I might perhaps have discovered—could it be you, unfortunate beings, whom I cherished so much? Could your tenderness reclaim Alexis, and wish him back to your arms? Yes, I know the characters; how unreasonable was I to efface them so soon! My father! Dumont;—could it be you? But what appearance is there? Where strays my reason?—No, I reject this too flattering idea! It is a stranger, I doubt not; I must not doubt, it is even a wretch, a ruffian, who seeks to ensnare me. Ah! I will shun him, and never leave this dear abode.—I will love and respect my generous hosts, and deem a crime, the cruel calumny which I discovered upon this tree. Blush, Alexis, thou art become an accessary to guilt, in having read it.

Alexis returned to the cottage, where Candor, who saw his trouble, chid him for his melancholy: The youth stammered, and excused himself as well as he could, his soul longed for solitude, and he took a walk by himself in the remotest part of the garden, on the borders of the rivulet. Quite lost in thought, he approached the wall, which separated the premises from the forest; he thought he heard a sweet voice, uttering his name. He looks, he listens, and soon a person in the wood, on the brink of the ditch of the habitation, addresses him with these words: "Alexis, thy sufferings are at an end. Turn thy eyes upon the rivulet which streams at thy feet, and read."

Alexis, quite motionless, looks into

into the ſtream, and his aſtoniſhment increaſes upon ſeeing, tied to a branch of a buſh, a letter, which the unknown perſon had thrown on his ſide, and which paſt through the opening that was made in the wall. He ſeizes the branch, unties the letter, and eagerly read the following lines, which moved him to the higheſt degree:

"Heaven, my Alexis, is finally appeaſed: Your father acknowledges you for his ſon. Leave the cottage, and the woods of *Chamborau*: Come to meet him at *St. Etienna*, where he, with your friend Dumont, is waiting for you. To receive you, his arms are open. When to-morrow's ſun will hide itſelf in the water, come, alone, to the ſpot where the foreſt forms a ſtar marked with ſix martlets. It is there you will find a faithful guide, who is to conduct you to the moſt unfortunate and moſt tender of fathers."

What a peruſal for Alexis!—He queſtions the ſtranger, but is not anſwered; to all appearance he is gone.—His father waits for him, his father acknowledges him for his ſon!—Heaven! in what moment does he hear tidings, which, at other times, he would have conſidered as the greateſt of bleſſings!—But how is he to act now? Shall he renounce love for nature? Shall he betray gratitude for filial tenderneſs? ſhall he fly from the arms of a generous friend to thoſe of a father? What an embarraſſment! what a cruel embarraſſment!

Clara's lover remains for ſome time in the deepeſt gloom of reflection: He takes this adventure for an illuſion; he cannot believe that what he ſees, and reads, is real!—His father calls him;—how could he find out his retreat? who could have directed him here? As he knows it why does not he himſelf come to fetch him, in order to ſee and thank the good old man who received his ſon in his houſe? Why does he fear to appear before Candor? Juſtice, gratitude, all makes it his duty! But does he know of the paſſion of Alexis for Clara? does he fear the effects of that paſſion? Well, if he does, the greater reaſon he has to prevent them by his preſence. But the letter he has received is not of his father's writing: He might well have wrote himſelf. That myſterioufneſs, the ſtranger, the guide who waits for him, all looks very ſuſpicious. Should it be a contrivance of the calumniator, of whom he received once a perfidious advice, engraved on the bark of the tree? Yes, yes, it muſt be ſome ſtratagem: He has certain ſecret enemies who conſpired his ruin, who will tear him from this abode of peace, to devote him to deſtruction! All mankind is againſt him, and were he at the extremity of the pole, ſtill there would be traitors, bent to perſecute him!——But, after all, if it were true!—If his father and Dumont were waiting for him in the village of St. Etienne!—Who knows!—They indeed left him at Valence; but they may have diſcovered which way he went; people may have been ſet to follow him even as far as the cottage.—All this is poſſible.—What ſhall he do? What reſolution ought he to take?—Here nature chides him: Can you fly the careſſes of thy father?—Here love and gratitude are combined to detain him. Which of either ſhall he obey? Which of either is the moſt imperative voice, that appeals to his heart? Which of either will prove victorious?—O Alexis, Alexis, what wilt thou do! unfortunate youth, what wilt thou do!

(To be continued.)

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The ESSAYIST. No. XI.

The way of tranſgreſſors is hard.——SOLOMON.

THE proverbs or aphoriſms of Solomon are the reſult of much learning, the greateſt natural abilities, the pureſt philanthropy, and an extenſive knowledge of mankind. They contain rules of life and manners admirably adapted to every deſcription of men, interſperſed with friendly admonitions and ſage reflections. They exhibit the collected wiſdom of all ages prior to the time of the royal compiler, ſuperadded to his own, which is ſaid to have been ſuperior to that of any other man, and have been ſanctioned by the united approbation of all ſucceeding generations. From uniform obſervation and from perſonal experience, for ſuch is the weakneſs of humanity in its moſt perfect ſtate, that even Solomon did not exhibit a faultleſs pattern of virtue, the wiſe king of Iſrael aſſerts with laconic ſimplicity, that "*the way of tranſgreſſors is hard.*" My preſent deſign is by a few obſervations and reflections to attempt an illuſtration of this conciſe, energetic, and demonſtrable poſition.

In the firſt place, "the way of tranſgreſſors is hard" conſidered with reſpect to its origin; or, in other words, it is difficult to enter upon the career of vice. "Whoſoever committeth ſin tranſgreſſeth the law, for ſin is a tranſgreſſion of the law," ſays the apoſtle John. The law here intended may be either the poſitive revealed commands of the Creator, or reaſon, which was given to man for a rule of conduct, or both united. Now, if it be granted, that the deſign of the Deity in creation was to confer happineſs on his creatures, it muſt likewiſe be granted, that all the laws impoſed by the former upon the latter will be relative to this great end. This appears ſtill further evident from that unconquerable deſire of happineſs, which is implanted in every rational being, as well as from that inſeparable connexion between duty and intereſt diſcoverable in the economy of man, which will hereafter be more particularly conſidered. Now, as happineſs is the ultimate object of every human wiſh, and as all the laws of the Deity have a remote or immediate reference to this great object, it muſt be with the greateſt reluctance and difficulty, that a man can reſiſt this fundamental principle of his nature, this innate thirſt for felicity, and counteract his own beſt intereſt, by deſerting the loyal ſtandard of rectitude, and enliſting himſelf under the rebellious banners of vice. Notwithſtanding the ſtrength of temptation ſo often urged in palliation of faults, no man ever commenced a courſe of criminal indulgence without being firſt obliged to encounter the ſevereſt oppoſition from within himſelf. The conſideration, that for a trifling and momentary gratification he is about to injure his own moſt eſſential intereſts, and to poiſon that great ſource of happineſs, his peace of mind and an approving conſcience, muſt throw almoſt inſurmountable obſtacles in his way to vice. I might almoſt venture to aſſert, that it is unjuſt to cenſure a man for having yielded to temptation *in the firſt inſtance*, if he did not, every thing conſidered, find it more difficult to yield than to reſiſt. It is true, that after we have once broken over the barriers of virtue, we can turn aſide into the crooked paths of immorality with much

much greater facility than we could before; for such is the influence of habit upon our minds, that it can render tolerable, and even agreeable, what we once avoided with disgust and horror. But still, so powerful is the moral sense in the human breast, so deformed and hideous is vice on its first appearance, and so directly opposed to every thing which can conduce to happiness, that the way of transgressors, with respect to the first entrance upon it, may with the greatest safety and propriety be pronounced *hard*.

In the next place, the way of trasgressors may be termed hard on account of its concomitant inconveniences and pains. Perhaps the wisdom and goodness of the Deity are not more clearly displayed in any of his works or dispensations, than in that intimate and inseparable connexion between moral and physical good and evil, which is so strikingly apparent in the admirable system of humanity. Almost every deviation from the path of virtue seems to be necessarily attended by its proper punishment. This will more evidently appear from a short survey of some of the vices most prevalent in the world, and the natural calamities, which ever accompany them.

The first example, which will be offered, is *lying*. The man, who has contracted the vile and irrational habit of detailing falsehood, finds a very severe punishment annexed to the infamous practice. He loses that relish for the sweets of truth, which affords to others a constant source of the purest satisfaction. He is deprived of all those numerous advantages and opportunities for promoting his interest and happiness arising from the approbation and esteem of his fellowmen, which the man of veracity enjoys. Besides, the man, who publishes a falsehood, has undertaken a most arduous task. He must invent a second in support of the first, and a third in support of the second, and so on in an infinite series. Further, when he has once acquired the reputation of a liar, should he by accident or design stumble upon the truth, he will not have the good fortune to be believed. He must inevitably forfeit the confidence of his fellow men; his name will be branded with infamy and scorn; he will be banished from the company of all the wise and good; he will expose the feelings of those, who are connected with him, to the severest mortification; and may thank the unmerited bounties of an indulgent Providence, if he does not wander a wretched outcast from society, or even perish in the streets, as a just punishment for his inexcusable folly. Is not the way of the liar hard?

We shall instance next in *stealing*. He, who appropriates to his own use the property of another without his consent, may fancy indeed, that he has made an easy and a profitable bargain; but the price appears much too high to the eye of reason for a man in his sober senses to make the purchase. The arts and fatigues, which are necessary to enable the thief to effect his purpose; the consciousness of the odious nature of the offence; the fears and anxieties, which attend and follow the commission of the crime; the disgrace and infamy resulting from the almost inevitable detection of the theft; and the shame and pains of the prison, the trial, the stocks, the piliory, the post, castle island, and the gallows; all which he will suffer a thousand times in anticipation, and a part of them once in reality; these, I say, must be considered, as a punishment almost too severe,

ſevere, even for the deteſtable vice of ſtealing. Are not the ways of thievery hard?

The *drunkard* may next employ our attention. There is no vice perhaps, which ſo effectually tranſforms the man into the beaſt, as drunkenneſs. For the ſordid and momentary pleaſure of tickling his depraved palate, the tippling ſot pours down the liquid fire, till every mental and corporeal faculty ſhrinks from its office, and he falls proſtrate to the earth, expoſed to every ſpecies of inſult and injury, the ſhame of human nature, and the contempt and pity of all around him. Theſe are the natural and immediate effects of a ſingle inſtance of ebriety. The conſequences of a *habit* of intemperate drinking are more permanent and more fatal. And we may obſerve by the way, that the ſable ſkin of the Ethiopian may almoſt as eaſily be changed to white, as a habit of this kind can be eradicated. By habitual intoxication, a man is wholly diſqualified for diſcharging the duties of ſocial life. Inſtead of preſerving and accumulating, he is perpetually ſquandering his property, and expoſing himſelf, and perhaps a lovely partner and helpleſs offſpring, to all the horrors of want. He is conſtantly liable to fall into numerous other vices as well as perſonal dangers, and is deprived of all the innocent enjoyments of life. He is daily impairing his health and ſtrength, and accelerating the growth of the ſeeds of mortality implanted in him by nature, till a premature death ſnatches the goblet from his palſied hand to the great *joy* and inconſolable *grief* of all who knew him, and to his own inexpreſſible confuſion. Surely the way of the drunkard is intolerably hard.

Intemperance in *eating* deſerves a little notice. It is readily granted, that exceſs in this particular, is not immediately attended by conſequences ſo diſagreeable, ſhocking and fatal, as inebriation. Many circumſtances and effects are however common to both theſe ſpecies of vice. Take an attentive ſurvey of the inſatiable gormandizer, the pampered, gorged, gouty, glutton. Hear thoſe groans; mark thoſe diſtortions, that livid cheek, thoſe uſeleſs feet, that helpleſs, cumbrous, enormous maſs of fleſh. Let reaſon decide, and ſhe will certainly pronounce the ways of gluttony hard.

The *votary* of *Venus* muſt not be paſſed over in ſilent neglect. It may be urged, that the warm temperament of youth renders it next to impoſſible to adhere ſtrictly to the cold precepts of rigid chaſtity, and therefore, that a few almoſt unavoidable deviations from them ought not to be ranked with thoſe odious vices, which have now been the ſubject of animadverſion. It is granted, that the ſtrong propenſities of nature may *in ſome degree* extenuate the criminality of indulgence. But, it is believed, the experience of thouſands can teſtify, that by reſolute abſtinence from illicit pleaſures, the paſſions may ſoon be brought under the eaſy dominion of reaſon, while gratification is perpetually adding fuel to the fire, till health, eſtate, reputation, peace of mind, and every innocent and rational enjoyment, are conſumed in the flame. When I mention health, I have reference to the natural tendency of unlawful indulgence to impair the conſtitution. But when we take into conſideration that moſt odious and ſhocking of all diſeaſes, which a righteous Providence has *entailed* upon this ſpecies of vice; a diſeaſe, which, if not checked in the firſt

ſtages

ſtages of its operation, preſents death in its moſt dreadful form to its ſubject, and if *eradicated*, which is ſeldom the caſe, is often followed by the moſt diſagreeable conſequences; when, I ſay, we take this and all its concomitant evils into conſideration, we muſt exclaim with Solomon, that "the harlot's houſe is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

Shall we proceed and enlarge the diſmal catalogue, till it comprehend all the numerous vices, to which poor humanity is obnoxious? Or ſhall we not rather avert our eyes from a ſcene ſo ſhocking, convinced from the ſpecimens, which have now paſſed under review, that on account of the phyſical evils neceſſarily attendant on vice, the way of tranſgreſſors is intolerably hard?

Further, the way of tranſgreſſors may be termed hard on account of thoſe painful *reflections*, which neceſſarily reſult from a conſciouſneſs of having broken the divine laws and the rules of right reaſon; of having wantonly abuſed our talents and the gifts of an indulgent Providence; of having eſſentially injured our connexions and ſociety in general; and of fooliſhly neglecting our beſt intereſt by turning aſide from the delightful path of virtue, which is accompanied by preſent, and leads directly to future and eternal felicity, into thoſe crooked ways of vice, which are replete with thorns, with preſent difficulties and dangers, and terminate in endleſs and remedileſs ruin.

Finally, the way of impenitent tranſgreſſors will be inexpreſſibly hard at that dreadful hour, when "every work will be brought into judgment with every ſecret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil;" when a much greater diſcrimination will be made between the virtuous and the vicious, than that very ſtriking one, which we now behold; when "the righteous ſhall go away into life eternal," and the incorrigibly wicked ſhall be ſubjected to the pains of the fretting tooth of the worm of conſcience, that never dies, and of that fire of unutterable remorſe, which never can be quenched.

Thus it appears, that the way of tranſgreſſors is hard, conſidered with reſpect to the difficulty of firſt entering upon it; its concomitant phyſical evils; its dreadful immediate, and its more dreadful, remote and eternal conſequences. Let us now make a few reflections.

What reaſon have we to thank and adore the goodneſs of that Being, who has fenced in the road to happineſs with ſuch almoſt inſuperable barriers; who has ſo ſtrongly connected our duty and intereſt, that we cannot neglect the former without directly counteracting the latter; who has given us reaſon for our pilot, and happineſs for our pole ſtar; and who, if we ſtrictly adhere to the dictates of theſe our guides, has promiſed us a proſperous voyage acroſs the ocean of life, and a ſafe arrival at our deſtined haven of immortal felicity! On the other hand, what language can expreſs the folly and madneſs of thoſe, who ſtrive againſt the wind and current of their nature, their duty, and their intereſt, to drive their fragile barks upon the fatal quickſands of immorality! We readily denominate that man a fool, who ruſhes voluntarily into fire or water to the injury of his perſon or the loſs of his life. But the ideot is indiſputably a ſage compared with the reaſoning votary of vice.

Let us make it our conſtant aim to follow virtue, if not "for virtue's ſake," at leaſt on account of our own

own eaſe, convenience, and ſecurity. Let us not engage in the arduous and vexatious buſineſs of vice. Life is ſhort and uncertain. Let us ſnatch the preſent moment and be happy while we may. Convinced that "*the way of tranſgreſſors is hard*," let us ſteadily purſue the plain, the flowery, the delightful path of virtue, which alone can conduct us to happineſs in this world, and to everlaſting felicity in that which is future. May we all know by happy experience, that "*the ways of wiſdom are ways of pleaſantneſs, and that all her paths are paths of peace.*"

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The REPOSITORY. No. XXIV.

May 31ſt, 1777, Saturday Evening.

A WHITE day this. I have hailed Cleora the joyful mother of a ſecond pledge of her connubial love; it is a ſweet ſmiling girl, her infant countenance prognoſticates future lovelineſs, and the lines of her pretty face already unfold a number of latent beauties. How enchanting is innocence, how ſweetly intereſting, how endearingly prepoſſeſſing! The ſcene at Cleora's hath been replete with joy; it was about four o'clock in the afternoon that the God of our ſalvation gave us this cauſe for rejoicing; with what tranſport did I fly to gratulate the tender fair one, and to hail the new born ſtranger; alternately we preſſed the lovely infant to our boſoms, while the gentle matron appeared abſorbed in extatic contemplation, and her every wiſh, in that delicious moment, ſeemed amply gratified. The partner of her life was in a delirium of joy; nor knew he to which to addreſs himſelf, the tender female who had thus bleſt him, or the little inſenſible pledge of their mutual loves. For Cleora, a virtuous bluſh ſuffuſed her pale countenance as the father of her children approached; her eyes proclaimed him the man of her heart, and every feature was expreſſive of the unutterable tenderneſs with which her fond ſoul is replete. Happy, thrice happy Cleora—ſilken are the bands by which thou art holden. Their firſt hope, their eldeſt bloſſom, was introduced; here was a new ſource of pleaſing ſenſations. The child appeared loſt in pretty innocent wonder; I congratulated him upon the birth of his ſiſter; ſpoke to him of her mamma, &c. In a haſty manner he demanded, "who is her mamma?" I pointed to the bed, but as the female there confined was confeſſedly his mamma, he could not comprehend how ſhe could be the baby's alſo; ſuddenly he quitted the room, but ſoon returned, bearing a number of toys, which with great earneſtneſs he endeavoured to make the new born notice, ſaying he would certainly give them all to her. What pleaſures were apparent in the revered countenances of my father, and my mother; but it were in vain to attempt a deſcription of the various ſenſations which were diſplayed in the features of parents, grandparents, and each felicitating relation and friend. Many are the felicities of ſuch a hymen. Thou art happy, Cleora—may thy lot be ſtill diſtinguiſhed by every bleſſing.—

What

What a melancholy contraſt doth the childleſs wife exhibit! Is ſhe ſeparated from the lord of her wiſhes, for the abſence of her kindred ſoul her tears muſt ceaſeleſs flow. A ſolitary, a childleſs wife, how dreary the idea; no ſweet infant to ſoothe her cares, to claſp to her boſom, to receive and to beſtow the kiſs of love. Did ſome pretty prattler fill her arms, with what delight would ſhe dwell upon every feature, and how might ſhe trace the likeneſs of the man ſhe loved, till all the father ſtood confeſſed!

CONSTANTIA.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

BATHMENDI: *A PERSIAN TALE.*

[Tranſlated from the French of Monſieur de FLORIAN.]

T. A.

UNDER the reign of a certain Perſian king, a merchant of Balſora was ruined by his unfortunate enterprizes. He collected the gleanings of his ſhattered fortune, and retired to the extremity of the province of Kouſiſtan.

He there purchaſed a ſmall country ſeat, and a farm, which he cultivated but indifferently, as he was ever regretting the time, when he was not obliged to labour. Diſappointment and vexation curtailed the days of this merchant.

Being ſenſible of his approaching diſſolution, he called his four ſons together, and addreſſed them in the following manner. "My children, all the property I have to leave you conſiſts in this little cot, and in the knowledge of a ſecret, which it was my duty not to reveal to you, till the preſent moment. In the time of my opulence, the *genius Alzim* was my friend. He promiſed to take you into his care after my deceaſe, and to divide a *treaſure* among you. This *genius* dwells at the diſtance of many miles hence in the great foreſt of *Kom*. Go to him and demand this treaſure; but, *be very cautious of believing*" —— —— here death put a period to his life.

The four ſons of this merchant, after having bewailed the loſs of their father, and decently interred him, gained the foreſt of *Kom*. They readily found the manſion houſe of the *genius Alzim*. Alzim was known to all the country. He received kindly all who came to ſee him. He heard their complaints, adminiſtered conſolation, and lent them money when they ſtood in need of it. Theſe favours, however, were on this condition, that thoſe who participated them, ſhould blindly follow the counſel he gave. This was his *mania*. None were ſuffered to enter his palace, till they had given oath to follow his counſel.

This oath was no obſtacle with the three eldeſt ſons of the merchant. The fourth, whoſe name was Taï, conſidered this ceremony as very ridiculous. To obtain the treaſure, it was abſolutely requiſite to go through the formality. Accordingly, he ſwore, as did his three brothers. Reflecting on the hazardous conſequences of this fooliſh oath, and recollecting that his father, who frequently viſited this palace, had ſpent his life in unwiſe undertakings, he was anxious to ſcreen himſelf from all danger without the imputation of perjury. To this end, while on his way to the

genius,

genius, he ſtopped his ears with odoriferous wax. Fortified by this precaution, he proſtrated himſelf before the throne of Alzim.

The genius directed the four ſons of his ancient friend to riſe. He embraced them, converſed with them reſpecting their father, dropped a tear to his memory, and ordered a capacious coffer, replete with *darics*, to be preſented. Here, ſaid he, is the treaſure, which I have ſecured to you. I will divide it among you, and then I will point out to each of you the route you are to take in order to obtain perfect felicity.

Taï heard not a word, which the genius ſpake; but he obſerved him with attention, and ſaw in his eyes and on his face an air of *fineſſe*, and of malignity, which led him to think not a little; yet he received with gratitude the part of the treaſure apportioned to him.

Alzim, after having loaded them with riches, aſſuming a very affectionate tone, addreſſed them in this manner. "My dear children, your fortunate, or unfortunate deſtiny depends on your meeting ſooner or later a certain being known by the name of *Bathmendi*, of whom every body has ſomething to ſay—but, whom very few know. The unhappy part of mankind grope in darkneſs for this being. But I, who love you, I will in a whiſper reveal to each the place where you ſhall find him.

Immediately Alzim took Bekir, the eldeſt of the four brethren. My ſon, ſaid he, you are endued with great talents for war. The king of *Perſia* is about to ſend an army againſt the *Turks*. Join this army. It is in the Perſian camp you will be able to find *Bathmendi*. *Bekir* thanks the *genius*, and already burns to depart.

Alzim beckoned to the ſecond ſon to approach. His name was *Meſrou*. You have ſenſe, ſaid he to him, addreſs, and a great diſpoſition for lying. Go to *Iſpahan*. It is at court you are to ſeek *Bathmendi*.

He then called the third brother, whoſe name was *Sadder*. You, ſaid he, are endued with a lively and fertile imagination. You ſee objects, not as they are, but as you wiſh them to be. You have often *genius*, but not always *common ſenſe*. You ſhall be a poet. Take your way to *Agra*. It is among the wits and belles of this city you may find *Bathmendi*.

Taï advanced in his turn; and, thanks to the balls of wax, heard not a ſyllable. It has ſince been found that Alzim counſelled him to become a *dervis*.

The four brethren, after having thanked the beneficent genius, returned to their habitation. The three eldeſt prepared to go in ſearch of *Bathmendi*. Taï unſtopped his ears, and heard them propoſe ſelling their little cot the firſt opportunity, in order to ſhare the money. Taï requeſted permiſſion to purchaſe it. He made an eſtimate of the houſe and farm, paid each of the brothers his reſpective portion, wiſhed them the higheſt degree of proſperity, embraced them tenderly, and took up his ſolitary abode in the humble paternal cot.

Then it was he undertook to put in execution a project, on which he had long been meditating. He was ſmitten with young *Amina*, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer. Amina was beautiful and chaſte; ſhe had the management of her father's houſehold affairs. She ſolaced his old age, and requeſted of God but *two things*. The *firſt* was, that her father might live long; and the *ſecond*, that ſhe might become the

wife

wife of *Taï*. Theſe wiſhes were granted. Taï ſued for, and obtained her. The father of *Amina* came and dwelt with his ſon in law, and taught him the art of making the earth yield bountifully to her cultivators. Taï had ſtill ſome part of his portion, which he laid out in enlarging his farm, and in purchaſing a flock of ſheep. The farm doubled its worth, the fleeces were ſold; abundance reigned in the houſe of Taï; and as he was induſtrious, and his wife economical, every year augmented their revenue. Amina had a child every ten months. Children, which are the ruin of the rich idlers of cities, are the riches of induſtrious farmers.

At the end of ſix years, Taï, the father of ſeven children, the prettieſt in the world, the huſband of a good and virtuous wife, the ſon in law of an old man ſtill lively and amiable, the maſter of many ſlaves, and poſſeſſor of two flocks, was the happieſt and the richeſt farmer of *Kouſiſtan*.

In the mean time his three brothers were in purſuit of *Bathmendi*. *Bekir* had arrived at the *Perſian* camp. He preſented himſelf to the *grand viſier*, and requeſted to ſerve in the company which was the moſt expoſed. His figure, and his good will, pleaſed the *grand viſier*, who, therefore, admitted him into a troop of cavalry.

After a few days a bloody battle was given. *Bekir* there effected prodigies. He ſaved the life of his *general*, and with his own hand took away that of the *general* of the enemy. The praiſes of *Bekir* were echoed from every quarter. The ſoldiers all called him the hero of Perſia. The *viſier*, in gratitude to his deliverer, raiſed him to the rank of *general*. *Alzim* was right, ſays *Bekir* to himſelf; here fortune has waited for me. All conſpire in announcing that I am on the point of meeting *Bathmendi*.

The glory of *Bekir*, but eſpecially his elevation, excited envy and murmurings among all the ſatraps. Some came to aſk him reſpecting his father, complaining that they had ſuffered by his bankruptcy. Others pretended to have had his mother for a ſlave. In fine, all refuſed to ſerve under him, becauſe they were his ſuperiors. Bekir, unhappy even through his ſucceſs, lived alone, always upon his guard, always in danger of abuſe, which he well knew how to revenge, but not to prevent. He regretted the time in which he was only a ſoldier, and waited with impatience the end of the war, when the Turks, reinforced by new troops, and directed by a new general, came to attack the diviſion which Bekir commanded.

At length opportunity preſented, as the *ſatraps* of the army had for a long time expected. They employed a hundred times more force to ſubdue their chief, and to prevent being overcome, than they had during their life before.

Bekir defended himſelf like a lion; but was neither obeyed nor ſeconded. The Perſian ſoldiers attempted in vain to reſiſt. Their officers reſtrained them, and never directed them except in flight. The brave *Bekir*, abandoned, covered with wounds, overwhelmed by the number, was taken by the *Janiſſaries*. The *Turkiſh* general had the baſeneſs to load him with irons as ſoon as he was able to carry them, and ſent him to *Conſtantinople*, where he was thrown into a hideous dungeon. Alas! cried he in priſon, I begin to believe that Alzim has deceived me; for I can never hope to find *Bathmendi* here!

The war continued fifteen years, and

and the ſatraps ever prevented the exchanging of *Bekir*. His priſon was not opened till peace.

He went, as ſoon as liberated, with all ſpeed to *Iſpahan*, to ſearch out the *viſier* his protector, whoſe life he had ſaved. For three weeks he could not ſpeak to him. At the end of this term he obtained audience. Fifteen years impriſonment changes, not a little, the figure of a beautiful young man. It was *Bekir's* unhappineſs to be no more known: Therefore, the viſier knew nothing of him.

At length, calling to mind the different epochs of his glorious life, he recollected that *Bekir* had formerly rendered him a little ſervice. —Yes, yes, my friend, ſaid he, I recogniſe you. You are a brave man; but the ſtate is greatly in debt. A long war, and expenſive feaſts, have exhauſted our finances. However, come again, —— and I will endeavour —— I will ſee —— Ah! my lord, I have no bread; and for fifteen days I have been waiting for an opportunity to ſpeak to your highneſs. I ſhould have died with miſery, but for one of the ſoldiers on duty, my old comrade, who ſhared his pay with me! It is very well from that ſoldier, anſwered the viſier. How then!—that is affecting— I will inform the king of him.—— Come to ſee me again, you know that I love you.——As he ſpake theſe words, he turned his back upon him.

Bekir returned the next day, and found the gate ſhut. In deſpair he went from the palace and the city, reſolved never to enter it again.—

He fell down at the foot of a tree, on the bank of the river *Zenderou*. There he reflected on the ingratitude of the viſier, on all the misfortunes which he had experienced, and on thoſe which ſtill threatened him; and, being no longer able to ſupport theſe diſmal ideas, he aroſe in order to plunge himſelf into the river.——At this inſtant, he found himſelf embraced by a beggar, who bedewed his face with tears, and with a ſob, cried, "It is my brother, it is my brother *Bekir!*" Bekir looked upon him, and recogniſed his brother *Meſrou*.

Every man, without doubt, experiences ſome pleaſure in finding a long loſt brother. But an unfortunate man, who, without refuge, without friend, is about to put a period to his days through deſpair, believes he ſees an angel from heaven, when he finds a beloved brother. This is the ſentiment, which *Bekir* and *Meſrou* then felt. They mutually embraced each other and mingled tears. The firſt moments were devoted to tender ſenſibility. They then beheld one another with eyes which equally beſpoke their wonderment and affliction. Art thou unhappy too? exclaimed Bekir——This, replied *Meſrou*, is the firſt inſtance of felicity, which I have enjoyed ſince we parted. At theſe words, the two unfortunate brothers again embraced. *Meſrou*, then ſeated nigh his brother, began his hiſtory.

You remember that fatal day, on which we went to *Alzim*. This perfidious *genius* told me I ſhould find at court this *Bathmendi*, of which we were ſo deſirous. I followed his dire counſel, and preſently arrived at *Iſpahan*. I became acquainted with a young ſlave, which belonged to the miſtreſs of the firſt ſecretary of the *grand viſier*. This ſlave loved me, and introduced me to her miſtreſs, who finding me younger and handſomer than her galant, gave me lodgings in her houſe by making me paſs for her young brother. Preſ-

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ently the *young brother* was preſented to the viſier. Some days after he obtained an employment in the palace.

I had nothing to do, but to receive the favours of fortune, and above all to recollect the road by which I had gained them. I left not this road; and as the ſultana dowager was aged, ill favoured, and powerful, I failed not to make court to her with aſſiduity. She diſtinguiſhed me, and took me into a friendſhip as intimate as that between me and the ſlave and miſtreſs had been.

From this moment riches and honours began to rain down upon me. The ſultana cauſed all the money of the treaſury to paſs into my hands by the ſofa, and all the dignities of ſtate were heaped upon me. The monarch himſelf gave marks of affection for me. He was fond of talking with me, becauſe I flattered him with addreſs, and always counſelled him to what he was anxious to perform. This was the method of ſecuring what I wiſhed. It never failed. At the end of three years, I ſaw myſelf at once the firſt miniſter, the favourite of the king, the lover of his mother, with the power of nominating and removing the grand viſier. Deciding every thing by my influence, and receiving every morning the grandees of the empire, who attended my levee, in order to obtain of me a ſmile of protection.

In the midſt of my glory and fortune, I was ſurpriſed not to find *Bathmendi*, whom I was in purſuit of. Nothing, ſaid I, is wanting to me; why is *Bathmendi* wanting to me? This idea, and the horrid torture in which I paſſed my life, poiſoned all my pleaſures. The older the ſultana grew, the more exigent ſhe became, and the more painful my gratitude. The tenderneſs which ſhe had for me, became my puniſhment. Beſides, there were paſſion, fits, imputations of ingratitude, then tears, and then careſſes a hundred times worſe. On the other hand, my ſituation brought me a hundred troubleſome courtiers, and a hundred thouſand powerful enemies. At any favour I granted, ſcarcely a ſingle mouth thanked, while a thouſand curſed me. The generals I appointed, were beaten, and then complaints were made. The good which the king did, redounded to his honour, while all the evil was attributed to me. The people deteſted me—all the court abhorred me. A thouſand libels defamed me. My maſter frequently grumbled at me. The ſultana dowager was ever abuſing me, and Bathmendi ſeemed to be ſeparated from me forever.

The paſſion of the king for a young *Mingrelian* at length completed my misfortune. The whole court turned on that ſide, with the hope that the miſtreſs would baniſh the miniſter. I guarded againſt this, however, by getting into the good graces of the *Mingrelian*, and flattering the love of the king. But the attachment became ſo violent, that the monarch, determined to marry his miſtreſs, aſked my advice. I put him off by evaſive anſwers for ſeveral days. The ſultana dowager, who was afraid of loſing her credit by ſeeing her ſon married, declared to me, that unleſs I broke this match ſhe would cauſe me to be aſſaſſinated on the day of the ceremony. An hour after, the Mingrelian came and ſwore to me, that if I did not cauſe the king to marry her by the next day, I ſhould be ſtrangled the day after. My ſituation was truly embarraſſing. I muſt chooſe either the dagger, the rope, or flight. I

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chose the last. I put myself in disguise, and fled from the palace with a few diamonds in my pocket, which will subserve for our subsistence in a corner of *Indostan*, far from sultana dowagers, *Mingrelians*, and the court.

After this recital, *Bekir* recounted his adventures to *Mesrou*. They both were decidedly of opinion that it would have been as well for them not to have traversed the world, and that the wisest thing they could now do, would be to return to Kousistan, and settle with their brother Taï, where the diamonds of *Mesrou* would procure an easy living. After this resolution they set off, and travelled many days without any singular adventure.

As they passed through the province of *Farsistan*, they came to a little village towards night, where they purposed to tarry till the next day. It happened to be holiday. In entering the village they saw good many children returning from a walk, conducted by a poorly clad master, who walked with his head cast down, and had a pensive melancholy air. The two brethren approached this master, they looked at him, they thought——— But what was their surprise !—It was *Sadder* !—It was their brother *Sadder*, whom they embraced !———

Alas, my friend, said *Bekir* to him, is it thus that *genius* is recompensed ! You see, replied *Sadder*, that it fares but a little better, than *bravery*. But philosophy here finds a noble subject of reflection, and that is a great consolation. As he said this he made all his children repair to their respective fathers, conducted *Bekir* and *Mesrou* into his little cottage, prepared a little rice for their supper, and, after having heard them relate their histories, gave them his own, as follows.

The *genius Alzim*, who, as I conceive, delights in the misery of others, counselled me to search this *introuvable Bathmendi* in the great city of *Agra* among the wits and belles. I arrived at *Agra ;* and before I was known to the world I had a mind to announce myself by a work of eclat. At the end of a month my performance appeared. It was a complete course of all human sciences in a little volume of 60 pages divided into chapters.— Every chapter was a story, and every story comprehended a science.

The success of my book was astonishing. Certain reviewers criticised on it, and said that it was too diffuse in some places ; but the genteel part of the world purchased it, and I rose superior to their criticisms. My book and myself were altogether in fashion. I was courted, and invited into all societies, which piqued themselves on their abilities. Every thing I did was charming. The conversation of people was altogether respecting me, and my company was highly gratifying to all. The reigning sultana wrote me an unorthographical billet with her own hand, requesting me to come to court.

Go on, said I to myself, Alzim has not deceived me. My glory is at its zenith. I will go to court, there I shall maintain myself by means, more certain, than those of intrigue. I shall please, I shall seduce, I shall find *Bathmendi*.

I was perfectly welcome in the palace of the great *Mogul*. The reigning sultana declared herself in the strongest terms my protectress. She presented me to the emperor, bespoke verses, gave me a pension, admitted me at her petits soupés, and swore to me a hundred times a day an indissoluble friendship. On my

my part, I gave myself up to gratitude with all the vivacity of my heart. I promised to spend my days in singing and celebrating my benefactress. I wrote in honor of her a poem, in which, the splendor of the sun, in comparison of her eyes, was but a false brilliance; the ivory, coral, and pearls of the Persian gulf, lost all their beauty and magnificence when set in competition with her visage, mouth and teeth. These fine spun delicate commendations, secured me her permanent support.

I believed myself on the verge of meeting Bathmendi, when my protectress had a falling out with the vizier respecting the government of a province which he had refused the son of the favourite's confectioner. The sultana, outrageous with audacity, insisted to the emperor on the banishment of the innocent minister; but the emperor, having a great regard for his vizier, denied her request. An intrigue was then set on foot for the destruction of the vizier. I was concerned in the affair, and received orders to compose a bloody satire against the minister, and to circulate it throughout the country. The satire was soon completed; that was easy enough. It was good, and that was easy enough too. It was read with avidity, and that was a necessary consequence.

The vizier well knew that I was the author of it. He goes to the favourite, carries her the commission, which he at first had refused to: He ordered a hundred thousand darics, from the royal treasury, and requested no other recompense, than permission to put me to death in a dungeon. That is a trifle, replied the favourite, and I am very happy to have it in my power to do something, which shall be agreeable to you. I will go, if you please, and send directly for this insolent man, who has dared to insult you in spite of my express order, and I will deliver him into your hands. Fortunately, a slave belonging to the favourite was present, and came immediately after to give me information. I had scarcely time to save myself.

Since this memorable epoch I have traversed all *Indostan*, and have procured with difficulty my subsistance by writing romances, making verses, and labouring for booksellers, who cheated me, and who, more difficult for my talent than for their consciences, said my style was not sufficiently pure. While I had a profusion of money my publications were master-pieces; but as soon as I was reduced to indigence my writings were worse than indifferent. At length, disgusted at teaching the universe, I chose to teach the peasant's children to read, and have been made a preceptor in this village, where I live upon brown bread, and never expect to find Bathmendi.

You have it now in your power to quit this situation, said *Mesrou*, and return with us to *Kousistan*, where some diamonds, which I have with me, will insure us a sweet and tranquil living. There was no difficulty in gaining *Sadder's* assent to this proposal. On the following day the three brothers departed from the village and took their way to Kousistan.

They were on their last day's journey and were near the little house of their brother Taï. This idea afforded considerable consolation; but their hope was mingled with fear. Shall we find our brother? We left him very poor. He cannot have found Bathmendi, since it has not been in his power to go in quest of him.

My dear friend, said Sadder to them, I have reflected much on this

Bathmendi,

Bathmendi, of whom Alzim ſpake to us; and frankly, I believe that the genius has impoſed upon us, Bathmendi does not exiſt, and never has exiſted; for, ſince brother Bekir has not been able to find him, even when he commanded half the Perſian army; ſince Meſrou has heard nothing of him, although he was once the favourite of the great king, and ſince I myſelf have been unable even to gueſs what this was when I was loaded with riches and glory, it is evident that *Bathmendi* is an imaginary being, an illuſion, a chimera, after which all men are running, becauſe they are enamoured of chimeras, and becauſe men love to wander about.

He was going on to prove that Bathmendi had no habitation in the world, when a troop of thieves ſallied forth from ſome adjacent rocks, encircled the three travellers, and ordered them to ſtrip themſelves. Bekir attempted to reſiſt; but he was ſoon diſarmed, and four of theſe aſſailants holding a dagger at his breaſt, took every thing from him, while their comrades ſerved Meſrou and Sadder in the ſame manner.

After this ceremony, which was an affair of a moment, the chief of the robbers wiſhed them a good journey, and left them all three naked in the midſt of the high way.

This corroborates my propoſition, ſaid Sadder, looking on his brethren. Ah! the cowardly fellows, exclaimed Bekir, have taken away my ſword. Ah! my poor diamonds! anſwered Meſrou, weeping.

It was night. The three unfortunate brothers preſſed on to reach their brother's houſe. They arrived there; the view of this houſe made their tears to flow. They ſtopped at the gate; they dared not to knock. All their fears and uncertainties began again. While they were conſidering what to do, Bekir rolled up a large ſtone and got upon it; and finding a ſlit in the window ſhutter, he looked into the chamber, and perceived it to be properly, but in a ſimple manner furniſhed. His brother Taï was at table in the midſt of ſeventeen children, who ate, laughed, and prattled all at once. Amina was ſeated at the right hand of Taï, and cut off little pieces for her youngeſt ſon; and at his left was a little old man of a pleaſant and cheerful countenance, who poured out liquor for Taï. Bekir, at this ſight, throws himſelf haſtily into his brothers' arms, and knocks at the door with all his might. A ſervant came to open it. He cried out for fear at ſeeing three men naked. Taï runs to the door. One embraces him; one ſays, my brother, the other bedews him with tears. He is confounded at firſt; but preſently recogniſes Bekir, Meſrou, and Sadder. His brotherly love ſwallows up his ſenſibility. All the children run to this ſingular ſpectacle. Amina comes, but ſhe with her daughters retire at the ſight of three naked men. There was none, except the old man, who left not the table.

Taï gives his brothers ſome clothes, introduces them to his wife, and makes them kiſs his children. Alas! ſaid Bekir, overwhelmed with ſenſibility, thy happy lot conſoles us of all we have ſuffered. Since the moment of our ſeparation, our life has been a continual concatenation of misfortunes, and we have not ſo much as had a glimpſe at this *Bathmendi*, in queſt of which we have ſo long toiled.

I believe it, ſaid the old man, who remained all this while at the table, I have not been a ſtep from here.—How, cried Meſrou, are you! —— —— I am *Bathmendi*, replied

moſt eminent advantages. I appeal to common experience, if bodily caſtigation does not rouſe the principle of revenge? Inſtead of exciting remorſe, it obdurates the heart, and ſteels the mind againſt the arrows of conviction. What friend of humanity would not wiſh to ſee it aboliſhed? It may be proved to a demonſtration, that governments, by the exerciſe of this arbitrary prerogative, inſtead of promoting the peace and harmony of ſociety, prompt the criminal to deſperate meaſures. How indeed can can it be otherwiſe when the credit of the delinquent is gone, and when the ſtern viſage of public contempt frowns upon him? Is he not driven to the commiſſion of more enormities, I had almoſt ſaid by an inevitable neceſſity? Another ſource of public calamities may be mentioned no leſs remarkable than the former. Idleneſs is the mother of iniquity. When a criminal is confined and left to his own reflections, he employs them in planning future ſchemes of miſchief, and when releaſed from his cuſtody, he is let looſe like the tiger of the deſert, on the theatre of action. How many evils have ariſen from cauſes as apparently inſignificant! Towns and cities have been laid in duſt; the fields of the huſbandmen deſolated; nay, even the lives of citizens made the ſport of a wanton multitude. The pen of the hiſtorian has recorded theſe melancholy facts in characters of blood. It is then the duty of the legiſlature to watch theſe evils with a careful eye, and to ſtifle them in the firſt ſtage of their exiſtence. Nothing will more effectually accompliſh this deſirable purpoſe, than a reformation in the penal code of Engliſh juriſprudence. Labour might not unfreqnently be ſubſtituted in the place of death and corporal puniſhment. Criminals are often made more from neceſſity than choice. The want of ſome honeſt occupation or employment drives them into exceſſes. Certainly then, if they were placed under the inſpection of a ſevere tutor, and taught how to follow ſome uſeful calling, they might again be reclaimed to the paths of virtue.

Then, inſtead of horrid imprecations, we might hear the ſong of content reſound through the walls of a priſon; and inſtead of the peſtilential fumes of a dungeon, the eye would probably find dwellings of induſtry and neatneſs. It is rare to find criminals ſo obſtinately bent on deſtruction, as not to liſten to the voice of ſelf intereſt, and here it evidently invites them. It is then natural to preſume, that after the time of their confinement had expired, they would quit the place, and once more become honeſt and reputable citizens.

Whatever legiſlature will firſt undertake this glorious revolution, amidſt all their difficulties they will have one conſoling reflection, that they are the firſt champions in this cauſe of humanity.

ANECDOTES of the late JOSEPH, EMPEROR of GERMANY.

THIS prince was a moſt ſingular character; his abilities were certainly very great, but they were ſtrangely perverted. It is well known to what a ſtate he reduced his dominions, yet his meaſ-

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ures were such as promised aggrandisement instead of diminution, glory instead of disgrace. Certainly no prince ever did so well, with such ill success; fortune continually fought against him. We must add to this, that he had many faults; his principal ones appear to have been irresolution, and obstinacy; some of the following anecdotes exhibit him as a man in the most detestable light.

The Emperor being at supper at Paris, with Count de Vergennes, the French minister, and discoursing of French affairs, he advised the Count to announce a national bankruptcy, in order to clear France of all her debts; to this he was answered—"Should such an event take place, your majesty's own subjects in Brabant would lose more than eighty millions." "Do not let that deter you, answered Joseph, give me half that sum, and you shall have my assent."

At the time of the affair with the Dutch concerning the Schelt, which terminated so shamefully for Joseph, talking with his head gardener, the gardener asked permission to write to Haarlem for a few slips of flowers, which he wanted. The Emperor started from his seat; his eyes flashing fire—"No, said he, you shall not write. Within six weeks I will fetch them myself from Haarlem, at the head of my army." Within that time the affair was finished with disgrace. So positive was he of success, and so sure always to fail.

He was naturally cruel; in his childhood, when he could get at one of his sister's canary birds, he would pluck off its feathers, break its legs, and put it into the cage yet alive. To torture animals, above all, to ride horses to death, and cudgel dogs, were his chief amusements. Even when Emperor, he would go to Saxenburgh, to the falcony, at five o'clock in the morning, when the birds were to be fed, would take the pigeon destined for that purpose alive, in his hand, turn it upon its back, and let the falcon devour it from the belly upwards, whilst he observed with smiles every convulsive motion of the suffering victim: This was to him the supreme enjoyment of life.

The Emperor Francis, his father, died suddenly in his arms of an apoplexy. As he lay on his left arm, in the agonies of death, he took the keys out of his pocket with his right hand, smiling, and too impatient to wait till he had breathed his last.

When his mother Theresa, lay on her death bed, she gave him such a severe lecture on the badness of his heart, that he flung himself on the floor, wept, and rolled himself about in seeming despair. Six hours after the Empress died, immediately he repaired to the apartment of the chief governante, who was present at the foregoing scene, and said to her with a smiling countenance, and jesting mien, "Countess, that was a fine sight a few hours ago; it was an excellent joke.—Did you really believe me in earnest?" This circumstance at first sight seems to display a most unpardonable want of feeling and natural affection: yet, upon consideration, the guilt will appear to be not so great. It must require a great effort to feign so well a contrition which he did not experience; and it was the intention of the mother to awaken this contrition, the behaviour of the son must certainly give her more satisfaction than if he had heard her with contemptuous neglect, or sullen disdain.

CHARACTER

To the EDITORS *of the* MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

If you deem the following biographical ſketches, extracted from Holi's Characters of Engliſh Sovereigns, with notes Hiſtorical, worthy the peruſal of your readers, you will pleaſe to give them inſertion, and oblige your's, &c. A.

CHARACTER of ANNE.

THE Queen continued to doſe in a lethargic inſenſibility, with very ſhort intervals, till the firſt day of Auguſt, in the morning, when ſhe expired, in the fiftieth year of her age, and in the thirteenth of her reign. "Anne Stuart, queen of Great-Britain, was in her perſon of the middle ſize, well proportioned; her hair was of dark brown colour, her complexion ruddy, her features were regular, her countenance was rather round than oval, and her aſpect more comely than majeſtic: Her voice was clear and melodious, and her preſence engaging; her capacity was naturally good, but not much cultivated by learning; nor did ſhe exhibit any marks of extraordinary genius, or perſonal ambition; ſhe was certainly deficient in that vigour of mind, by which a prince ought to preſerve her independence, and avoid the ſnares and fetters of ſycophants and favourites; but, whatever her weakneſs in this particular might have been, the virtues of her heart were never called in queſtion; ſhe was a pattern of conjugal affection and fidelity, a tender mother, a warm friend, and indulgent miſtreſs, a munificent patron, a mild and merciful princeſs; during whoſe reign, no blood was ſhed for treaſon. She was zealouſly attached to the church of England, from conviction rather than from prepoſſeſſion; unaffectedly pious, juſt, charitable and compaſſionate—ſhe felt a mother's fondneſs for her people, by whom ſhe was univerſally beloved with a warmth of affection, which even the prejudice of party could not abate. In a word, if ſhe was not the greateſt, ſhe was certainly one of the beſt and moſt unblemiſhed ſovereigns that ever ſat upon the throne of England, and well deſerved the expreſſive, though ſimple epithet of, "the good queen Anne." SMOLLETT.

She died in 1714.

Obſervations on the character of Anne.

When elevated rank is embelliſhed by propriety of conduct, and this too manifeſted in the ſeveral ſtations of "friend, mother and wife," how extenſively uſeful may ſuch a character become to the public at large, by the force of ſo ſplendid and amiable an example. Anne "was a pattern of conjugal affection, a warm friend, an indulgent miſtreſs, a munificent patron, a mild and merciful princeſs."

Any one of theſe enumerated good qualities, diſtinctly and ſeparately conſidered, are praiſeworthy, and in the eſtimation of many, might cover a multitude of faults. But as there appears no one virtue more becoming the frailty of human nature than *mercy;* and ſince it is not always found in the character of princes, we will make it the ſubject of our preſent reflections; for "Anne was a merciful miſtreſs."

Youth brought up in affluence, and under the hand of indulgence, ſcarcely know the meaning of ſuch a term, although they may be the object of ſo many mercies; and yet, how eaſy for a friend or parent to inculcate this leſſon in a few words, upon many occaſions. As there is no duty more becoming mankind,

conſidered

conſidered as frail creatures, dependent on each other; ſo one ſhould imagine it would manifeſt itſelf more eſpecially among the weaker ſex, who have ſo much need of protection, if it were not notorious, that they are more prone to detraction, and leſs merciful towards the individuals of their own ſex, than the men, inſomuch that a certain writer has wittily obſerved, that "women are to each other like Turkey fowls, which, when any one has the leaſt conſpicuous blemiſh the whole flock combine to pick and lacerate the wound without *mercy*, aggravating the firſt misfortune, till they have completed their vengeance by the death of the ſufferer."

Since the female character is liable to injury, even from the leaſt breath of defamation, and ſince there are circumſtances, where the moſt unblemiſhed can hardly eſcape cenſure; let us recommend to you, my fair friends, to eſcape this reproach, by adopting the maxim of Sophia. "Sophia never talks of women, but to expreſs the good ſhe knows of them; of others, ſhe ſays nothing."

If the wounded in ſpirit, who has ſomewhat deviated from the ſtrict line of duty, ſhould, with a penitent heart ſay, "I will ariſe and return to my father;" but is withheld from theſe good intents, through apprehenſion that he who felt no pity would ſhew no mercy; or that the taunts of her own ſex, as ſatirically exemplified above, would be too much for her feelings to ſupport on paſt ſufferings; what gladneſs of heart would it afford, if ſome protecting hand would ſtep forth, and look upon ſuch with partiality whom the world eyes with prejudice; let us conceive ſuch an one addreſſing her patroneſs in the following language:

"May that grace and favour which your good fortune has thrown upon you, be turned to make up the coldneſs and indifference that is manifeſted towards me, and then the good and generous will have an eye of kindneſs for me for my own ſake, and the reſt of the world will regard me for yours. As the rich can make rich without parting with any of their ſtore, and the converſation of the poor makes men poor, though they borrow nothing of them; ſo there is a happy contagion in an eſtabliſhed character, as well as deſtructive one in loſt reputation; for the eſtimation of the world follows us according to the company they keep." Who, that has the leaſt bowels of compaſſion, but would mercifully wiſh to ſave that ſoul alive?

The quality of mercy is not ſtrained;
It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſſed,
It bleſſes him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His ſceptre ſhows the force of temporal power,
The attribute of awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this ſceptred ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute of God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt Gods,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice.

Merchant of Venice.

HISTORICAL NOTE.

The union of the Kingdoms of England and Scotland.

A. D. 1706.—This important tranſaction was finally completed at the cloſe of this year, after their crowns had been united one hundred and four years before, in the perſon

perſon of James the firſt. This great Union had been ſeveral times before attempted, in different reigns, but had been as often obſtructed, by various objections ſtarted, and not ſeriouſly and ſteadily endeavoured to be removed. National prejudices are with difficulty eradicated; and lucrative offices under the State, which muſt of neceſſity be ſunk under ſuch an Union had no ſmall influence in obſtructing the incorporation; but an able miniſtry in both nations, joined to a more moderate way of thinking than formerly, at length got the better of every obſtruction: And preparatory laws being made in both kingdoms, the parliament of Scotland firſt agreed to the articles of this famous Union, which were ratified by a ſolemn act of Engliſh parliament. The articles were twenty five in number—It may be ſufficient to mention the fourth and fifteenth articles, by which it was enacted, that all the ſubjects of the united kingdom of Great-Britain ſhould, from and after the Union, have full freedom and intercourſe of trade and navigation to or from any port or place within the ſaid united kingdoms, and the dominions and plantations thereunto belonging; and that there ſhould be a communication of all other rights, privileges and advantages which do or may belong to the ſubjects of either kingdom, except when it is otherwiſe expreſsly agreed in theſe articles. By the article XV. it was agreed, that Scotland ſhould receive an equivalent for what the ſubjects of that kingdom ſhall be charged towards payment of the debts of England contracted before the Union, for which the ſum of three hundred ninety eight thouſand and eighty five pounds, ten ſhillings, was granted by the Parliament of England. This Union took place on the 1ſt of May, 1707; the advantages of which to England are, that many thouſands of brave men from that country ſupply our fleets and armies. England has the abſolute uſe thereby of many good ports; a more extenſive fiſhery, a ſupply of black cattle, and ſundry other advantages.

Scotland, in return, enriches herſelf, by a participation of commerce with England's foreign plantations, factories, &c. alſo a ſale for her coarſe woollen ſtuffs and ſtockings, and her more valuable linen manufactories, not only in England but America. Nature, in ſhort, intended theſe two for one, by being ſeparated by the ocean from the reſt of mankind; ſo that it is wonderful that they ſhould not ſooner have purſued their mutual intereſts: And the ſame may be obſerved by poſterity with regard to the preſent commercial treaty between England and France; ſince probably the next generation may, with equal aſtoniſhment, ſurvey the prejudice which guided the judgments of former politicians, by clogging with heavy duties, amounting to a prohibition, a mutual commerce with two neighbouring kingdoms, that would have been highly beneficial to both. But we are told, "There is a time for all things."

[*Holt's Royal Characters.*

ABUSEI and THAIR: An Eaſtern APOLOGUE.

IN the winter ſo remarkable for the great revolutions which happened at the court of Nouraddin, Abuzei ſaid unto Thair, "Congratulate me, my father; I am the ſultan's favourite, his ſiſter's lover, and

and tomorrow her highneſs and I are to hunt together."——

"O, my ſon," anſwered Thair, "the favour of kings, the ſmiles of women, and the fine days of winter, are three things on which we ought but little to depend!"

The event juſtified the ſage obſervation of the venerable Thair; for, the next day, the rain prevented the hunt, the princeſs changed her mind from caprice; and the ſultan, at his ſiſter's inſtigation, diſgraced Abuzei.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The INVESTIGATOR. No. II.

Since 'tis with us to chooſe immortal bliſs;
Or all the ills, that wait on man below;—
Let's then unfurl the ſtandard of our peace,
And loſe by reaſon what we gain by wo.

For, to remain in bigotted ſuſpenſe,
And view creation on the ſombre ſide,
Too plainly marks the ſcarcity of ſenſe,
And all the follies of illit'rate pride.

IF it is counted ridiculous in man, to be continually complaining of that miſchief, of which he is the ſole, and deliberate author; why then do *we* complain of the ills of life, when we do not attempt to extricate ourſelves from them? A queſtion, I acknowledge, too intricate for the Inveſtigator, and which I beg leave to ſubmit to the more experienced and philoſophic. In the mean time I ſhall attempt to paint and point the errors we have run into, and the manner, by which we can enjoy ourſelves and thoſe around us.

That God created man for terreſtrial happineſs and immortal bliſs, appears fully evident from the ſuperiority of his ſituation, the majeſty of his form, and the nobleneſs of his mind. He is expreſsly declared, by the Deity himſelf, to be lord and ſovereign of all below; for which reaſon, the beaſts, that graze the fields, the fowls, that ſcale the air, and the fiſhes, that fill the deep, are ſubject to his control. The ſun, the moon, and ſtars, thoſe glorious luminaries, riſe to adorn and beautify his abode; to revive and continue in life him and the things that are at his diſpoſal. The earth vegetates for man alone; Spring, Summer, and Autumn, all unite to make him happy. But gloom and ſorrow ſet on his countenance; grief rangles in his heart, and diſappointment ſwells his breaſt. And why? Becauſe he views nature on the ſombre ſide, and will not ſtudy nature's God. It ariſes from his miſtaken ideas of life, and his ignorance of himſelf; from his neglect of virtue and propenſity to vice. He looks upon his pilgrimage as a burden, and his reaſon the ſource of all his miſery; without allowing it thoſe noble qualities, which alone place him ſo near his Creator. He conſiders his fellow beings as enemies and rivals, whereas he ſhould view them as beloved brethren, as children of the ſame father and ſubjects of the ſame God. From hence ariſes all his pain and wretchedneſs.

If he could be brought to look upon life as a bleſſing, and reaſon the key to happineſs—peculiarly pleaſing and almoſt adorable would be his

his ſituation. It was not for the happineſs of the Creator that man was formed, but for the creature; who then loſes by man's neglect?

"As a man thinketh, ſo will he conduct;" is the aſſertion of ancient and great philoſophers. If ſuch indeed is the caſe, how eaſy is it for us to enjoy ourſelves! we have only to employ that reaſon, which we ſo fooliſhly pervert; that noble key, which unlocks creation, and preſents it to the mind in all its variety, in all its wonder. Reaſon firſt begins by teaching man how to ſupport his animal part; therefore leads him to ſurvey earth and its productions; afterwards to trace out the cauſes and effects of things more immediately before him. When it arrives to a ſtate of refinement, its poſſeſſor contemplates the grand and more aſtoniſhing works of the Deity; he views the heavens, the ſun, moon, and ſtars, not as a man, but as a philoſopher; not as things ornamental, but as uſeful and requiſite in the ſyſtem of nature. From theſe works and contemplations he ſoars to the Deity himſelf; the knowledge of whom, though it never can be perfect; yet as far as the underſtanding can reach, ſo far and in ſuch proportion we admire and adore him; and almoſt immediately reconcile things, which at firſt appeared as oppoſite.

The more a man gains acquaintance with his Creator, the more ſenſible he is of his own ignorance and weakneſs, and the more conſcious he becomes of the truth of this aſſertion, "that what ever is, is right," as it reſpects creation. Therefore I may juſtly conclude that the greater part of our ſorrow and miſery ariſes from bigotted ignorance, vice and idleneſs. For as ſoon as we undertake rightly to think, ſo ſoon will grief and depreſſion of mind vaniſh, as the morning clouds before the riſing ſun.

At preſent, the greater part of mankind crawl to the valley of death through a cloud of fears; and as they go moping through exiſtence, curſe the world, becauſe it cannot make them happy againſt their own inclinations. Others delight to brood over the ills concomitant with humanity, and make thoſe which never exiſted but in their own deluded imaginations. For my part I conceive "that ſufficient to the evil is the day thereof;" and I am ſure that we cannot add a moment to our pleaſure, nor extract a minute from our pain, by ſobbing and complaining. The Deity does neither pity, nor eſteem the perſon, who is continually ſighing about his ſelf-made deplorable condition, ſo much as the man, who conſcious of his iniquity, by private ſupplication, and open manly behaviour, endeavours to ward off the impending curſe; for being the eſſence of holineſs, nobleneſs and glory, he delights in the things that appertain thereunto. Therefore let us look upon this life as deſigned for the pleaſure and happineſs of man. Let us view it as we ought to, the road to heaven. In ſo doing we ſhall do wiſely; we ſhall conduct as men, and live as Chriſtians: We ſhall enjoy ourſelves and thoſe around us. The journey of life will be pleaſant and delightful; we ſhall arrive at the gate of death, (which opens to eternity) ſerene and compoſed; and when we bid the final adieu to earth and its inhabitants, it will be in the language of reaſon and religion, which, though it ſhould call forth a tear from the eye, will adminiſter comfort to the mind.

ANECDOTE of M. LAVATER.

THIS gentleman having asserted, in the second part of his Treatise on Physiognomy, that shoemakers have generally a sickly appearance and weak constitutions, and that at Zurich, of twenty four children born of parents exercising that profession, seven only were boys, all the *craft* of that place rose up against him, about six years ago, in a riotous manner. M. Lavater, finding it necessary to quell the tumult as amicably as possible, declared publicly that he had been mistaken, for that the just proportion was twenty eight males to thirty of the other sex. He begged, however, that the shoemakers would permit him to stand godfather to all the males; and they cheerfully accepted his offer.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

LUCIUS CASSIUS, the celebrated orator, confessed that a great part of his silver plate stood him in six thousand sestirces, or 48l. 15s. sterling per pound, because of the workmanship. He had two silver goblets engraved by Mentor, which cost him 812l. 10s.

Old Esop, the player, dressed up a dish of singing birds, which stood him in 4143l. 10s.

ANECDOTE.

PUBLIUS BELLIUS POLLIO, originally a Roman slave, but afterwards a knight, carried luxury to its greatest extravagance. He kept lampreys in a pond where he fed them with human flesh; the ordinary punishment inflicted on his slaves, even for trivial faults, was to have them thrown hands and legs together, into that pond to feed those voracious animals.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

REVIEW.

An attempt to translate the prophetic part of the Apocalypse of St. John into familiar language, by divesting it of the metaphors in which it is involved. By James Winthrop, Esq.——*8vo. price 1s6.*

THE obscurity of the revelation of St. John has puzzled the greatest critics in biblical literature. Several very learned divines have publicly confessed their inability to unfold this book, and others,

ers, who attempted it, have failed. Voltaire, *in his vein*, obſerved, that "Sir Iſaac Newton wrote his comment upon the revelation to conſole mankind for the great ſuperiority he had over them in other reſpects." The witty Dr. South, in one of his ſermons, ſays, "This book always finds a man mad, or leaves him ſo."

Mr. Winthrop, perſuaded "that the apocalypſe was not written at random, like the reveries of a diſturbed imagination, but that it was eſtabliſhed in truth," and not diſcouraged by the failure of preceding commentators, has attempted to explain and apply the predictions of St. John. The work before us has the merit of *originality*, and it diſcovers the profound erudition and extenſive reading for which its author is eminently diſtinguiſhed.

He ſuppoſes that the predictions of this book were communicated in the form of hieroglyphic pictures, and that John deſcribed the emblems in each picture, as the leaves of the prophetic volume were unfolded to him. The method of explanation is, firſt to aſſume definitions of the emblems, and then to apply them to the events of hiſtory—in the manner that picture hiſtory is decyphered. The great object of the prophecy, on ſuppoſition, is, civil government formed on the principles of Chriſtianity. To this his definitions or terms are made to apply. In their application to the events of time, he begins with the converſion of the Roman empire, to the Chriſtian religion, under Conſtantine, and ends with the period at which Chriſtianity ſhall be made the baſis of equal government. And "from which men ſhall derive wealth, wiſdom, power, and all the advantages of ſociety."

To enable thoſe of our readers who have not ſeen the work, to form an adequate idea of our author's plan, we think it expedient, in this place, to give a ſpecimen of his definitions, and of the manner of their application.

(To be continued.)

SPECIMEN.

NECESSARY DEFINITIONS.

1. ABADDON; commonly interpreted the Deſtroyer. Bryant's etymologies give Great Lord of Light, which accords with the appellation of *The Prophet* given to Mahomet by his followers.

2. *Abyſs* or *Bottomleſs Pit*; a diſorderly ſtate ariſing from faction and lawleſs force, or from having never formed into a ſtate of civil ſociety.

3. *Angel*; any remarkable interpoſition of divine Providence, as war, revolutions, epidemic diſeaſes, &c. It does not neceſſarily include an eminent character for a leader, but may ariſe from the ſtate of ſociety. 2. In a ſubordinate ſenſe it means officers of government.

4. *Angel of bottomleſs pit*; a government or perſon riſing to importance by means of the factions in the country.

5. *Angel of fire*; the Holy Spirit as our director and purifier.

6. *Angel of water*; the Holy Spirit as our comforter.

7. *Four Angels bound in the Euphrates*; the true believers who were to be freed from the Papal Government by various revolutions.

8. *Angel with a ſickle*; repreſents time.

9. *Four animals*, *beaſts*, or *living things*; the four Prætorian Præfectures or great Judicial departments into which Conſtantine divided the empire. Each had three vice Præfects, repreſented by three pair of wings. The whole twelve pair did not fill the empire; but Egypt, Syria, and the neighbouring provinces, though ſubject to the præfects, were governed by the Auguſtan præfect of Egypt, and the Count of the Eaſt. Theſe two juriſdictions ſeem to include the country allotted by Ezekiel to the Jews at their reſtoration. The twelve vice præfectures were divided equally among the præfects. 1. The eaſt containing Thrace, Aſiana, and Pontica, beſides the foregoing exception. 2. Illyricum, comprehending Pannonia, Dacia, Macedonia and Greece. This was deſignated by the *calf*, as the former was by the *lion*. 3. Italy, with the neighbouring iſlands, Rhetia as far as the Danube, and the

the countries now called Tunis, Tripoli, and Algiers on the African shore. The emblem is a *man*. 4. Gaul contained all west of the Alps, and reached from Atlas to the Rhine. This was the *Eagle*. The eyes of the præfects were the lawyers and official agents, who were supported by the government to give the necessary effect and system to the Judicial department; it being the object of Constantine to establish a permanent government of laws, instead of the loose one of force.

10. *Armageddon* or *Mt Megiddo;* supposed to represent figuratively a persecuting power which should afflict the saints.

11. *Babylon;* Rome, chiefly as an idolatrous seat of empire.

12. *Balance;* the counterpoise which Julian endeavoured to establish between the Christians and heathens, when he set up an heathen hierarchy, and paid them out of the Christian funds.

13. *Beast wild;* any governments assuming power to control the maxims of the gospel for political causes. It is applied in chap. xiii, to the first of the three antichristian powers, and in other places to each of them. The connexion must determine as in any other case.

14. *Candle;* an high priest.

15. *City* or *Great City;* the dominions of the three antichristian States collectively. It is also used for the Empire or the Country under consideration.

16. *Cities of the Gentiles;* the empire of the Image, or third antichristian power.

17. *City beloved;* the church.

18. *Cloud;* a great multitude.

19. *Dens and Caves*, or *Holes in Mountains;* the protecting hand of great and influential men.

20. *Death;* private life, also heathen darkness or in general obscurity.

21. *Death and Hell;* obscurity and misery under heathen rulers.

22. *Devil;* human force not regulated by religious principles, whether in legal Governors or seditious leaders.

CHAP. IV.—*Description of a Christian Empire, supposed to be the Roman, under Constantine and his successors.*

TRANSLATION.

AFTER writing these epistles, I saw the way prepared for the government to be converted to Christianity, and I received sufficient assurances, that the vision was prophetic.

2 And in the vision I* saw an imperial throne, and the prince seated upon it.

3 And he was adorned with the emblems of majesty, and his throne was uncommonly magnificent, and his reign glorious.

4 And about the throne were the seats of twenty-four counsellors of state. They were distinguished for their integrity, and ranked as princes.

5 And before the emperor were discussed all questions of magnitude, whether relating to legislation, administration of justice, or war, and suitable decrees were passed. There were also seven confidential ministers of the palace, signified by seven lamps, which also typify seven general revolutions.

6 And the Emperor had constantly in view the establishment of an equal government upon the principles of Christianity. And he divided his dominion into four præfectures or judicial departments, which were all subject to his revision, and were furnished with all necessary means for information.

7 And the first præfecture was distinguished by the emblem of a lion, the second by that of a calf, the third by that of a man, and the fourth by an eagle with expanded wings.

8 And each of the præfects or chief justices, had under him three vicepræfects, who were also furnished by government with all the means for obtaining the necessary information in their respective districts. And they were continually employed in the execution of those orders, that shall promote the glory of God.

9 And when the præfects make report to the emperor of the success attending their endeavours to establish the Christian system,

10 The Council of State give thanks to God from whom their honour is derived, saying,

11 Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power; for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.

* *The Apostle in this instance, speaks* individually; *in some others he seems to personate the* church. *I have not always been careful to distinguish the different uses of the* first person, *having sometimes used it when the collective term would apply as well. But the connexion will enable the most careless reader to determine the meaning.*

CABINET

CABINET OF APOLLO.

To the Editors *of the* Maſſachuſetts Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THE Stanzas in your laſt Magazine were not, as there inſerted, addreſſed to the Prince of Wales, by Mrs. Robinſon, but to Colonel Tarleton, whom ſhe emphatically ſtiles "BAYARD," *after a great* military *character of a former age; and the perſon who tranſcribed thoſe lines from the European Magazine, was guilty of a miſtake, by placing the name of "Frederic," where that publication left a blank; as Mrs. R's connexion with the Prince was of ſhort duration, and diſſolved in conſequence of her infidelity to* him *and her attachment to Tarleton, the ſtanza* "Ten long years," *&c. is moſt inapplicable; but it is a well known fact that her love poems are addreſſed to this gentleman, that* he *has been ſupported by her for many years, and though a man of univerſal gallantry, is ſtill the object of her tendereſt attachment. The following elegant verſes, being the moſt delicate production of her pen, were firſt publiſhed in England, in the year ninety-one, and addreſſed*

To Col. BANASTRE TARLETON.

LOTHARIO.

OH! think no more that life's deluſive joys,
Can charm my thoughts from friendſhip's dearer claim;
Or wound a heart, that ſcarce a wiſh employs,
For age to cenſure, or diſcretion blame.

Tir'd of the world, my weary mind recoils
From *ſplendid ſcenes*, and tranſitory joys,
From *fell ambition's* falſe and fruitleſs toils,
From hope that flatters, and from bliſs that cloys.

With THEE, above the taunts of empty pride,
The rigid frowns to *youthful error** given,
Content in ſolitude my griefs I'll hide,
Thy voice my counſellor, thy ſmiles my heaven.

With *thee* I'll hail the morn's returning ray,
Or clime the dewy mountains bleak and cold;
On the ſmooth lake obſerve the ſunbeams play,
Or mark the infant flowers their buds unfold.

And when I ſee thy warm unſpotted mind,
Torn with the wound of broken friendſhip's dart;
When ſickneſs chills thy breaſt with pangs unkind,
Or ruthleſs ſorrow preys upon thy heart—

The taſk be *mine* to ſooth thee to repoſe,
To check the ſigh, and wipe the trickling tear,
OF with ſoft *ſympathy* to ſhare thy woes;
O proudeſt tranſport of the ſoul ſincere.

When fate's ſtern hand ſhall cloſe my weeping eye,
And ſeal at length, my wandering ſpirit's doom,
Oh may *kind friendſhip* catch my parting ſigh,
And cheer with hope the terrors of the [tomb.

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* Youthful error *probably alludes to her quitting her huſband, Mr. Robinſon, an attorney, who is ſtill living, and by whom ſhe has a daughter of ſuperior beauty, and accompliſhment.*

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

Le BOUQUET des ROSES.

Written by the Authoreſs of the Bouquet of Lilies, in the Magazine of June laſt.

SWEET flowers! that erſt upon your parent buſh
Bloom'd to the enraptur'd eye ſo freſh and gay,
Your fragrance fled, and faded your ſweet bluſh,
Drooping ye haſten to your ſad decay!

Ah!

Ah! why thus evaneſcent that fine hue—
Which once ſo lovely—grac'd yon dear retreat?
Bouquet of Roſes—ah! Heaven's foſtering dew,
And cheering ſun, no more revive your ſweets.

Yet ſtay one moment—from the babling rill
I'll bring freſh moiſture to reſtore your charms,
And court bright Phœbus to afford you ſtill
That ſmile, which ſoon ſhall baniſh theſe alarms.

Inhaling vigour thence—long ſhall ye live,
And bloom more freſh, more fragrant than before,
And to your fond reſtorer grateful give
The tribute of your odours, o'er and o'er.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

LINES,

Written by a Lady, who was queſtioned reſpecting her inclination to marry.

WITH an heart light as cork, and a mind free as air,
Unſhackled I'll live and I'll die, I declare;
No ties ſhall perplex me, no fetters ſhall bind,
That innocent freedom that dwells in my mind.

At liberty's ſpring ſuch draughts I've imbib'd,
That I hate all the doctrines by wedlock preſcrib'd;
Its laws of obedience could never ſuit me,
My ſpirit's too lofty, my thoughts are too free.

Like an haughty republic my heart with diſdain,
Views the edicts of Hymen and laughs at his chain,
Abhors his tyrannical ſyſtems and modes,
His baſtiles, his ſhackles, his maxims and codes;

Inquires why women conſent to be tools,
And calmly conform to ſuch rigorous rules;
Inquires in vain, for no reaſons appear,
Why matrons ſhould live in ſubjection and fear.

But round freedom's fair ſtandard I've rallied and paid,
A vow of allegiance to die an old maid.
Long live the republic of freedom and eaſe,
May its ſubjects live happy and do as they pleaſe.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

SIMILE.

By J. W. Eſq.

YOU ſay, ſir, once a wit* allow'd
A woman to be like a cloud;
Accept a *ſimile*, as ſoon,
Between a *woman* and the *moon*;
For, let mankind ſay what they will,
The ſex are *heavenly bodies* ſtill.

Grant me to mimic human life,
That SUN and MOON are man and wife;
Whate'er kind Sol affords to *lend* her
Is ſquander'd upon *midnight ſplendor*.

And when to reſt he *lays him down*,
She's up and ſtar'd at, thro' the town!
From him her beauties cloſe confining,
And only in his *abſence ſhining*:

Or, elſe, ſhe looks like ſullen tapers,
Or, elſe, ſhe's fairly in the *vapours*;
Or owns at once, a wife's ambition,
And fully glares in *oppoſition*.

Say, are not theſe a modiſh pair—
Where each for other feels no care?
Whole days in *ſep'rate coaches* driving,
Whole nights to keep *aſunder* ſtriving—

Both in the dumps in gloomy weather,
And lying *once a month* together;—
In one ſole point, unlike the caſe is,
On *her own head*, the *horns* ſhe places.

A.

* *Dean Swift.*

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

An AUTUMNAL PIECE.

AS rambling in the ſolitary wood,
When ſolemn ſilence through the yellow grove,
Invites my muſing, philoſophic ſtep,
A ſmooth unruffled calm pervades my ſoul,
And ſoothes each liſt'ning ſenſe to taſte
The various beauties of autumnal ſcenes.
When thro' the loaded orchard ambling flow,
I pluck the faireſt fruit from ev'ry tree;
The frequent ſound of apples falling off
From branches overburden'd with their ſtore,
Awakes attention, looking for the ſwain,
Whom fancy eager thinks to find engag'd
In ſhaking from the tree the full ripe fruit.

But

But now the swain appears beside his cart,
Well fill'd with baskets, and a jovial train
Of children, raising their vocif'rous mirth.
The fields resound with glee of female voice,
And male, in sweet, harmonious task engag'd.
The aged peasant now with hook in hand,
And looks of satisfaction in his face,
From tree to tree shakes off the choicest fruit,
While in the pride of manhood's nervous limbs,
His rugged sons spring up the branching tree,
With muscles vig'rous from salubrious toil,
They shake the lab'ring branches; when forthwith,
A clust'ring show'r descends with thund'ring sound,
And with luxuriant sweetness clothes the ground.
With screams of glee the younger tribe beneath,
In sweet contention for the fairest fruit,
With laughter loud now vex the hapless wight,
Who on his head receiv'd the pelting show'r,
And now with rueful face declares his hurt,
Avers his head is broke and brains beat out,
With hand uplifted soothes his aching crown.
The cart well fill'd now homeward moves along,
Fraught with the richest store; and oft returns,
Till round the creaking mill th' extended heap,
In variegated plenteousness is seen,
Which soon compress'd distils the cheering juice, [swain;
The wholesome bev'rage of the hardy
Whose lusty sinews feel its genial force,
And glow with warmth that scorns the winter's cold.

He, not such pleasure feels, whose costly store,
Of choice Madeira sparkles on his board;
Him, with his dainties in his spacious dome,
The peasant pities;—quaffs his orchard wine,
That cheers, but not inebriates the soul;
And while the necessaries of life he finds,
Feels not the loss of delicates unknown;
Or known—despis'd, as sweets for children made.
He with the plainest food enjoys content;
By constant labour from the spleen set free,
That clouds with deepest gloom the sons of wealth;
Whose sickly palates and weak wayward minds
Forever crave unsatisfying joys,
That fleeting, yet forever in their view,
Lead them life's round in quest of airy forms,
Phantoms of vain, imaginary good,
That mock them with the view—then disappear.

BLANDULUS.

Extracted for the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

Composed on reading Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream.

TITANIA to her LOVE.

O! FLY with me through distant air,
To isles that gem the western deep!
For laughing Summer revels there,
And hangs her wreath on ev'ry steep.

As through the green transparent sea
Light floating on its waves we go,
The nymphs shall gaily welcome me
Far in their coral caves below.

For oft upon their margin sands,
When twilight leads the fresh'ning hours,
I come with all my jocund bands
To charm them from their sea-green bow'rs.

And well they love our sports to view,
And on the ocean's breast to lave;
And oft, as we the dance renew,
They call up music from the wave.

Swift hie we to that splendid clime,
Where gay Jamaica spreads her scene,
Lifts the blue mountain—wild—sublime!
And smooths her vales of vivid green.

Where throned high, in pomp of shade,
The *power of vegetation* reigns,
Expanding wide, o'er hill and glade,
Shrubs of all growth—fruit of all stains:

She steals the sun beams' fervid glow
To paint her flowers of mingling hue
And o'er the grape the purple throw,
Breaking from verdant leaves to view.

There, myrtle bow'rs, and citron grove,
O'ercanopy our airy dance;
And there the sea breeze loves to rove
When trembles day's departing glance.

And

And when the falſe moon ſteals away,
Or ere the chaſing morn doth riſe,
Oft, fearleſs, we our gambols play
By the fire worm's radiant eyes.
And ſuck the honey'd reeds that ſwell
In tufted plumes of ſilver white;
Or pierce the cocoa's milky cell,
To ſip the nectar of delight!
And when the ſhaking thunders roll,
And lightnings ſtrike athwart the gloom,
We ſhelter in the cedar's bole,
And revel 'mid the rich perfume!
But chief we love beneath the palm,
Or verdant plantain's ſpreading leaf,
To hear, upon the midnight calm,
Sweet Philomela pour her grief.
To mortal ſprite ſuch dulcet ſound,
Such bliſsful hours, were never known!
O! fly with me my airy round,
And I will make them all thine own!

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

An Episode.

Verſified from the Poems of Oſſian.

COMAL was Albion's ſon; the chief of ſwains;
His hungry deer fed on a thouſand plains.
A thouſand rocks that ſpread their arches wide
An echo to his ſhrill voic'd hounds reply'd.
His ruddy face with youthful mildneſs beam'd,
And in his hand the fate of heroes gleam'd.
One was his love and ſhe was all his care;
Mild as the morning beam, appear'd the fair.
Her charms held Comal in a ſtrong embrace:
She oft attended in his hunting chaſe.
Full oft their eyes of love tranſporting meet;
Their ſighs were tender and their paſſions ſweet;
But cruel Gormal, Ardvan's gloomy chief,
Lov'd the young maid and pin'd with ſecret grief.
He watch'd her lone ſteps on the ſilent heath,
And madly meditated Comal's death.
One pleaſant day they chas'd the foreſt beaſts
Till eve came on with darkneſs, clouds and miſts.
Then Comal, with a gentle paſſion fir'd,
To Ronan's cave with Galvina retir'd.
This lonely cave was Comal's wonted ſeat,
When oft from toil he ſought a calm retreat.
The rock was carv'd with deeds of former times,
And fill'd with rarities of other climes:
An hundred bucklers hung upon the wall,
An hundred helmets grac'd the ſacred hall.
Here reſt, he ſaid, thou light of Ronan's cave,
And read the actions of the ancient brave.
On Mora's brow I ſeek the bounding deer;
But ſoon I ſhall return and meet thee here.
I fear, ſaid ſhe, dark Gormal's bloody dart
Will find a paſſage to thy lovely heart.
Yet go; impatient here I'll wait thy ſtay,
And muſe the ſolitary hours away.
Comal departs, and on high Mora's brow
Purſues the deer with dogs and bended bow—
The penſive Galvina, her ſkill to try,
Laid all her robes and golden tiſſues by;
Put on the glittering armour of the brave,
And ſtrode majeſtic out from Ronan's cave.
Comal return'd and met the maid of ſnow,
And raſhly deem'd her his inveterate foe:
He ſtopp'd: His colour chang'd: His heart beat high:
He drew his bow; he let his arrow fly,
Lo! hapleſs Galvina in crimſon fell!—
Comal in haſte repairs into the cell,
And calls to Galvina his long lov'd maid;
But calls in vain—no Galvina reply'd—
He went—he look'd—he mark'd her bleeding heart—
Beating with pain againſt the mortal dart.
O Conloch's daughter! Is it thou? he cry'd—
Then ſunk upon her bloody breaſt and ſigh'd.
The early hunters found the hapleſs pair,
Galvina dead and Comal in deſpair.
In ſullen grief he trod the lonely grove,
Round the dark dwelling of his buried love.
The fleet of Ocean came; he met their pride;
The ſtrangers fell; their valiant heroes dy'd.
He ſought for death; but, death could not be found:
No dart could give the much deſired wound.

At

At length the hero threw his shield away
And rush'd more furious to the mad affray,
A fatal arrow found his manly breast
And sent his soul to everlasting rest.
With his fair Galvina he sleeps secure
Where yonder billows lash the hollow shore.
Their solitary tombs, in grassy green
By the bold mariners are often seen:
With sympathetic grief they point and cry,
"There hapless Galvina and Comal lie."

LINUS.

To the Editors *of the* Massachusetts Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

As the author of the following lines very seldom attempts poetical writing, imperfections will be more excusable.

"With gen'rous candour read these artless lays, [praise."
And kindly pardon, though you cannot

To the MEMORY *of* WILLIAM HOLBROOK, *Milton.*

AS the fair morning of the op'ning spring,
When roses bloom on ev'ry fruitful spray,
Bursts from the night, and neighb'ring songsters sing,
Such was thy morn, sweet youth, too short thy day.

In the first dawning of thy infant age,
Thy parents view'd thee with increasing joy,
Active and fair, thou didst their hearts engage,
Thy sister's kindness was their sweet employ.

Thus, in their fondling arms, encircled round,
Time gently roll'd, till ev'ry setting sun;
The night descending, joy did still abound,
Around each neck, dear little William hung.

Cares'd, belov'd, the little youth rejoic'd;
His teacher's heart his fond affection won,
His praise resounded with an echoing voice,
And expectation hail'd her fav'rite son.

Thus, like the morning sun, he gently rose,
And promis'd rising to meridian height,
But dire diseases quickly interpos'd,
And wav'd around the gloomy veil of night.

E'en then, what anguish wrung the parents' breast, [pain;
To see their fav'rite wrack'd with tort'ring
A wasting fever broke his balmy rest,
And prayers, and tears, and sighs were all in vain.

Increasing paleness seiz'd his comely face,
And ling'ring sickness wore his strength away;
Grim death receiv'd him to his cold embrace;
May Angels guide him to eternal day.

There dwell, sweet youth, death's power is overpast,
His shafts no more shall pierce thy tender breast;
In the bright world, where joys forever last,
There reign in mansions of eternal rest.

How long, dire monster! shall thy fury rage,
And scatter havock through the sons of men?
O spare our children! spare the hoary sage!
To this, let all repeat a *long amen.*
But ah, dread tyrant! hear this sacred truth,
The years roll on, the time approaches nigh;
When thou, who spar'dst not, e'en the blooming youth,
Ev'n *thou thyself*, grim "death, shalt die."

Milton, Sept. 17, 1794.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

DAPHNIS and EVELINA.

WHEN midnight stretches out her shade,
And clouds of darkness wrap the skies;
Then will I go to view the glade
Where now my much lov'd Daphnis lies.

Form'd with a mind above the pride
And glitt'ring splendor of the great,
He ventur'd not on pleasure's tide,
But fought repose in humbler state.

A lonely cottage he possess'd,
Contented there in peace to dwell;
The poor, the sickly and oppress'd
Found shelter in his humble cell.

White handed peace and rosy joy,
And virtue always smiling fair,
Bright pleasures form without alloy,
And ever blooming health was there.

But Evelina, fairest maid,
Would visit oft that humble place,
In native innocence array'd,
Her mind unspotted as her face.

Her winning form, her ſoft addreſs,
Kindled in Daphnis love's pure flame;
He felt the pangs of ſweet diſtreſs,
And Evelina felt the ſame.

How ſoon their pleaſures end in pain,
For fate the promis'd bliſs denies,
Their parents turn with ſour diſdain,
Forbid the match, and Daphnis dies.

Around thy melancholy tomb
The ſweeteſt flowers of ſpring ſhall blow,
And cover with their purple bloom,
The ſacred ſod that lies below.

There hapleſs Evelina ſtands,
Her boſom throbs with pain ſevere;
Behold! She wrings her feeble hands,
And dews the turf with many a tear.

Oft ſhall the ſilver ſtar of eve,
While mounting in the clear blue ſky,
Pauſe o'er the ſpot awhile to grieve,
And hide in clouds his twinkling eye.

Dear ſhade, accept theſe feeble lays,
Which flow ſincerely from a friend,
Who knew thy worth in early days,
And now laments thy hapleſs end.

THE HERMIT.

Extracted for the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

MORNING, on the SEA SHORE.

WHAT print of fairy feet is here
On Neptune's ſmooth and yellow ſands?
What midnight revels airy dance,
Beneath the moon-beams' trembling glance,
Has bleſt theſe ſhores?—What ſprightly bands
Have chas'd the waves uncheck'd by fear?

Whoe'er they were they fled from morn,
For now all ſilent and forlorn
Theſe tide-forſaken ſands appear—
Return, ſweet ſprites! the ſcene to cheer!

In vain the call!—till moonlight's hour
Again diffuſe its ſofter pow'r,
Titania, nor her fairy loves,
Emerge from India's ſpicy groves.

Then, when the ſhad'wy hour returns,
When ſilence reigns o'er air and earth,
And ev'ry ſtar in ether burns,
They come to celebrate their mirth;

In frolic ringlet trip the ground,
Bid muſic's voice on ſilence win,
Till magic echoes anſwer round—
Thus do their feſtive rites begin.

O fairy forms! ſo coy to mortal ken,
Your myſtic ſteps to poets only ſhewn,
O! lead me to the brook, or hallow'd glen,
Retiring far, with winding woods o'ergrown!

Where'er ye beſt delight to rule;
If in ſome foreſt's lone retreat,
Thither conduct my willing feet
To the light brink of fountain cool,
Where, ſleeping in the midnight dew,
Lie ſpring's young buds of ev'ry hue,
Yielding their ſweet breath to the air;
To fold their ſilken leaves from harm,
And their chilheads in moonſhine warm,
To bright Titania's tender care.

There, to the night-bird's plaintive chaunt
Your carols ſweet ye love to raiſe,
With oaten reed and paſt'ral lays;
And guard with forceful ſpell her haunt,
Who, when your antic ſports are done,
Oft lulls ye in the lily's cell.
Sweet flow'r! that ſuits your ſlumbers well,
And ſhields you from the riſing ſun.

When not to India's ſteeps ye fly
After twilight and the moon,
In honey'd buds ye love to lie,
While reigns ſupreme light's fervid noon;
Nor quit the cell where peace pervades
Till night leads on the dews and ſhades.

E'en now your ſcenes enchanted meet my ſight!
I ſee the earth uncloſe, the palace riſe,
The high dome ſwell, and long arcades of light
Glitter among the deep embow'ring woods,
And glance reflected from the trembling floods!

While to ſoft lutes the portals wide unfold,
And fairy forms, of fine etherial dyes,
Advance with frolic ſteps and laughing eyes,
Their hair with pearl, their garments deck'd with gold;
Pearls that in Neptune's briny waves they fought,
And gold from India's deepeſt caverns brought.

Thus your light viſions to my eyes unveil,
Ye ſportive pleaſures, ſweet illuſions, hail!
But ah! at morn's firſt bluſh again ye fade!
So from youth's ardent gaze life's land-ſcape gay,
And forms in fancy's ſummer hues array'd,
Diſſolve at once in air at truth's reſplendent day!

To

To DELIA, on her approaching NUPTIALS.

HAIL, happy nymph! indulgent heav'n,
To thee, her richeſt gifts has giv'n,
And fortune has in ſtore,
Her greateſt dainties ſtill for thee,
Love, friendſhip, joy, and harmony,
Await the approaching hour.

To thee belongs enchanting bliſs,
The panting breaſt, the balmy kiſs,
The bright and ſparkling eye,
The lips that quiver as they ſpeak,
The ruddy roſe-enamell'd cheek,
That emulates the ſky.

Bleſt is thy Damon! happy he!
A happier ſwain can never be
Enclos'd in Hymen's band,
Nor could the niceſt wiſh inſpire,
The gentle youth once to deſire,
A fairer lady's hand.

The arch coquet may fickle be,
The rake may ſwear he will be free,
By all the powers above,
Not ſo with Damon's gen'rous ſoul,
He feels with rapture thy control,
And fondly cries, "'Tis love."

Hail, happy Delia! lovely fair,
Bleſt nymph! the gods' peculiar care,
And happy Damon's choice;
Th' impartial world muſt all agree,
In yielding praiſe to love and thee,
With one accord and voice.

Grateful, let Damon thank the care
Of Cupid, who did firſt prepare
Thy breaſt for Love's alarms,
Soft'n'd by him, thou firſt gav'ſt ear,
His tender moving tale to hear,
And melted in his arms.

Phœbus, haſte down the northern ſkies,
Dart through the night, and quickly riſe,
To bring th' auſpicious morn;
When the fond couple, ſide by ſide,
The happy bridegroom, lovely bride,
The nuptial rites adorn;

Then ſhall the neighb'ring nymphs and ſwains,
Join in epithalamium ſtrains,
To give the fair one joy:
And may the ſwain forever prove,
Conſtant in friendſhip, true in love,
In love that ne'er can cloy.

May pleaſure crown each circling year,
And ev'ry day an hour appear,
An hour unknown to ſtrife;
And may the products of your joys,
Be pretty girls, and handſome boys,
To bleſs the loving wife.

Sept. 21. Q.

VERSES

Addreſſed to a gentleman on ſeeing at his houſe a very excellent print of the head of a Human Skeleton.

—Omnes una manet nox,
Et calcanda ſemel via lethi. HOR.

WHILST you, my friend, to whom the power is given
To practiſe ev'ry virtue under heaven;
With eye ſerene the ghaſtly form behold,
Which oft in ſcenes of death hath ſhook the bold;
And yet much oft'ner paſs'd unheeded by,
Or elſe, perhaps, juſt claims a tranſient ſigh:
To me 'tis given, not in proſe to rail,
But vice to ſcourge in moraliſing tale.

My lady, and Sir John, a happy pair,
As ever breath'd in gay St. James's air,
One ſummer ſeaſon left the vacant town,
And to their country manſion rambled down;
Not that to them the country charms could yield,
The gloomy foreſt, or the verdant field;
But all they wanted was to change the ſcene,
For learned doctors ſaid, it eas'd the ſpleen;
One ſober ev'ning, having nought to do,
Call'd on the vicar, with a "How do you do,"
The vicar kept them, 'till the clock ſtruck nine,
And then diſmiſs'd them with a glaſs of wine:
The glimmering twilight juſt ſupply'd the day
As through the church yard drear they took their way;
It chanc'd the ſexton, whiſtling o'er his ſpade,
Juſt in the path a human ſkull had laid;
My lady ſtarted, and Sir John took fire,
On his pale cheeks was ſeen vindictive ire;
He curs'd the fellow as he paſs'd along,
Who only anſwer'd with a ruſtic ſong;
Then to his trembling lady thus began
To eaſe her fears, and prove himſelf a man;
"You know, my dear, I never fear'd to die,
Once at Almack's I gave a lord the lie;
My lord was prudent, and the affront forgave,
And from that hour, the world pronounc'd me brave."

To

To this, my lady, in soft sounds reply'd,
" In men their courage is their greatest pride ;
As for myself, I must confess my fear,
Death strikes at distance, but is dreadful near ;
Oh, awful thought ! we must resign our breath !
But if I think, I shall be hipp'd to death ;
Suppose, my love, we call on dear Spadile,
And see and make a party at quadrille :"—
This noble resolution pleas'd the knight,
And so in cards and mirth they spent the night.

From hence, my friend, these truths at least are plain,
That heaven forewarns, and wisdom calls in vain :
Trifles, and toys, each little mind employ,
The laugh of folly, and the dance of joy ;
But soon the laugh, and soon the dance is o'er,
And then this world knows the gay croud no more !

T. C.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

SUNRISE: A SONNET.

OFT let me wander, at the break of day,
Thro' the cool vale o'erhung with waving woods ;
Drink the rich fragrance of the budding May,
And catch the murmur of the distant floods ;
Or rest on the fresh bank of limpid rill,
Where sleeps the vi'let in the dewy shade,
Where op'ning lilies balmy sweets distil,
And the wild musk-rose weeps along the glade :
Or climb the eastern cliff, whose airy head
Hangs rudely o'er the blue and misty main ;
Watch the fine hues of morn thro' ether spread,
And paint with roseate glow the chrystal plain.
Oh ! who can speak the rapture of the soul,
When o'er the waves the sun first steals to sight,
And all the world of waters, as they roll,
And heaven's vast vault unveils in living light !
So life's young hour to man enchanting smiles,
With sparkling health, and joy, and fancy's fairy wiles !

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

SONNET.

HOW sweet is love's first gentle sway,
When crown'd with flow'rs he softly smiles !
His blue eyes fraught with tearful wiles,
Where beams of tender transport play :
Hope leads him on his airy way,
And faith and fancy still beguiles—
Faith quickly tangled in her toils—
Fancy, whose magic forms so gay.
The fair deceiver's self deceive—
How sweet is love's first gentle sway ;
Ne'er would that heart he bids to grieve,
From sorrow's soft enchantments stray—
Ne'er—till the god, exulting in his art,
Relentless frowns, and wings th' envenom'd dart !

A THOUGHT on WAKING.

SLEEP by night, and cares by day
Wear my fleeting life away.
Lo ! in yonder eastern skies
Sol appears, and bids me rise :
Tells me life is on the wing,
And has no returning spring :
Death comes on with steady pace,
And life's the only day of grace.
Shining preacher ! shining morning !
Let me take th' important warning.
Rouze then all my active pow'rs,
Well improve the coming hours ;
Let no trifles kill the day,
(Trifles oft our heart betray)
Virtue, science, knowledge, truth,
Guide the inquiries of my youth.
Wisdom, and experience sage
Then shall sooth the cares of age.
They with time shall never die ;
They will lead to joys on high ;
They the path of life display,
Shining with celestial day.
Blissful path, with safety trod,
That leads the virtuous soul to God.

EPITAPH on Gen. WOLFE.

On the death of General Wolfe, a premium being offered for the best written epitaph on that brave Officer, a number of poets of all descriptions started as candidates. Amongst the rest, there was a poem sent to the Editor of the Public Ledger, from which the following curious stanza is selected :

" HE marched without dread or fears
" At the head of his bold grenadiers ;
" And what was more miraculous—nay,
very particular,
" He climbed up rocks that were perpendicular."

MONTHLY

MONTHLY GAZETTE.

Summary of Foreign Intelligence.

ITALY.

TURIN, June 7.

ON the 4th inſt. the Chevalier de St. Amour was ſhot; he was a Savoyard by birth, and commandant of the almoſt impregnable fortreſs of Saorgio. He was accuſed and convicted of treachery for abandoning the above fortreſs in a ſcandalous manner, againſt the advice of the imperial officers, inſtead of defending it according to the orders he received.

MILAN.

We have accounts that the execution of the conſpirators at Turin, has commenced, for which purpoſe two foreign executioners had been hired. The king and royal family are gone to Montcallier, to be out of the way during the affecting ſcene.

GERMANY.

FRANKFORT, June 14.

Near 6000 French priſoners have paſſed through here, within a few days paſt, moſtly good looking men and national guards. They go to Gunſburg, and from thence by water to Hungary. By the expreſs command of the Emperor no volunteer officers are to be admitted into the army of the empire. Numbers of oxen, horſes, &c. are ſtill ſent from the Auſtrian States into France, by way of Switzerland. The French army between Baſel and Landau does not exceed 40000 men.

BERLIN, June 21.

A meſſenger arrived here yeſterday morning from the head quarters of the king, with the agreeable account that Cracow ſurrendered to his Majeſty's forces under Major General Van Elſner, on Sunday the 15th of this month.

ALTENA, July 3.

Letters from Holland of the 28th June, ſay, that Clairfait, on the 24th, was defeated not far from Bruges. Bruges was taken by the French on the 25th, and Ghent the 26th; the garriſon of thoſe places, having evacuated them on the approach of the French. Nineteen Hanoverians that were taken in the battle of the 24th, were ſhot, agreeable to the decree of the Convention. The French took Charleroi on the 24th, and the garriſon were made priſoners of war.

Prince Cobourg has given orders to evacuate Valenciennes, Conde, Queſnoy and Landrecies. The body of Emigrants that were in Ypres, by means of a diſguiſe in women's or peaſant's clothes, chiefly eſcaped before the ſurrender of the place. Bruſſels and Oſtend were ſaid to have fallen into the hands of the French.

POLAND.

WARSAW, June 11.

We yeſterday received the news of the action which took place on the 7th inſt. at ſome diſtance from Malagoſzee, between General Koſciuſko and the combined Ruſſian and Pruſſian troops. General Koſciuſko's account runs thus. "That notwithſtanding the enemy's ſuperiority in regular troops, by the junction of the Pruſſians and their heavy artillery, the Poliſh commander was on the point of obtaining a complete victory. The enemy had already begun to give way, after having loſt five cannon, when a ball took off the Poliſh General Grochowſki. This occaſioned ſome diſorder, which was encreaſed by a general report prevailing throughout the army, that it was General Koſciuſko, who was killed; and that General to undeceive his troops expoſed himſelf to the greateſt danger. The enemy, in the interim, failed not to profit by this accident, and rallied. General Koſciuſko perceiving that one of his battalions of infantry was unable to reſiſt the ſhock of the enemy's cavalry, and that on the other hand the corps of pikemen did not ſeem inclined to do their duty, would not riſk a deciſive action. He retired to Malagoſzee, carrying with him his dead and wounded, but left two cannon in the hands of the enemy. The loſs of the Poles is about 600 men; that of the enemy muſt be far more conſiderable. Some accounts ſtate the loſs of the Pruſſians at 500 killed and wounded, and that of the Ruſſians at 400.

June

JUNE 21.

Kosciusko, notwithstanding his defeat, speaks in a very high tone. In a circular letter which the supreme council have issued on the 21st, by his orders, it is said that the Poles will proceed now no longer on the defensive, but mean to act offensively, and Kosciusko promises therein liberty to all the Prussian and Russian prisoners, provided the insurgents can penetrate into these provinces, and provided likewise that these foreign provinces are fond of Polonian liberty.

The Polish General Jasinski has issued a proclamation to the people of Lithuania, which contains the following sentiment.

Citizens,

"The earth on which we live cannot be taken from us by the enemy—They may burn your thatched dwellings, and rob you of your goods; but soon will the booty you will get from the enemy enable you to build more comfortable houses, and you may live more happily when the land is freed by your valour. Then, citizens, let us attack the enemy in their own country, and treat them as they have treated us; showing, however, mercy to those who have not injured you; revenging your wrongs on those who have fought your ruin by the most unwarrantable excesses. Let us be confident in our strength; but that strength must be exerted, and our country calls upon us for a desperate effort.

IRELAND.

DUBLIN.

The Empress of Russia has absolutely demanded 24000 auxiliaries from the Emperor, according to treaty. Russia being attacked by the Poles.

BRITISH ARMY.

LONDON, July 24—25.

In our present position, (at Kontigh) there is such a scarcity of water that all the men in the army, who have been accustomed to sink wells, or to any similar employment, are immediately to set about the digging of some, that the troops may be supplied with water.

Yesterday we were informed that the enemy had taken Louvain; and we have also learnt that for these two days past they have been bombarding Ecluse and Sas-de-Gand. Should they gain possession of these, they will immediately pass into Dutch Flanders In short, every operation of the enemy shews that they are determined to lose no time in completing the conquest of this conntry.

We hear a heavy firing on the side of Malines, commonly called Mechlin, the enemy, as we are informed, having attacked that place. The Earl of Moira, with a great part of his army, has marched to its relief.

The force which the enemy carried against Malines, amounted to between 6 and 7000 men and 5 pieces of cannon, with which they kept up a brisk fire on the town, for some time. They however began to retreat before Lord Moira's army could reach the place. On this occasion, a Capt. of O'Donnel's corps was killed. One subaltern, with about thirty men, were killed or wounded; and seven houses were damaged by the shot of the enemy. At the commencement of the attack, the garrison, with that precipitation and terror, which have but too conspicuously marked the conduct of some of our allies on different former occasions, set fire to the bridge across the canal immediately in front of Malines, although it turned on a pivot, and could be withdrawn in an instant, by which they have deprived themselves of the only means they had either to pursue the enemy or reconnoitre their situation. The French may now approach the town in the smallest parties with impunity, as they know that the garrison has no mode of crossing the canal to molest them, either in their approach or retreat.

The present position of the Duke of York and the Earl of Moira's armies, though a position necessary to be occupied by some troops, is the most unfavourable that can be conceived for British to act in, the country being so completely intersected by woods and hedges, that ground can hardly be found to encamp or draw a single battalion upon. Our formidable cavalry would be entirely useless where we now are; and even the bravery and discipline of our infantry would avail them little, where every paltroon, who can fire from behind a tree or a hedge, becomes the equal of an intrepid soldier. The weather has been hot in the extreme, for some days past, from which circumstance, and the scarcity of water, the troops have suffered exceedingly.

JULY 14.

We are beginning to send off our heavy baggage; and all our sick at Antwerp, about 1200 men, are embarking on board transports

transports to be conveyed to Flushing, which induces us to believe that we shall shortly sail back from this into Holland. Indeed, as this country is now completely lost to the allies, the sooner we quit it the better; for any action in our present situation, however successful we might be, could not be productive of any one benefit to the allies.

The Earl of Moira's army are still without tents; but though they are hutted very indifferently, there is not a single murmur among the troops, who every day witness their commander, whom they venerate, almost to admiration, subjecting himself to the same hardships with themselves; sleeping on his cloak on sandhills, or in a wretched hut of straw, and not better accommodated than the lowest soldier in his army.

The enemy having succeeded in their attempt to cross the canal, have taken Malinet, and are now advancing two miles on this side of it, close to the bridge of Waelhem, within four miles of our camp. Lord Moira's army is at this moment drawn up on the banks of the river, to oppose any attempts of the enemy to cross it; and the bridge is covered with combustibles ready to set fire to, the moment the enemy shall approach. We do not, however, expect that the enemy will attempt any thing farther to night; but to-morrow it is probable they will; from dispositions however, which are now making, we have reason to believe that, by that time we shall have retreated to Antwerp.

A general impress has taken place on the river, by which, all the ships were stripped of their hands. A number of seamen, by this mean, are procured for the men of war, under orders for immediate service.

The French and Prussians had a smart skirmish on the Golgenberg on the 15th. The Leyden Gazette observes, that the efforts which it costs to resist the advances of the enemy in Flanders, are not to be regarded with surprise, as it was determined in the committee of Public Safety, in the month of May last, and shortly after the capture of Landrecy, to augment the force of the army of the north, joined to that of the Ardennes to 300,000 effective men.

The French cartridges used in the late engagements with Lord Howe, were in general made of writings of estates, and genealogies of French families.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

PITTSBURG INSURGENTS.

VIRGINIA.

BY late accounts from the westward, we are told, that the rioters of Pennsylvania, do not confine their operations to their own State: They have visited Morgan town, and ordered the collector there residing, to resign his office and papers, or they would come and destroy them with all his property. They also sent him a letter with a fictitious signature, informing him, that on such a night they would pay him a visit; on such repeated threats, the collector, with the advice of his friends, judged it prudent to decamp; which he did, bringing with him his records, &c. Agreeable to their notice, a number visited his house the night preceding that appointed; but luckily were disappointed of their intended object.

We are happy to hear, that a very few only of the Virginians approve these rebellious proceedings of their neighbours; and it is to be hoped their prudence will continue to guard them from associating in measures that must terminate in the punishment of those persons who are guilty of such illegal conduct.

By the report of the commissioners, who were sent by the executive of Pennsylvania, to negociate an accommodation with the Pittsburg insurgents, dated August 22; it appears they had then some prospect of restoring order, without the effusion of blood. They had proposed conditions to be committee appointed to confer with them, on the acceptance of which, they, conformably to power vested in them, promised an act of free and general pardon and oblivion for all that had taken place; and they conclude their report by saying, "Just now we have received an answer in writing to our propositions which does not come up quite to our wishes; but we expect, from what has been said, that we shall be able to accommodate the business with them." It must be observed however, that proceedings since bear a quite contrary appearance.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

It is underſtood that the ſiege of Sluys, in Dutch Flanders, has recommenced with redoubled vigour; and that the place is as vigorouſly defended. It is completely inundated on the ſide on which the attack is made.

Liege is almoſt wholly deſerted. All the nobles and clergy have fled towards Germany, and the religious have quitted their convents. More than four hundred boats loaded with valuable property in the town, had dropped down the Meuſe, and the utmoſt conſternation prevailed.

A letter from Amſterdam has this paſſage in it, "So great is the apprehenſion of an inſurrection in this city, that a body of 600 Huſſars have been ſent for, and more are expected.

The peace the Dutch have concluded with the Dey of Algiers, on the 27th of March laſt, was bought by the former, at the price of 150,000l. beſides a ſubſidy which is to be paid annually of the ſum of 10,000 ducats.

WAYNE's ARMY.

By a gentleman from Fort Stanwix, we learn, that news has been received there from the Miamis, ſtating that General Wayne, with the American army, had begun his march into the Indian country; that he had defeated the Indians in a battle near the rapids of the Miamis, and on his arrival at the fort erected by Governor Simcoe, at the foot of the ripids, he ſent peremptory orders to the Britiſh garriſon to evacuate the place in 15 minutes, and in caſe of their compliance, they would be permitted to return to Detroit or Niagara in peace, but that if they heſitated, he would immediately ſtorm the fort. The Britiſh not thinking it prudent to diſpute the matter with the hero of Stony Point, marched off within the time limited.

In New-Jerſey, Pennſylvania, Maryland and Virginia, every thing has the appearance of military buſtle and active preparation. The commiſſioners of peace have returned to give place to the commiſſioners of war. All the troops required from New Jerſey, Maryland and Virginia, are on the march, and Governor Mifflin has taken the field in perſon, as commander of the Pennſylvania volunteers.

The Preſident of the United States has augmented the troops deſtined to act againſt the Pittſburg white boys to 15000 men; the addition will be compoſed of Virginia riflemen.

ACCIDENT.

The following melancholy accident happened on Thurſday laſt. As Mr. Benjamin Peters, with his grandſon, Henry Peters, and Nero Paine, a black man, were in a boat, a little below Beverly bar, a ſudden guſt of wind overſet it, and the unfortunate perſons above mentioned were all drowned. Search was immediately made for the bodies. The two former were found the next day on Weſt Beach, Beverly ſide; the latter has not yet been found.

MARRIAGES.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boſton*, Maj. Ebenezer Kent, of Watertown, to Miſs Charlotte Vinall, of this town; Mr. Joſeph Howe to Miſs Patty Gridley; Mr. Edwin Locke to Miſs Matilda Traſk.

Dorcheſter, Mr. John Mears, of Roxbury, to Miſs Sarah Robinſon.

Marblehead, Mr. Joſeph Chapman to Miſs Suſannah Lee; Mr. Sylvanus Gray to Miſs Charlotte Galliſon; Edward Fettiplace, Eſq. to Mrs. Sarah Bowden.

Newburyport, Mr. Joſeph Brown to Miſs Sally Newell; Mr. Silas Francis to Miſs Nancy Steele.

Portſmouth, Mr. George Froſt to Miſs Sally Boles; Mr. John Sawyer to Miſs Sally Stagpole; Mr. John Daniels to Miſs Hannah Tuttle.

Springfield, Mr. Thomas Dickman, of Greenfield, printer, to Miſs Nancy Church.

DEATHS.

MASSACHUSETTS. *Boſton*, Mrs. Lucy Tileſton, 35; Mrs. Martha Thwing, 86; Mrs. Charlotte Gleaſon, 27; Mrs. Suſannah Faxon, 43; Mrs. Rebecca Bodge, 57; Miſs Hannah French, 21; Mr. William Cunningham, 47; Capt. John White, 54; Mr. Joſeph Hovey; Mr. William Hinkling, 29; Mrs. Ann Burbara Bender, 48; Mr. Thomas Greene, 79; Mrs. Hannah Moore, 39.

Charlton, Mr. Ebenezer Twiſs, 85.

Concord, Lois Whitney, 25.

Columbia, S. C. James Green Hunt, Eſq.

Blooming Vale, Moſes Dewitt, Eſq.

Haverhill, Mr. John Goodridge, 55; Mrs. Suſannah Remick, 58.

Keene, Miſs Betſey Blake.

Long Iſland, Dr. John B. Ricker, 57.

Newbury, Mrs. Mary Johnſton, 32; Mrs. Elizabeth Jenkins; Capt. Michael Biſhop, 49; Mrs. Lucy Fletcher, 39.

Portſmouth, Mr. Stephen Sumner.

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THE

MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY MUSEUM

OF

KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL *ENTERTAINMENT.*

No. X.] FOR OCTOBER, 1794. [Vol. VI.

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WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

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MDCCXCIV.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Alkmas is adviſed to ſuſpend the attempt to write for the entertainment of the public till his junior year.

Protens's communications are under conſideration, future attention will be paid them.

Our Charleſtown correſpondent is informed, that the numbers of the Speculator have been omitted by neceſſity; our copy was miſlaid; we ſhall continue their publication.

Lines to Olivia, too incorrect and unfiniſhed for publication.

The Charade—is deficient in ſenſe as well as verſification.

We ſolicit the favour of an ode on the cloſe of the year from ſome of our poetic correſpondents.

Crates's ſyſtem of Education is under conſideration. If he ſhould think proper to continue his obſervations, we beg leave to recommend a different mode of conveyance; as communications for the magazine ought never to be taxed with heavy poſtage.

The *General Obſerver*, the *Memorialiſt*, and ſeveral other pieces, came too late for inſertion in the preſent number—It is requeſted, that all compoſition intended for the Magazine, may be ſent early in the month.

PRICES OF PUBLIC SECURITIES, BANK STOCK, &c.

October.	Six per Cents.	Three per Cents.	Defer'd Stock.	Maſſachuſ. State Notes.	U.S.B.Shares. ab. par.	Maſſachuſ. Bank Shares.	Union Bank Shares. ab. pr.	Final & L. Of. Cert. inter. fr. Jan. 1788.	Reg. Dt. with int. fr. March 4, 1789.	Indents. Int. on Loan Offi. Cer. & Reg. Dt.	New Emiſſion Money.	O. Emiſ. Me.
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JOHN MARSTON, *Stock Broker.*

ACKN

Alkmas is ad
he till his junio

dia. Mag 1794.

One of the tassels in its full size & shape.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

The great Tetraodon Mola, *or* Sun Fish.

THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

FOR *OCTOBER*, 1794.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

DESCRIPTION of the MOLA TETRAODON, or OBLONG SUNFISH.

(Accompanied with an ENGRAVING.)

THIS rare and ſingular fiſh was left by the tide on Dorcheſter flats on the beginning of laſt Auguſt, and was brought aſhore and exhibited to the examination of the curious. It reſembled in form a bream or ſome deep fiſh cut off in the middle. Its length was four feet nine inches, its width two feet, and its thickneſs through the middle about one foot and a half. Its weight was ſuppoſed to be between three and four hundred pounds.

The mouth was very ſmall; meaſuring only three inches over. Each jaw contained two broad teeth with ſharp edges.

The eyes were placed about nine inches diſtant from the tip of the ſnout. Before each of theſe was a ſmall ſemilunar aperture, two inches round; within which were the gills. There were ſeveral other orifices in the head, the uſe of which has never been aſcertained by any naturaliſt, though Willoughby ſuppoſes that two of them correſpond to the organs of hearing in other animals.*

The pectoral fins were placed immediately behind the eyes. They were ſmall and of a roundiſh ſhape. Each meaſured ſeven inches in length, and the ſame in width at the inſertion.

The dorſal and anal fins were placed high, and at the very extremity of the body. Each meaſured two feet in length, and one in width at the inſertion. The tail fin was irregularly ſemicircular, and filled up the whole abrupt ſpace between them.

On each ſide of the fiſh, near the extremity, by the bottom of the larger fins, were about thirty ſmall taſſels. Theſe were formed of a ſtrong ligament, of the ſize of a large pack thread; about three inches in length, and were furniſhed with

* Tethylogia, p. 151.

with a tuft, or a thick pencil of hairs at the end.

The colour of the back was dusky, and dappled; the belly silvery. The fish was not coated with scales, but covered with a thick and hard skin, and rough as sagri.

I had not an opportunity of examining any of the intestines but the liver, which was large and heavy, and would probably have yielded a considerable quantity of oil. It was of a bright yellow colour.

The meat of the fish was of the most delicate whiteness; but rather rank and unsavoury. Writers on natural history say, that when boiled it has been observed to turn into a glutinous jelly, resembling starch after it is cold, and served the purposes of glue on being tried on paper and leather. The fish I am describing was preserved so long for shew that it was unfit for this experiment.

They are said to feed on shell fish.

This fish is called by Ray and others, the *Sun fish*, as being round and emitting a kind of splendor in a dark room; by others, with Rondolet, the *Moon fish*, because not only round and shining by night, but from having the shape of the crescent betwixt the pectoral fin and eye.

"But what is most remarkable in this creature, says Mr. Borlace,* is that so large a fish should have such little fins, and those mostly on its hinder parts. This is one conspicuous instance how artfully nature adapts the instruments of motion to the form of the body which is to be moved. It is so long, so thin, and flexile, that a large fin in the former part would hinder its swiftness; being itself but one thicker fin; it wafts itself forward in a great measure by the mere bending of its back from side to side, whilst its wedge-like form and sharp-pointed head easily cut their way. But the chief momentum is from behind, where the tail fin is fixed like a rudder and an oar too, reaching from top to bottom, to keep the whole body on its edge more steadily, as well as further and guide its progress. At each end of this singular appendix is a fin, the upper one raising itself above the body, and the under one tending below, it both by their spread increasing the force of these parts, co-operating with the wavy flexures of the body, and accelerating its progress, in the same manner as an oar working at the stern of a boat drives forward and directs the whole machine."

Dorchester, Octo. 1794.

* Nat. Hist. of Cornwall, p. 267.

The PILGRIM's STORY.

[From Mrs. ROBINSON's *Vanienza.*]

"MY eyes first opened to the vicissitudes of life, in the city of Avignon. My father was a general in the French service; and my mother the only offspring of her noble, but indigent parents. They were united by disinterested affection, and as their happiness centered in each other, they were above the envy or malice of mankind. My father's fortune, though not competent to procure the luxuries of the world, was, by my mother's economy and exemplary prudence, sufficient for the enjoyment of every comfort.

"I was

"I was the only fruit of their unfullied attachment. My amiable mother survived but a few minutes after she gave me being. She embraced me, and clasping me to her bosom, resigned her gentle soul to endless happiness: But, alas! her helpless offspring was reserved to struggle through a wilderness of woe, the destined victim of relentless sorrow.

"My father, whose profession called him from Avignon when I was scarcely three years old, committed the care of my education to the Abbe de Versac, a distant relation of my mother. He was a man celebrated for his profound erudition and brilliant talents: He instructed my young mind in all the elegant acquirements of a scholar and a gentleman. The labours of his anxious hours were repaid by my close application to the precepts he wished to inculcate.

"My learned and enlightened tutor, was a cynic in manner, though a philanthropist in principle; his soul was replete with all the sublime sensations of pity and generosity; he considered flattery as a baleful weed, upon which fools thrive and wise men sicken. He laughed at the wretched arrogance, too often the associate of wealth, and considered the man, born to an exalted rank in life, as one, afflicted with an incurable disease, that infected all who approached him with the poison of duplicity.

"What," has he often said, "can be a more miserable situation, than that of a man who at the first dawn of reason, finds himself surrounded by slaves, subservient to his caprices, commending his follies, concealing his imperfections, and impregnating his docile mind with the absurd idea, that because he is highly born he is virtuously supreme! The poor and unprotected mechanic, toils on, from youth to age, with industry and humility for his only associates; he dreads a deviation from the paths of rectitude, because he knows he has no title, but his good name; he is taught to examine his own heart, and correct its errors; because he moves in a sphere, where truth is not hoodwinked by interest, or fulsome applause extorted from the trembling tongue of fear: He has no ermined robe to guard him from the blasts of reproach; no dazzling mask to hide him from the prying eye of justice; he cannot, like the possessor of worldly power, laugh at the pointing finger of scorn, and trample on the vassal, whom nature formed his equal! "Know," said he "my little pupil, you are born the proudest work of your Creator! He has given you faculties to support the dignity of your birthright, and intrepidity of soul, to stem the overwhelming torrents of insolent oppression. Look to yourself for superiority, and from every example of fallen depravity, extract a lesson of morality. Flatter not the weaknesses of the base and degraded, neither meanly withhold the tribute of applause, where the perfections of the heart demand it of you; above all, remember you are a human being! endowed with intellects, and placed in a garden of luxuriant blessings, that only require your hand to cultivate them for your use and pleasure."

"Such were the precepts of Abbe de Versac; my observations through a life of perplexing vicissitudes, have invariably convinced me of their truth and propriety.

"At the age of seventeen I had acquired a competent knowledge of the classics, and had already composed many successful pieces in imitation

imitation of the Greek and Latin poets. The rocks of Vaucluſe, conſecrated by the inſpiration of the Muſes had often echoed with my matin ſong, and the celeſtial form of the immortal Laura, frequently bleſſed in viſionary dreams the ſlumbers of the evening!

"I felt rapt, inſpired, as I traverſed the deep valley, or muſed beneath the laurelled bower, dedicated to love and virtue! I wandered on the margin of the ſhallow rivulets that were once dear to the faithful Petrarch; their murmurs ſoothed my penſive heart; and as I dropped a tear upon their bubbling ſurface, I experienced the conſcious delight of having paid the tender tribute due to his memory and his ſorrows! Often did I caſt my liſtleſs form upon the ſod made ſacred by the footſteps of the wandering lover. Theſe were my happy moments—tranſient indeed they were, for they now almoſt appear to have been the phantoms of a bewildered fancy. The ſubduing hand of miſery has nearly eraſed the very ſhadows of my early hours; the bright deluſions of youth's glowing day are ſunk in cold oblivion, as the glorious ſun ſets in the border of the dark and troubled ocean!

"Filled with romantic inſpiration, my mind was ſoftened like the tempered wax, and ready to receive the tendereſt impreſſions.

"In the vicinity of Avignon, beneath the ſhades of an embowering wood, devotion had long performed her ſacred oriſon at the monaſtery of ſaint Tereſa; the lofty walls were inacceſſible, except on the fifteenth of June; when, at the celebration of the Fete de Dieu, the grates were thrown open, and every eye was permitted to view the ſolemn ceremony of the high maſs.

"Curioſity, more than zeal, led me to be a ſpectator: The holy ſiſters arranged in the chapel of the convent, ſung their choral anthems, replete with ſeraphic harmony; the vaulted arches repeated the thrilling ſounds, while the fumes of heavenly incenſe curled around a thouſand quivering tapers. Among the veſtals, my every ſenſe was faſcinated by one, whoſe beauty far ſurpaſſed all I had yet conceived of mortal woman! A ſweet melancholy gave inexpreſſible ſoftneſs to features exquiſitely regular, and the meek bluſh of unaffected modeſty heightened a complexion beauteous and glowing as the rays of morning. Her age pronounced her but newly initiated in holy duties, and her every look declared ſhe was formed for that world from which ſhe was ſecluded, in the deep and cheerleſs gloom of monaſtic apathy. I gazed upon her with a devotion more warm, more chaſte, than even piety itſelf could have ſuggeſted. Her eye encountered mine. I fancied a thouſand childiſh things; my earneſt attention ſeemed to perplex her; the crucifix fell from her trembling hand; ſhe roſe and left the chapel.

"I returned to Avignon. The image of this pearleſs angel never forſook me; I beheld her in my midnight ſlumbers; her voice vibrated on my enraptured ear, and awoke me to all the agonies of deſpair. Often did I wander, when the ſun ſunk beneath the horizon, to watch its laſt beam that illuminated the vanes of her lonely habitation. Often did I liſten whole hours beneath the hated walls that encloſed the treaſure of my ſoul, to catch the diſtant and imperfect ſound of the holy evening ſong. I fancied I could diſtinguiſh her voice from every other, and my heart

heart panted ſadly reſponſive to every ſwelling note.

"I remained ſeveral months in this ſtate of perfect wretchedneſs, when an accident opened to my diſtracted mind a gleam of tranſitory comfort. The Abbe de Verſac, diſguſted with the depravity of mankind, having entered into the moſt rigid ſtate of holy bondage, was frequently employed in the pious office of confeſſor to the Nuns of Saint Tereſa. A ſudden indiſpoſition prevented his uſual attendance, I embraced the opportunity that preſented itſelf; and, in the habit of a monk, bore to the abbeſs of the convent a letter, containing a ſpecious recommendation of myſelf, deputing me as worthy of the ſacred confidence. I was readily admitted into the cell of ghoſtly admonition, and fortune directed the heavenly Louiſa to the footſtool of contrition!

"The purity of her life ſcarcely left her a ſingle error to acknowledge; my penance was as gentle as her ſoul was ſpotleſs: I requeſted her to peruſe a leſſon I had written for her, and to abide by the injunctions it contained; ſhe thanked me, then with the voice of meekneſs and humility, implored my benediction, and departed.

"My ſafety required that I ſhould inſtantly withdraw from the ſacred walls, leſt the impoſition ſhould be detected, and at once deſtroy my reputation and my hopes. The tranſaction was ſoon made public, and I frequently heard eternal vengeance denounced againſt the daring perpetrator of ſo vile a fraud. The abbeſs offered an immenſe reward for apprehending the ſacrilegious hypocrite, and every tongue united to condemn me. My letter acquainted her of my name, quality, and fortune; which, by my father's death, was not inconſiderable; I implored her compaſſion for my ſufferings, and earneſtly requeſted her deciſive anſwer. I told her, in the language of deſpair, that nothing ſhould induce me to ſurvive her reſentment, and concluded my frantic prayer by informing her that I ſhould watch ten ſucceſſive nights beneath the walls that immured her, to receive the fiat of my irrecoverable deſtiny.

(To be continued.)

CONSIDERATIONS addreſſed to the FAIR SEX.

WHILE I view the irreſiſtible charms of the fair ſex in general, their ſymmetrical features, their animated countenances, the graces of their divine perſons, and the mild complacency of their manners: I yet cannot forget, amid the contemplation of theſe perfections, that the beauties of their perſons will not palliate the defects of their minds. Beauty is but of ſhort duration. Virtue alone is of a permanent nature; that teaches us moderation in proſperity, fortitude in adverſity, and even excites homage from the vicious. Conſcious, then, of the truth of this aſſertion, nothing can more excite my aſtoniſhment than the melancholy reflection that incredible numbers inceſſantly deviate from the paths of virtue, which are the only real paths of pleaſantneſs, to tread thoſe of vice, which, after many perplexed windings, involve them in a labyrinth of perpetual miſery.

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The diverſified amuſements which continually engage the attention of the fair, although they are of a volatile nature, may yet be tempered with diſcretion, and, in lieu of operating as incentives to vice, be rendered entirely innocent, and even beneficial. By a rigid adherence to rectitude, we are not to underſtand an excluſion of mirth. Innocent feſtivity gives a reliſh to life, and vivacity in a female is a charm univerſally acknowledged and felt. Let not this, however, be indulged at another's expenſe. Even women of ſenſe are too frequently addicted to the pernicious vice of detraction—a vice which, if encouraged in the ſmalleſt degree, gains imperceptibly a greater influence, until it ultimately biaſſes the judgment. By attempting to depreciate the good qualities of another, we by no means enhance our own. The failings of an individual will excite compaſſion in a generous mind, and not an accumulation of bitter reproaches.

There are many ſprightly girls who, corrupted by the irreligious deportment of a coquette, fall inſenſibly into the ſame error. Religion in females, far from depreciating them in the eyes of the world, will, on the contrary, endear them to every perſon endowed with ſenſe and judgment. Let my fair readers try the experiment, and a little experience will ſhew them the truth of my remark. It is not the decorations of dreſs, the airs of coquetry, or the animated glance of the eye, that can ſecure them happineſs :—theſe may for ſome time procure adulation, and flatter the vanity of the perſon who receives it; but unleſs the mental faculties are duly cultivated, and our hopes are ſolidly erected on the permanent baſe of virtue, miſery muſt be our portion; and, when we come to look back on our paſt life, remorſe and ſorrow will rend our ſouls, while we reflect on the folly and futility of our conduct when it is to late for a compenſation to be made. Therefore, let both the fair, and thoſe who have leſs claim to boaſt of their perſonal charms, reflect on the folly of diſſipation and vice; and, while they remark the defects of others, be careful to amend their own.

Marriage Rites in Modern Germany.

THEIR women in general are of a tolerable complexion, but more corpulent than the reſt of their neighbours, except the Netherlanders. They are very obſequious to their huſbands, have leſs command in their houſes than Engliſh or French woman, and are not allowed the upper end of the table. They account it rude to ſalute any woman with a kiſs, except they have been bred in ſuch countries where it is practiſed; ſo that their way of greeting is by a mutual touch of the hand.

Their marriages and funerals are very expenſive, ſo that ſometimes an ordinary man is ſcarce able to recover the charge of his father's funeral, or of his own wedding in ſeven years. The entertainment frequently laſts a month, during which they keep open houſe, and ſend the bell-man about to invite all their neighbours, who uſually ſend in wine or ſome other proviſions.

ESSAY

ESSAY on CUNNING.

IT has been considered by moralists as an excellent piece of justice in the general dispensation of things in this sublunary world, that covetousness, which is one of the most odious of all vices, carries its own punishment along with it. The Romans were so sensible of this, that to be wretched and covetous were synonymous terms in their language; but moral writers in general have inadvertently set a brand upon this vice as the only one in the long catalogue of human failings that in this obvious manner punishes and avenges the world of itself; since there is another criminal quality of the mind equally odious, and equally pernicious to society, and which likewise carries its own punishment with it; this is that species of art, which we, to distinguish it from prudence, whose form it assumes, commonly call *Cunning*. The vulgar often mistake this shadow of wisdom for the substance; and the base successful villain is too often said to have raised himself to honours and riches by his wisdom and prudence.

The event, however, usually distinguishes these as it crowns all other actions; and the world as seldom fails to see the short continuance of the benefits produced from dishoneſt Cunning, as the unfading duration of those which are the rewards of honest wisdom: The wise and good, while they are rising gradually to fame or honour, would have all the praises justly bestowed on them in the end, doubled in the progress of their pursuits, could the world see every step by which they rose; while the dark scenes of villainy, by which the cunning man has made his way to greatness and affluence, could any one of them be fully laid open, he must fall the victim of the foul discovery. Men are but men, and great crimes cannot be perpetrated alone; the secret is safe enough in the hands of the master knave; but the accomplices in black deeds, having less reward, often discover the whole; and the smallest part alone being sufficient to prove fatal to the exalted and seemingly happy chief, his continual apprehensions of such a catastrophe, and his alarms on the least coolness or distance of his companions in iniquity, keep suspicion constantly awake, and plant daggers every hour in his wretched heart.

History has given us a thousand instances of this in high life, and daily experience furnishes a thousand more in every rank and order of men in society: Nor is the misery less even in the breast of the most successful of the race of cunning sharpers, who escape external punishment, and in the world's eye, make a happy exit after a very long life. The fear of that which might have happened every day, though fortunately for him it never came to pass, must have kept him in continual anguish, and length of life must have been to him a painful duration of torture. How wretched must be that greatness, which it is in the power of the meanest dependent to destroy, which the possessor knows he is not secure of one day after another! How embittered the enjoyment of ample fortune amassed by low Cunning, which constantly implies fraud, by the fear of being obliged by legal means to make restitution of ill-gotten wealth! How immense then is the difference between greatness acquired by honest wisdom, and that which is purchased by this mean vice!

The higheſt and the loweſt of the people have their ſhare of *Cunning*, and very often are undiſtinguiſhed in the events of it. Sometimes both flouriſh long, and ſometimes blind chance performs the office of judge and executioner, and puniſhes both on the ſpot, in the very act of villainy. The ſubtle Spaniard, who ſeeing great part of the wealth of Peru falling into his father's coffers, and who eager to ſucceed to him in an office of ſuch emolument, bribed his miſtreſs to poiſon him, and then ſtabbed her to prevent diſcovery, was ſcarce ſeated in his place, when a popular commotion aroſe, his houſe was beſet, and in a few minutes he was torn to pieces.

The Egyptian annals on the contrary, preſent us a very romantic hiſtory of *Cunning*, ſucceſsful through a ſeries of events, and long miſtaken even by the perſon injured, for wiſdom, but the final iſſue proved it to be otherwiſe.

Rhampsinitus had accumulated a greater ſtore of wealth than any of the kings of Egypt, his predeceſſors, and being deſirous to depoſit it in ſome ſecure place, he commanded a treaſury to be built for that purpoſe. The architect of this work placed one of the ſtones ſo artfully, that it might be taken out and put in again by one man, intending to ſhare the riches of the place. But, about the time that the treaſure was lodged in it, he was taken ill, and finding himſelf at the point of death, he ſent for his two ſons, declared to them the whole artifice, and gave them the moſt exact directions for the management of the buſineſs. The father died, and the ſons, impatient to take advantage of the diſcovery, repaired ſoon after to the treaſury; and having with great eaſe removed the ſtone, carried off a great ſum, and repeated the theft every night. Rhampſinitus going to view his ſtores, found a viſible diminution of his treaſure, and was the more ſurpriſed as the ſeal on the door was whole. The two brothers ſucceſſively continued their nocturnal pilferings, till the king perfectly ſenſible that his wealth decreaſed very faſt, ordered ſnares to be ſet round the veſſels that contained the money. The next time the two brothers came, one of them was caught in the ſnare near a veſſel of ſilver, and finding it impoſſible to get looſe, he earneſtly entreated his brother to come in and cut off his head, that he might prevent a diſcovery and ſave his own life. The brother, reluctantly, yielding to the neceſſity of the caſe, complied with his requeſt, and putting the ſtone in its place again, took away the head. The king went the next morning to ſee if his project had produced any effect, and finding a man in the ſnare without a head, he was ſo aſtoniſhed, that he hurried out in the greateſt confuſion; but as ſoon as he was recovered from his ſurpriſe, he ordered the body to be expoſed to publick view, charging the guard to obſerve the countenances of the ſpectators, and to bring before him all ſuch perſons as appeared to be affected at the ſpectacle. The mother of the deceaſed threatened her ſurviving ſon, if he did not procure his brother's body to be interred, that ſhe would inform the king who had robbed him. The young man finding it in vain to remonſtrate on the impracticability of complying with her requeſt, at length gratified her by the following cunning ſtratagem. He loaded a number of mules with ſkins of wine, and driving them to the place where the body was expoſed, as ſoon as he reached the guards, he privately opened one of the

ſkins,

ſkins, and ſtriking his breaſt, when the wine began to run out, counterfeited the grief of a man utterly undone. The ſoldiers in the mean time ſtrove to ſave the liquor for themſelves, which he ſeeing, reviled them for the pleaſure they took in his misfortunes, inſtead of offering him any aſſiſtance; but upon their ſpeaking to him fair, he pretended to be pacified, and in the end offered to give them the remainder of the wine; upon this they gathered round him, and preſſed him to ſtay and partake of it, he readily complied, and when they wanted more, opened another ſkin, till in the end, they became ſo intoxicated, that he found means to ſteal away the body in the dead of the night, while they were aſleep, and having faſtened it acroſs one of his mules, he ſhaved the left cheek of each ſoldier, by way of deriſion, and then made the beſt of his way home.

The news of this adventure reached the palace early in the morning, and afforded freſh matter of wonder to the incenſed king. Determined, if poſſible, to find out the cunning thief, he ordered his daughter, a beautiful princeſs, to ſubmit to the embraces of every perſon promiſcuouſly, in a certain apartment, but under this reſtriction, that ſhe ſhould previouſly require from each a confeſſion of the moſt ingenious, and the moſt wicked actions of their lives. The young man was the firſt who accepted of theſe conditions, but reſolved to perplex the king more and more: He procured the arm of a dead body quite freſh, and concealing it under his cloak, he boldly entered the apartment of the princeſs, and being interrogated by her, confeſſed, that the moſt wicked action he had ever committed was cutting off his brother's head in the treaſury, and the moſt ingenious was ſtealing the body from the guard. The princeſs upon this diſcovery attempted to ſecure him, but he preſented to her the dead arm, which ſhe graſped for his, and taking to his heels, he eſcaped by favour of the night.

The king's rage being now converted into admiration of the boldneſs and ingenuity of the man, he ordered it to be proclaimed through every ſtreet, that if the perſon would diſcover himſelf, he ſhould not only be pardoned but rewarded. The young man confiding in the royal word, went to the palace and preſented himſelf to the king, who declared, he thought him ſuperior in wiſdom to any man then living, and as a reward gave him his daughter in marriage.

But mark the end! Succeſsful Cunning, like avarice, is never ſatisfied: He could not ſtop here, but imagining that the ſame wicked ingenuity and audacity which had raiſed him thus high, would advance him one ſtep higher, he formed a plot for murdering the generous king, in order to ſucceed him on the throne; a ſlave betrayed him, and excruciating tortures, too horrid for relation, put an end to a life, whoſe proſperity had not its ſource in virtue or true wiſdom.

[*Lond. Mag.*

CHASTITY: A Remarkable Story.

THUANUS relates a beautiful example of chaſtity, and of an uncommon return to a ſenſe of honour. In 1578, during the civil wars in the Low Countries, one of the Spaniſh officers would have forced

forced the daughter of an advocate of Liſle, at whoſe houſe he lodged. This young perſon, in defending herſelf, ſeized the poniard of her raviſher, plunged it in his boſom, and inſtantly fled. The Captain, perceiving his wound to be mortal, called for a confeſſor, and, impreſſed with the deepeſt remorſe, entreated his attendants to bring this virtuous young woman to him. "I earneſtly implore you," ſays he, "to pardon my atrocious attempt. To make you all the reparation in my power, I now declare myſelf your huſband. Since my crime and your virtue have rendered it impoſſible for me to be united to ſuch excellence, receive, at leaſt, with my name, the rights of my wife to all my fortune. Let thoſe who ſhall be informed of the violence I would have committed learn, at the ſame time, that, by an honourable marriage, I have expiated my odious attempt to diſhonour you, and have recompenſed the courage with which you have defended yourſelf." On finiſhing theſe words, the noble Spaniard, with the conſent of her father, and in preſence of his confeſſor, eſpouſed the virgin. He expired ſoon after; leaving all in doubt which moſt to admire—the magnanimity with which he had atoned for his crime, or the courage which the virtuous girl had diſplayed in the defence of her honour.

GREAT FIRE in MOSCOW.

IN 1713, there happened a great and dreadful fire, which conſumed the greateſt part of the city, eſpecially the wooden houſes; the fire broke out in a maiden monaſtery without the town, and a ſtrong weſt wind blew the fire upon the city, which ſet it all on a blaze: The only method they uſe, to ſtop the progreſs of a fire, is, by pulling down houſes at a diſtance before it, as it is impoſſible to uſe fire-engines; the ſtreets being all of timber, burn at the ſame time with the houſes. On this occaſion, a poor ſuperſtitious man ſeeing the fire advancing to conſume his all, took a picture of St. Nicholas, and holding it between him and the fire, prayed fervently for that Saint's protection, but in vain, for the flames ſoon ſeized his houſe, for which he became ſo enraged at the Saint that he threw him into the fire, ſaying, ſince he would not ſave him, he might now ſave himſelf: This coming to the ears of the clergy, the poor man was ſentenced to be burnt alive. All the brick buildings, ſuch as churches, and other religious houſes, noblemen, and gentlemen's houſes, eſcaped this conflagration, only the roofs of the latter were burnt without being otherwiſe damaged, for all the houſes of three or four ſtories high are arched to the top, and their ſtreet doors and window ſhutters are of iron.

An inſtance of the ſuperſtition of the people, and power of the clergy, happened ſometime before this fire. A young man, whom the Czar had ſent to Leyden for his education, having finiſhed his ſtudies in phyſic, returned a graduated phyſician, and at a merry meeting with his friends, they queſtioned him concerning his religion: He being then in his cups, told them, he was as much of the Greek church as ever, but that he had loſt all his faith in Saints' pictures, and to prove what he ſaid, he took one down from the wall, and threw it in the fire; whereupon he

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was immediately seized, and put into the hands of the clergy, who very soon sentenced him to the flames, and burnt him in a most cruel manner; laying the fire at some distance from him to keep him the longer in torment. The Czar, being informed of the cruelty of the clergy, as he had formerly abolished the dignity of patriarch, took this opportunity to deprive them of the power of life and death, and made a law that all the clergy should apply themselves to study, allowing them five years for that end; after which they were to undergo an examination, and those who were found capable to perform their functions were to be promoted, the others to be discarded. And as three fourth parts of the year were holidays in commemoration of some Saint or other, whereby the people were for the most part idle, he made a law that no holiday should be kept but in commemoration of our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, the twelve Apostles, and St. Andrew, and St. Nicholas, the tutelar Saints of Russia. And as there were in the empire many thousand convents full of lazy monks, who lived in idleness, he restricted the number of these houses to fifty, each house to contain no more than fifty monks, each monk to be above forty years of age; the rest of them to be appropriated to hospitals for such of the army and navy as were become unfit for service, and other indigent persons not able to maintain themselves; and their revenues for their support: And the monks who had been bred to no handicraft, and were fit for service, to be employed in the army.

The OBSERVER.

[By Mr. CUMBERLAND.]

AMONGST the variety of human events, which come under the observation of every man of common experience in life, many instances must occur to his memory of the false opinions he had formed of good and evil fortune! Things which we lament as the most unhappy occurrences and the severest dispensations of Providence, frequently turn out to have been vouchsafements of a contrary sort; whilst our prosperity and success, which for a time delight and dazzle us with gleams of pleasure, and visions of ambition, turn against us in the end of life, and sow the bed of death with thorns, that goad us in those awful moments, when the vanities of this world lose their value, and the mind of man being on its last departure, takes a melancholy review of time misspent, and blessings misapplied.

Though it is part of every good man's religion to resign himself to God's will, yet a few reflections upon the worldly wisdom of that duty will be of use to every one, who falls under the immediate pressure of what is termed misfortune in life. By calling to mind the false estimates we have frequently made of worldly good and evil we shall get hope on our side, which, though all friends else should fail us, will be a cheerful companion by the way: By a patient acquiescence under painful events for the present, we shall be sure to contract a tranquillity of temper that will stand us in future stead; and by keeping a fair face to the world we shall by degrees make an easy heart, and find innumerable

merable resources of consolation, which a fretful spirit never can discover.

I wonder why I was so uneasy under my late loss of fortune, said a very worthy gentleman to me the other day, seeing it was not occasioned by my own misconduct; for the health and content I now enjoy in the humble station I have retired to, are the greatest blessings of my life, and I am devoutly thankful for the event, which I deplored.—

How often do we hear young unmarried people exclaim—What an escape have I had from such a man, or such a woman!—And yet perhaps they had not wisdom enough to suppose this might turn out to be the case at the time it happened, but complained, lamented, and reviled, as if they were suffering persecution from a cruel and tyrannic Being, who takes pleasure in tormenting his unoffending creatures.

An extraordinary example occurs to me of this criminal excess of sensibility in the person of a Frenchman named Chaubert, who happily lived long enough to repent of the extravagance of his misanthropy. Chaubert was born at Bourdeaux, and died there not many years ago in the Franciscan convent; I was in that city soon after this event, and my curiosity led me to collect several particulars relative to this extraordinary humorist. He inherited a good fortune from his parents, and in his youth was of a benevolent disposition, subject however to sudden caprices and extremes of love and hatred. Various causes are assigned for his misanthropy, but the principal disgust, which turned him furious against mankind, seems to have arisen from the treachery of a friend, who ran away with his mistress, just when Chaubert was on the point of marrying her; the ingratitude of this man was certainly of a very black nature, and the provocation heinous, for Chaubert, whose passions were always in extremes, had given a thousand instances of romantic generosity to this unworthy friend, and reposed an entire confidence in him in the matter of his mistress: He had even saved him from drowning one day at the imminent risque of his life, by leaping out of his own boat into the Garonne and swimming to the assistance of his, when it was sinking in the middle of the stream: His passion for his mistress was no less vehement: So that his disappointment had every aggravation possible, and, operating upon a nature more than commonly susceptible, reversed every principle of humanity in the heart of Chaubert, and made him for the greatest part of his life the declared enemy of human nature.

After many years passed in foreign parts he was accidentally brought to his better senses by discovering that through these events, which he had so deeply resented, he had providentially escaped from miseries, of the most fatal nature: Thereupon he returned to his own country, and entering into the order of Franciscans, employed the remainder of his life in atoning for his past errors after the most exemplary manner. On all occasions of distress Father Chaubert's zeal presented itself to the relief and comfort of the unfortunate, and sometimes he would enforce his admonitions of resignation by the lively picture he would draw of his own extravagancies; in extraordinary cases he has been known to give his communicants a transcript or diary in his own hand-writing of certain passages of his life, in which he had minuted his thoughts at the time

they

they occurred, and which he kept by him for such extraordinary purposes. This paper was put into my hands by a gentleman who had received much benefit from this good father's conversation and instruction; I had his leave for transcribing it, or publishing, if I thought fit; this I shall now avail myself of, as I think it is a very curious journal.

"My son, whoever thou art, profit by the words of experience, and let the example of Chaubert, who was a beast without reason, and is become a man by repentance, teach thee wisdom in adversity and inspire thy heart with sentiments of resignation to the will of the Almighty!

"When the treachery of people, which I ought to have despised, had turned my heart to marble and my blood to gall, I was determined upon leaving France and seeking out some of those countries, from whose famished inhabitants nature withholds her bounty and where men groan in slavery and sorrow! As I passed through the villages towards the frontiers of Spain, and saw the peasants dancing in a ring to the pipe or carousing at their vintages, indignation smote my heart, and I wished that heaven would dash their cups with poison, or blast the sunshine of their joys with hail and tempest.

"I traversed the delightful province of Biscay without rest to the soles of my feet or sleep to the temples of my head. Nature was before my eyes dressed in her gayest attire:—Thou mother of fools, I exclaimed, why dost thou trick thyself out so daintily for knaves and harlots to make a property of thee? The children of thy womb are vipers in thy bosom, and will sting thee mortally, when thou hast given them their fill at thy improvident breasts.—The birds chaunted in the groves, the fruit-trees glistened on the mountain sides, the water falls made music for the echoes, and man went singing to his labour:—Give me, said I, the clank of fetters and the yell of galley-slaves under the lashes of the whip—and in the bitterness of my heart I cursed the earth, as I trode over its prolific surface.

"I entered the ancient kingdom of Castile, and the prospect was a recreation to my sorrow-vexed soul: I saw the lands lie waste and fallow; the vines trailed on the ground and buried their fruitage in the furrows; the hand of man was idle, and nature slept as in the cradle of creation; the villages were thinly scattered, and ruin sate upon the unroofed sheds, where lazy pride laid stretched upon its straw in beggary and vermin. Ah! this is something, I cried out, this scene is fit for man, and I'll enjoy it.—I saw a yellow half-starved form, cloaked to the heels in rags, his broad-brimmed beaver on his head, through which his staring locks crept out in squalid shreds, that fell like snakes upon the shoulders of a fiend—Such ever be the fate of human nature! I'll aggravate his misery by the insult of charity. Harkye, Castilian, I exclaimed, take this pisette! it is coin, it is silver from the mint of Mexico; a Spaniard dug it from the mine, a Frenchman gives it you: Put by your pride and touch it!—Curst be your nation, the Castilian replied, I'll starve before I'll take it from your hands.—Starve then, I answered, and passed on.

"I climbed a barren mountain; the wolves howled in the desert, and the vultures screamed in flocks for prey; I looked, and beheld a gloomy mansion underneath my feet, vast as the pride of its founder,

gloomy

gloomy and diſconſolate as his ſoul; it was the Eſcurial.—Here then the tyrant reigns, ſaid I, here let him reign; hard as theſe rocks his throne, waſte as theſe deſerts be his dominion!—A meagre creature paſſed me; famine ſtared in his eye, he caſt a look about him, and ſprung upon a kid, that was browſing in the deſert, he ſmote it dead with his ſtaff, and haſtily thruſt it into his wallet.—Ah, ſacrilegious villain!—cried a brawny fellow; and, leaping on him from behind a rock, ſeized the hungry wretch in the act; he dropped upon his knees and begged for mercy—Mercy! cried he that ſeized him, do you purloin the property of the church and aſk for mercy? Take it!—So ſaying, he beat him to the earth with a blow, as he was kneeling at his feet, and then dragged him towards the convent of Saint Lawrence: I could have hugged the miſcreant for the deed.

"I held my journey through the deſert, and deſolation followed me to the very ſtreets of Madrid; the fathers of the inquiſition came forth from the cells of torture, the croſs was elevated before them, and a trembling wretch in a ſaffron-coloured veſt, painted with flames of fire, was dragged to execution in an open ſquare; they kindled a fire about him, and ſang praiſes to God, whilſt the flames deliberately conſumed their human victim: He was a Jew who ſuffered, they were Chriſtians who tormented.—See what the religion of God is, ſaid I to myſelf, in the hands of man!

"From the gates of Madrid I bent my courſe towards the port of Liſbon; as I traverſed the wilderneſs of Eſtremadura, a robber took his aim at me from behind a cork-tree, and the ball grazed my hat upon my head.—You have miſſed your aim, I cried, and have loſt the merit of deſtroying a man—Give me your purſe, ſaid the robber.—Take it, I replied, and buy with it a friend, may it ſerve you as it has ſerved me!

"I found the city of Liſbon in ruins; her foundations ſmoked upon the ground; the dying and the dead laid in heaps; terror ſate in every viſage, and mankind was viſited with the plagues of the Almighty, famine, fire, and earthquake—Have they not the inquiſition in this country? I aſked; I was anſwered they had.—And do they make all this outcry about an earthquake? ſaid I within myſelf, let them give God thanks and be quiet.

"Preſently there came ſhips from England, loaded with all manner of goods for the relief of the inhabitants; the people took the bounty, were preſerved, then turned and curſed their preſervers for heretics.—This is as it ſhould be, ſaid I, theſe men act up to their nature, and the Engliſh are a nation of fools; I will not go amongſt them.—After a ſhort time behold a new city was riſing on the ruins of the old one! The people took the builders tools, which the Engliſh had ſent them, and made themſelves houſes: I overheard a fellow at his work ſay to his companion—Before the earthquake I made my bed in the ſtreets, now I ſhall have a houſe to live in. This is too much, ſaid I; their misfortunes make this people happy, and I will ſtay no longer in their country—I deſcended to the banks of the Tagus; there was a ſhip, whoſe canvaſs was looſed for ſailing.—She is an Engliſh ſhip, ſays a Galliego porter; they are brave ſeamen, but damned tyrants on the quarter deck.—They pay well for what they have, ſays a boatman, and I am going on board her

her with a cargo of lemons.——I threw myſelf into the wherry, and entered the ſhip: The mariners were occupied with their work, and nobody queſtioned me why I was amongſt them. The tide wafted us into the ocean and the night became tempeſtuous, the veſſel laboured in the ſea and the morning brought no reſpite to our toil.—Whither are you bound? ſaid I to the maſter.—To hell, ſaid he, for nothing but the devil ever drove at ſuch a rate!—The fellow's voice was thunder; the ſailors ſung in the ſtorm, and the maſter's oaths were louder than the waves; the third day was a dead calm, and he ſwore louder than ever.—If the winds were of this man's making, thought I, he would not be content with them.—A favourable breeze ſprung up as if it had come at his calling.—I thought it was coming, ſays he, put her before the wind, it blows fair for our port.—But where is your port? again I aſked him. Sir, ſays he, I can now anſwer your queſtion as I ſhould do; with God's leave I am bound to Bourdeaux; every thing at ſea goes as it pleaſes God.—My heart ſunk at the name of my native city. I was freighted, added he, from London, with a cargo of goods of all ſorts for the poor ſufferers by the earthquake; I ſhall load back with wine for my owners, and ſo help out a charitable voyage with ſome little profit, if it pleaſe God to bleſs our endeavours.——Heyday! thought I, how fair weather changes this fellow's note!—Lewis, ſaid he to a handſome youth, who ſtood at his elbow, we will now ſeek out this Monſieur Chaubert at Bourdeaux, and get payment of his bills on your account.—Shew me your bills, ſaid I, for I am Chaubert.—He produced them, and I ſaw my own name forged to bills in favour of the villain who had ſo treacherouſly dealt with me in the affair of the woman who was to have been my wife.—Where is the wretch, ſaid I, who drew theſe forgeries?—The youth burſt into tears.—He is my father, he replied, and turned away.—Sir, ſays the maſter, I am not ſurpriſed to find this fellow a villain to you, for I was once a trader in affluence, and have been ruined by his means and reduced to what you ſee me; I can earn a maintenance, and am as happy in my preſent hard employ, nay happier than when I was rich and idle; but to defraud his own ſon proves him an unnatural raſcal, and, if I had him here, I would hang him at the mizen yard.

"When the Engliſh maſter declared he was happier in his preſent hard ſervice than in his former proſperity, and that he forgave the villain who had ruined him, I ſtarted with aſtoniſhment, and ſtood out of his reach, expecting every moment when his phrenſy would break out; I looked him ſteadily in the face, and to my ſurpriſe ſaw no ſymptoms of madneſs; there was no wandering in his eyes, and content of mind was impreſſed upon his features.—Are you in your ſenſes, I demanded, and can you forgive the villain?—From my heart, anſwered he, elſe how ſhould I expect to be forgiven?—His words ſtruck me dumb; my heart tugged at my boſom; the blood ruſhed to my face. He ſaw my ſituation and turned aſide to give ſome orders to the ſailors; after ſome minutes he reſumed the converſation, and advancing towards me, in his rough familiar manner, ſaid—It is my way, Mr. Chaubert, to forgive and forget, though to be ſure the fellow deſerves hanging for his

his treatment of his poor boy his ſon, who is as good a lad as ever lived, but as for father and mother ——Who is his mother? What was her name? I eagerly demanded. Her name had no ſooner paſſed his lips than I felt a ſhock through all my frame beyond that of electricity; I ſtaggered as if with a ſudden ſtroke, and caught hold of the barricade; an involuntary ſhriek burſt from me, and I cried out—That woman—Oh! that woman—Was a devil, ſaid the maſter, and if you knew but half the miſery you have eſcaped, you would fall down upon your knees and thank God for the bleſſing; I have heard your ſtory, Mr. Chaubert, and when a man is in love, do you ſee, he does not like to have his miſtreſs taken from him; but ſome things are better loſt than found, and if this is all you have to complain of, take my word you complain of the luckieſt hour in your whole life. He would have proceeded, but I turned from him without uttering a word, and ſhutting myſelf up into my cabin ſurrendered myſelf to my meditations.

"My mind was now in ſuch a tumult, that I cannot recal my thoughts, much leſs put them in any order for relation: The ſhip however kept her courſe, and had now entered the mouth of the Garonne; I landed on the quay of Bourdeaux; the maſter accompanied me, and young Lewis kept charge of the ſhip: The firſt object that met my view was a gibbet erected before the door of a merchant's compting houſe: The convict was kneeling on a ſcaffold, whilſt a friar was receiving his laſt confeſſion; his face was turned towards us; the Engliſhman glanced his eye upon him, and inſtantly cried out—Look, look, Mr. Chaubert, the very man, as I am alive; it is the father of young Lewis.—The wretch had diſcovered us in the ſame moment, and called aloud—Oh Chaubert, Chaubert! let me ſpeak to you before I die!—His yell was horror to my ſoul; I loſt the power of motion, and the crowd puſhing towards the ſcaffold, thruſt me forward to the very edge of it; the friar ordered ſilence, and demanded of the wretch why he had called out ſo eagerly, and what he had farther to confeſs. Father, replied the convict, this is the very man, the very Chaubert of whom I was ſpeaking; he was the beſt of friends to me, and I repaid his kindneſs with the blackeſt treachery; I ſeduced the woman of his affections from him, I married her, and becauſe we dreaded his reſentment, we conſpired in an attempt upon his life by poiſon.—He now turned to me and proceeded as follows—You may remember, Chaubert, as we were ſupping together on the very evening of Louiſa's elopement, ſhe handed to you a glaſs of wine to drink to your approaching nuptials; as you were lifting it to your lips, your favourite ſpaniel leaped upon your arm and daſhed it on the floor; in a ſudden tranſport of paſſion, which you were ever addicted to, you ſtruck the creature with violence and laid it dead at your feet. It was the ſaving moment of your life—the wine was poiſoned, inevitable death was in the draught, and the animal you killed was God's inſtrument for preſerving you; reflect upon the event, ſubdue your paſſions, and practiſe reſignation; Father, I have no more to confeſs; I die repentant; let the executioner do his office."

The

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The REPOSITORY. No. XXV.

CURIOSITY is undoubtedly one of the most active principles of the soul. What degree of curiosity is compatible with sound philosophy, may be a question, but that it is of general utility, must, I think, remain indisputable. Curiosity is said to predominate in a superior degree in the female bosom. I know that curiosity is not ascribed to us as a virtue; no, by no means; it is rather pointed out as a reprehensible excrescence. But with all due deference to those who are fond of searching out, and of reporting the supposed blemish, I take leave to say, that if curiosity was confined to us, then would the lords of the creation be indebted to us, for all those improvements of which humanity hath been found susceptible; we should then become the source of information, and by consequence it is we who must be invested with the honorary bays.—Suppose the principle of curiosity had been from the beginning dormant in the soul; suppose the human being wholly incurious, altogether averse from investigation—in what profound ignorance would mankind have been wrapped?—Where would have been all the astonishing discoveries which we owe to the sublime genius of a Newton? Void of this stimulative, his researches would have been at an end; or rather they would never have commenced; and it is, therefore, to this noble incitement, that the world is indebted for the pleasing knowledge of the great balance of nature, the idea of gravitation, the order of the planets, with many other useful, delightful, and elevating speculations, which once were latent. Suspend for a time the operation of this same curiosity, and, during such suspension, science is at a stand, genius hath lost its prime movement, and the progress of every improvement is effectually arrested. Thus it is a fact, that those who so lavishly attribute curiosity, in so large a proportion to *the sex*, very evidently, although perhaps they are not aware thereof, ascribe to females a superior degree of that noble incentive, which is the origin of every mental acquisition. Let then curiosity, *female curiosity*, cease to be considered a term of reproach; and let the levellers of female abilities, take a more certain aim at that worth, which they assay to prostrate.

CONSTANTIA.

ESSAY on HAPPINESS.

——— Alas! where shall we find
Some spot to real happiness confin'd? GOLDSMITH,

THIS pensive inquiry has not been confined to the breast of the ingenious poet from whom my motto is taken. In the hours of disappointment and adversity, it has been the general language of mankind. Beings who possess faculties capable of enjoyment unattainable in the present state of existence, naturally extend their ideas to a better life. This longing after something unpossessed, is the wish of every mind conscious of its immortality.

But the complaint frequently springs from causes of an inferior nature.

nature. It has often arisen from real, and still oftener from imaginary, infelicity. This hath been often increased, and sometimes wholly proceeds from making a false estimation of human happiness. Men are apt to place an higher value on every blessing not in their possession than on those which they enjoy. The prospect of every distant good is embellished with charms which lose their lustre on a nearer approach, or pall with familiarity.

It is not unusual with us to imagine the condition of others preferable to our own: We change our situation, but find not the happiness we expected; and yet remain unconvinced of our folly. We pursue, vainly pursue, the phantom which the fervor of hope raises in the distempered imagination, although disappointment attend us at every step, and mock every endeavour. We either find the objects of our wishes recede in proportion to our advances towards them, or that, if gained, they prove inadequate to our expectations.

One of the most deceitful bubbles, that ever danced before the eye of human vanity, is wealth. It glitters at a distance, and appears replete with all the requisites essential to earthly felicity. It attracts the attention of numbers from every other object, and kindles in the breasts of its votaries an inextinguishable thirst to acquire it. By weak minds it is considered as the summum bonum of sublunary blessings, and therefore, in the attainment of it, such think to exclude every want, to enjoy every satisfaction.

But alas! wealth often flies before the pursuer; and, in the end, leaves him tired, languid, and disappointed. To some indeed she grants her favors with peculiar liberality: But are these in "a spot to real happiness confined?" No surely: They find, by unprofitable experience, that the enjoyments derived from riches fall far short of their expectations.

Riches are not able to confer that happiness they promise; or to avert those evils which they are supposed to cure. They seldom fill the grasp of avarice, or limit the ardour of desire. They are insufficient to guard the avenues through which afflictions enter. To

> "The branch that blooms with vegetable gold,"

Death pays no regard.

The possession of wealth introduces wants not less numerous than those we complain of in a state of poverty. They are indeed different in kind, but not less destructive of that felicity we vainly seek for in this imperfect state of being. We are apt to conclude, that those are exempt from unhappiness on whom prosperity beams her radiance. In the erring estimation of superficial minds, "their lines are cast in pleasant places;" but a little reflection will convince us, that they are often "encompassed with many sorrows." View those who have free access to the temple of riches, and you will not find them happier than other men. They not only feel numerous wants increasing with their acquisitions; but are often a prey to still more numerous fears, arising from those very possessions to which men in humbler stations are strangers. Some find their desires strengthened by the increase of their possessions: The more they inherit, the more unbounded is their grasp. Were it possible for such

ſuch to accumulate all the treaſures of the earth, they would ſtill be unſatisfied, and, like Alexander, weep becauſe there was no other world within their reach to plunder. Others, who appear contented with their preſent poſſeſſions, are not leſs unhappy. Men cannot eſſentially poſſeſs more than they enjoy: The reſt, like a cypher on the left hand of a figure, is of no value, unprofitable to any uſeful purpoſe. It is only as barren ſplendor, which, like the glare of a comet, may indeed ſhine at a diſtance, and create awe in vulgar minds; but affords no warmth to invigorate him who gazes upon it. The poſſeſſor may contemplate it with barren admiration, but cannot render it ſubſervient to the uſeful purpoſes of life. Such, therefore, who poſſeſs more wealth than is ſufficient to furniſh their reaſonable wants, are generally employed in a laborious ſearch after pleaſures yet untaſted, in which they hope to find an increaſe of happineſs. In general they are diſappointed.

There is indeed one ſource of refined pleaſure, which the enjoyment of wealth affords to a rational mind. The extenſion of help to the helpleſs, of relief to miſery, and of comfort to thoſe who dwell in the vale of adverſity, are employments in which we feel the pureſt ſatisfaction. To awaken joy in countenances ſtrongly marked with the gloom of ſorrow is attended with the moſt refined ſenſations of delight, and attunes the ſoul to harmony. This is the nobleſt uſe to which wealth can be applied; the eſſential end for which Heaven has diſpenſed it. But, amongſt the great and opulent, how few are there who exerciſe themſelves in ſuch a courſe of benevolence and virtue! How few whoſe minds are ſufficiently elevated to ſeek for the ſatisfaction ariſing from a conduct ſo truly eſtimable?

The generality of the rich ſpend their time and ſubſtance in a courſe of falſely eſtimated pleaſure, which, while it affords a momentary gratification to ſome deſires, creates others more difficult to ſatisfy. Every indulgence of the paſſions beyond the limits of reaſon and temperence either excites the appetite for more criminal enjoyments, or cloys with a languid ſatiety. Theſe are effects equally deſtructive of true happineſs. In this dilemma the mind of a man of pleaſure is perpetually toſſed like a veſſel without a rudder in the fury of a ſtorm. Still hurried along by the gales of paſſion, he purſues ſomething yet untried, which he ſuppoſes more capable of conferring happineſs; but this when attained leaves him equally diſſatisfied, and at a diſtance from true felicity.

Thus, through the diverſified paths of error, men purſue, with unremitting ardour, that happineſs, which, for want of a better regulated judgment, they cannot attain; till, tired with reiterated diſappointments, they quit the ſtage of life and their fruitleſs ſearch together.

It would be a mark of wiſdom in us to conſider ſuch examples as proper objects for our inſtruction. Viewed in this light, they may be uſeful warnings, and teach us to avoid the folly ſo ſtrongly exhibited in their conduct. Let their errors and conſequent diſappointments excite others to purſue a different plan;—a plan more likely to be attended with ſucceſs.

Complete happineſs is not the

produce

produce of a terreſtrial ſoil. While we tread the paths of human life, and are incompaſſed with human frailties, the avenues through which happineſs beams on the ſoul will not in a ſufficient degree ſatisfy or fill up our intellectual capacities: But ſtill ſuch a portion of it is within our reach as will render this ſtate of exiſtence eaſy and tranquil. The Sovereign Lord of univerſal nature has wiſely ordained, that, amidſt the higheſt gratifications we can enjoy in this world, ſome alloy ſhould be experienced. By theſe means the mind is led to aſpire after the attainment of that more perfect bliſs, which, in the wiſe determinations of his counſel, we were formed to enjoy, when time and its illuſive ſcenes ſhall vaniſh for ever.

The terms, on which this ſuperior happineſs is declared by the voice of wiſdom to be attainable, are, ſuch as, if complied with, will tend greatly to the increaſe of our preſent felicity. We are told in the volume of ſacred truth, that "Godlineſs is profitable to all things; having the promiſe of the life that now is, and alſo of that which is to come." The experience of wiſe and good men in all ages has proved its validity. The more we withdraw our affections from periſhing delights, and endeavour to fix them on celeſtial objects, the more acute, pure and refined, will our perceptions be of preſent pleaſures. They will not be purſued to ſatiety, or abuſed with a wanton ingratitude.

Thoſe joys, which the viſible creation affords, will not be relied upon as a ſubſtantial laſting good, but rather conſidered as the lower ſteps of that ladder by which we may aſcend from earth to heaven. By the "good things that are ſeen" and which we are favoured to enjoy here, we ſhall be excited to ſeek after "thoſe that are inviſible," in that ſtate where the aſpirations of hope will end in certainty; and deſire, in the complete fruition of eternal bleſſedneſs.

It is undoubtedly a mark of wiſdom in us to ſeek, by every prudent means, for the attainment of that happineſs which, in the wiſe order of Providence, we were formed to enjoy in the preſent life. Our paſſions are ever calling for freſh gratification; they are clamorous, and not eaſily ſilenced: But we know that, if indulged without reſtraint, they would ſoon precipitate us into irretrievable ruin. It is therefore the province of reaſon to regulate them, to curb the rovings of the will, and to point out thoſe boundaries of action which we ought never to paſs.

Whenever we thus ſubmit to her wiſe reſtrictions, the commotions in our breaſts will ceaſe; our deſires will be circumſcribed; and, inſtead of repining at our lot, we ſhall be convinced the bleſſings we have received are infinitely beyond our deſerts. This ſenſe produces gratitude and humility, and thence ſpring true contentment and laſting peace: We are ſatisfied with thoſe bleſſings which the munificent Author of our being has ſhowered down upon us, and are moſt ſolicitous to make ſuitable returns for his unmerited bounty.

In this diſpoſition of mind the pureſt happineſs of this life is found; and herein we are beſt capable of becoming ſucceſsful candidates for that ſuperior felicity which will be the portion of the wiſe and virtuous in the realms of immortality.

[*Univerſal Mag.*

The

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The GLEANER. No. XXIX.

Eaſy the burden, lightly borne, appears,
Content her poppies ſtrews—a wand ſhe bears—
Whoſe magic influence can new joys unfold,
Changing the *iron*—to an age of *gold*.

THE value of an equal and accommodating diſpoſition, cannot, I conceive, be too highly appreciated, too energetically inculcated, or too often expatiated upon. Such, and ſo frequent are the viciſſitudes of life, that an unbending mind, refuſing to yield to that neceſſity which is impoſed upon its exiſtence, is broken by the boiſterous winds which are abroad, and too frequently proſtrated by thoſe calamities, or adverſe tranſitions, to which an acquieſcent ſpirit finds it wiſdom, with humble patience, to ſubmit. "The burden becomes light by being well borne." I have not forgot that this is an old adage, but I repeat, that its antiquity doth not deduct the ſmalleſt particle from its rationality; theſe venerable old ſaws frequently contain the very pith and eſſence of ſentiment, and I have often thought that the pen appropriated to the pointing out their excellence might be *much worſe* employed. Say, thou diſcontented and repining mortal, what emolument haſt thou derived from continually tracing the dark ſhades in the picture? Haſt thou received injuries, and doſt thou find thy recompenſe in eternally brooding thereon? Do ſuch contemplations meliorate thy virtues, or promote the ſunſhine of the ſoul? Are the genial and ſalutary airs of tranquillity originated, or wafted forward, by reflections, which wound the mind, and fire the boſom with indignation?

Health of body, ſerenity of ſoul, ſweet complacency, ſprightly mirth, all theſe are among the victims of *cheriſhed, gloomy* and *corroding reſentment!* The ſoul of the vindictive is the region of horror, and the moſt black and baleful paſſions harbour there. What are the pleaſures of the angry man? It is undeniably true that he is his own tormenter, and if he throws the reins upon that implacability, and inveterate revenge, which ſo fearfully predominate in his breaſt, his moſt uniform or confirmed enemy could hardly deviſe means more adequate or better calculated for the deſtruction of his felicity. Have not the attentions which I have received been commenſurate with that merit, with which my ſelf-partiality hath inveſted me? Have I to complain of cold indifference or neglect from thoſe upon whom nature, circumſtances, or amity, had furniſhed me with indiſputable claims? Have I not only been defrauded of thoſe dues to which the inviolable laws of ſociety hath entitled me, but hath inſult, and even outrage been alſo added? Well, it is really a pity-moving ſituation, and I would certainly turn as often as poſſible from the view. Canſt thou derive either ſatisfaction or profit from an enumeration of thy grievances? I pity the malignant ſpirit which can delight to prey upon food on which the fiends aſſembled in Pandemonium might joy to riot! Reader, if thou wert

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ever angry, then haſt thou experienced the ravages which the war of the paſſions maketh upon thy peace, like all other wars, deſolation follows in the train, and reaſon can never eſtimate their profit; yet, if upon a fair calculation, the ſum total proves thee a ſingle drachm, or even a half drachm, nay, the hundredth part of a ſcruple the gainer; I will then conſent that thou ſhalt in future vex thyſelf to a ſkeleton more hideous than the brain of fertile poeſy e'er conjured up, though ſickening envy, or yellow jealouſy, or fell revenge, ſtalked full in view—" Yes," cried Maria, " the ſenſations which are attendant upon the contemplation of a virtuous action, are undoubtedly divine; I would paſs by a thouſand ſuppoſed injuries, but I would dwell for ever upon the contemplation of genuine worth. The reflections which are the accompaniments of offences do not exerciſe, they do not invigorate the finer feelings of the ſoul. I liſtened to the pleaſing matron," continued Maria, " I liſtened with rapture, for her tongue expatiated upon the philanthrophy of Alberto."

" My ſon, ſaid ſhe, was on a voyage, he was a ſtranger, and he took rank among the loweſt grade which made up the ſhip's company—my ſon fell ſick; he was dangerouſly ill; gloomy was his ſituation; but Alberto commanded the ſhip; he ſought out my ſon; he ſoothed his woes; he lodged him in his own cabin; he attended him in perſon, and my ſon was reſtored to health. Immeaſurable are my obligations to Alberto and his name, next to that of the Supreme, is entitled to my utmoſt veneration. Alberto is my brother; I am many years his ſenior; I have known him the moſt beauteous of infants, and he gladdened the hearts of his parents. How ſweet are the praiſes of a brother! Alberto, dear Alberto, for this, and many ſimilar anecdotes of thy ſhort life, I will remit unto thee all, and every one of the peccadilios, which, ſhading thy character, do but to render thy virtues the more conſpicuous. Yes, the genuine benignity of thy ſoul ſhall ſerve as a ſponge wherewith to obliterate all recollection of thoſe aſperities, that the rough contour of thy inborn integrity, ſo frequently preſents." The election of Maria exemplified her accuſtomed penetration, for reiterated obſervation of proper and becoming actions, has upon the heart the moſt ſalutary effect. Was I called upon to delineate the path which would moſt aſſuredly lead to as great a ſhare of happineſs as is compatible with humanity, I ſhould dictate to the candidate for felicity, a frequent recurrence to the fair ſide of perſons, circumſtances and events; almoſt every thing may be viewed in different mediums, and even the various emphaſizing of any given narration, may furniſh the ſame fact with features directly oppoſite. Reſolve then to view every occurrence in the very beſt poſſible light, and if there is a pleaſing conſtruction, ſeize with avidity the ſuppoſition which points to complacency. Make, I beſeech thee, the experiment, determine to be pleaſed for one week, and then tell me how ſmoothly fled the hours. Here I am aware of an objection; misfortunes may await, the preſſure of which may ſink *even fortitude itſelf*, but let it be remembered that I have not at preſent reference to the real calamities of life, and although it is undoubtedly true,

true, that every evil may be mitigated by patience, yet at this moment, in endeavouring to rouse to resolution, I had only in view that fretful ennui, which is commonly the offspring of indolence, and strongly marks the want of those efforts which are so proper to a rational being. Murmuring, repining, captious discontent, invidious cavilling, these are the fiends which are armed at all points against our repose; disagreeable recollections, wounding sarcasms, irritating recriminations—these are hunted after, as if they were some hidden treasure, and they stab our choicest comforts; they are the dark assassins which, aiming at the vitals of tranquillity, fatally destroy our peace! Of what consequence is it who was the aggressor? humanity is subjected to error, and that immaculate Being, to whom alone belongeth undeviating rectitude, hath given us a dignified example of forgiveness. Take the advice of a friend; make the most of life, enjoy with avidity; reverence virtue; make it the goal of thy wishes; pursue and overtake, cultivate philanthrophy; give ample scope to every benignant suggestion; take not upon thyself the character of a *public accuser, or censor;* but leaving this invidious office to those to whom it may *legally belong*, accustom thyself to expatiate upon the *good qualities* of thy associates, upon the *benefits* accruing from an intercourse with thy connexions, upon the *eligibles of life:* Tread lightly upon offences; if thou shouldest awake the sleeping mischief, it will sting thee to the soul, its envenomed shafts will find their way to the deepest recesses of thy spirit. Do not magnify or even investigate the ill offices which have been done thee; few circumstances can justify the perturbating scrutiny; anger will grow in thy bosom. How shocking, how deforming is anger! Seneca's description of anger is not too high coloured, and it is just as true at the present day, as it was near eighteen hundred years since. Seneca, upon anger, may not be in your library; I take leave, therefore, to transcribe an extract from his admired page. "He was much in the right, whoever he was, that first called anger a short madness; for they have both of them the same symptoms; and there is so wonderful a resemblance between the transports of choler and those of phrensy, that it is a hard matter to know the one from the other. A bold, fierce and threatening countenance, as pale as ashes, and in the same moment as red as blood; a glaring eye, a wrinkled brow, violent motions, the hands restless and perpetually in action, wringing and menacing, snapping of the joints, stamping with the feet, the hair starting, trembling lips, a forced voice; the speech false and broken, deep and frequent sighs and ghastly looks; the veins swell, the heart pants, the knees knock; with a hundred dismal accidents that are common to both distempers. Neither is anger, only a bare resemblance of madness, but many times an irrecoverable transition into the thing itself. How many persons have we known, read, and heard of, that have lost their wits in a passion, and never came to themselves again? It is therefore to be avoided not only for moderation sake, but also for health. Now, if the outward appearance of anger be hideous, how deformed must that mind be that is harrassed with it? for it leaves no place either for counsel or friendship, honesty or good manners;

ners ; no place either for the exercise of reason, or for the offices of life. If I were to describe it, I would draw a tyger bathed in blood ; sharp set and ready to take a leap at its prey, or dress it up as the poets represent the furies, with whips, snakes and flames. It should likewise be sour, livid, full of scars, and wallowing in gore, raging up and down, destroying, grinning, bellowing, and pursuing ; sick of all other things, and most of all of itself. It turns beauty into deformity, and the calmest counsels into fierceness : It disorders our very garments, and fills the mind with horror. How abominable then is it in the soul ! Is not he a mad man who hath lost the government of himself, and is tossed hither and thither by his fury, as by a tempest ; the executioner of his own revenge, both with his heart and hand ; and the murderer of his nearest friends ? The smallest matter moves it and makes us unsociable, and inaccessible. It does all things by violence, as well upon itself as others ; and it is in short the master of all passions." Say, my fair friend, doth the portrait disgust thee ? fly then, lovely Sentimentalist, from the very first approaches of the fell destroyer ; rude and misshapen, it assimilates into its own frightfully shocking aspect the finest features, and, beneath its horrid and imperious sway, prostrate beauty fades and is extinct ; its depredations on the sweet tranquillity proper to thy sex, are marked with the most aggravating and unnatural circumstances. Gentle woman should studiously shun that questionable path which may remotely terminate in the most distant approximation to the hell-born fiend ; for every mild, every bland and social virtue, should constitute the aggregate of the female character. How charming is the sunshine of the soul; how friendly to the growth of mental life is the milk of human kindness ! how divine is the precept—" Bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the royal law of love." But stop, I presume not to invade the province of the preacher ; the fact is, that thought hath followed thought, until having overshot my purpose, I have widely deviated from my original plan : Indeed, the want of regularity, is not the least of the inconveniences which are the accompaniments of the vagrant tribe, but my humble pretensions must at all times be my apology.

My design was to have devoted this Gleaner to the consideration of the utility, of supporting with equanimity, the unavoidable misfortunes incident to life : And I was furnished with an exemplification of the advantages which I had in view to delineate, during a tour which I lately made through the out-skirts of one of the eastern states. Thus it is, the eccentricity of my occupation not seldom deranges my most favorite views, and I am necessitated to admit the multifarious produce of an excursive, or fugitive imagination, yet, although thrown from my course, I will not be prevented from presenting my example ; I think it cannot fail of striking agreeably, and it may possibly give birth to those very identical reflections which it was my wish to embody. It was upon a beautiful morning of April last that, seeking the pleasures of solitude, I wandered from the company at our little inn, and mounting my horse, I threw the reins upon his neck, determining to leave to chance the direction of my ramble. We were equally strangers

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to the road, and a few miles in a country hardly emerging from a ſtate of nature, conducted us to a thick wood, when, ſecuring my horſe to the trunk of a tall tree, I prepared to penetrate a coppice which preſented the only veſtige of the wants, or ingenuity of man, which the eye could trace: Almoſt loſt in contemplation, I proceeded onward to the extremity of the wood, which bordered a few acres of ground, equally remarkable for the ſterility of its ſoil, and the perſevering patience, and uncommon induſtry of its proprietors. I was rouſed from my reverie by a number of voices, which arreſting my attention, immediately drew me forward to the place from whence they proceeded. I ſuſpected the employment of our ruſtics, and leaſt I ſhould interrupt operations ſo proper to the ſeaſon, I made my advances with care. The opening ſcene preſented a poor built cottage, which, in language unequivocal, proclaimed induſtrious poverty; the healthy appearance of the grounds, evinced the ſtinted produce, with which they repaid the maſter's culture; a few ſheep, and a ſingle cow, whoſe thin forms demonſtrated the ſcanty pittance on which they fed, ſtood forth additional vouchers of the partial penury of nature. But a fertilizing ſtream, which murmured by, and bore in its boſom various deſcriptions of the finny tribe, diverſified the view, and gave birth to the pleaſures of hope. A well looking man was buſily employed in turning up, and ſhaping the glebe, a ſentimental carol vibrated upon his tongue, and his features were expreſſive of content. A graceful female at a little diſtance, round whom no leſs than eleven children, of different ages, were collected, was directing the eldeſt boy, a roſy cheeked youth, in ſetting ſome plants, while ſhe herſelf committed to the prepared ſod, thoſe ſeeds from which ſhe cheerfully anticipated the diſtant harveſt. The veſtments of the family, were the veſtments of penury, and if they could be conſidered as garments, they were entitled, for ſo reſpectable an appellation, to that unwearied diligence, which following ſtill the well worn robe, had ſo repeatedly repaired each time-made breach, as to render it impoſſible to decide of what hue or texture it was originally poſſeſſed. Yet the voice of gladneſs echoed round, and the colour of every feature ſeemed deſcriptive of heart-felt age. With folded arms, and grateful admiration, I contemplated the uncommon group. The face of the matron was not immediately turned toward me, neither had the ſhepherd obſerved me, but the children had begun to amuſe themſelves with my figure, when their mother, having finiſhed her employ, was drawn by their innocent mirth to the ſpot on which I was fixed. I have already confeſſed mingling ſurpriſe and pleaſure, at the gay tranquillity which was ſo apparently the appendages of a ſcene ſo barren of good, and ſo remarkably devoid of the eligibles of life, but no language can expreſs my aſtoniſhment, when in the countenance of the penuriouſly garbed matron, I recognized the once opulent, truly amiable, and highly deſerving Flavilla! Gracious God! ſpontaneouſly I exclaimed—Is it poſſible; do I in reality behold the once idolized, and ever charming Miſs Kneller? Flavilla, long accuſtomed to the viciſſitudes, and caprices of events, uttered no perturbed exclamation, but with that genuine dignity, which

which nature not ſeldom confers upon a conſciouſneſs of innate worth, with a grace and manner which I have not often ſeen equalled in a drawing room, preſenting her hand; ſhe expreſſed her ſatisfaction in an interview ſo unexpected, and leading me to her humble abode, we were ſoon joined by Evander, and the little family. I had known Flavilla from early youth: She wasborn to affluent fortune, and her education had been in the firſt line. Her parents Mr. and Mrs. Kneller, had no other child, and this daughter, promiſing in every view, was of courſe regarded as an inеſtimable treaſure. Evander was the man of her heart, and her union with the youth ſhe loved, and who reciprocated her attachment, received the cheerful ſanction of the authors of her being. Soon after the marriage of Miſs Kneller, her parental friends payed the great debt of nature, and Evander and Flavilla poſſeſſed an ample fortune. But from this period thick clouds began to gather, and they experienced a moſt diſtreſſing reverſe of circumſtances. The *career* of their misfortunes was uſhered in by a dreadful conflagration, in which their manſion houſe, containing many valuable articles, was reduced to aſhes; a ſeries of calamities ſucceeded, until at length, of all their vaſt poſſeſſions, ſcarce a veſtige remained; yet a principle of rectitude triumphed in their ſouls; of their inborn integrity the malice of their fate could not diveſt them, and diſcharging, with intereſt, the laſt farthing, for which they were indebted, with the poor pittance which was left, they retired, like Thompſon's Lavinia, "*far from thoſe ſcenes that knew their better days,*" far from their native place, the much-loved ſcene of their early pleaſures, and purchaſed in this remote ſpot—*'twas all they could*—the barren grounds from which they have ever ſince obtained a ſcanty, and hard earned ſubſiſtence. Their original ſtock conſiſted of thirty ſheep, one cow, and a yoke of oxen; the ſheep were almoſt immediately deſtroyed by the wolves, the cow fell a victim probably to the ſteril ſoil to which ſhe was confined, and, in an attempt to level a tall tree, one of their oxen was killed upon the ſpot. Succeeding years has reduced to the loweſt ſtate the neceſſaries which made up their perſonal and family wardrobe, and it has not been in their power to poſſeſs themſelves of the ſmalleſt ſupplies: Yet, ſtrange to tell, neither time, or ſorrow, hath been able to inſix their deadly fangs in the boſom of Flavilla; health dances in her veins, and beauty glows upon her cheek; her ſmiles ſtill diſplay the dimples of youth, and in her mildly expreſſive eye corrected vivacity yet beams. It was impoſſible that I could forbear expreſſing my aſtoniſhment, and my admiration! and I inquired by what means they had, Flavilla eſpecially, ſupported ſuch an uncommon meaſure of tranquillity in the midſt of ſuch a calamitous reverſe of circumſtances: "It is ſimply this," replied Flavilla, "we have conſidered the brevity of life, and the certainty of our removal to another, a better, and a more permanent ſtate of being; we have adopted, realized, and reduced to practice the ſentiment of an admired poet; we have been taught by experience that "*earth born cares are vain; that man wants but little here below,*" we have fully known, and we do not expect to want "*that little long.*" To contribute to the relief of Flavilla, or her family, is impoſſible, for

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ſince the diſcovery of her retirement, in regard to which ſhe hath injoined the ſtricteſt ſecreſy, however ingenious, I have been in my attempts to augment their finances, I have ſtill found myſelf with a firmneſs almoſt unexampled, uniformly repulſed. To have put Flavilla, in poſſeſſion of every thing which her ſituation ſeemed to claim would have been the higheſt luxury which benevolence could have taſted; but while I regret as an individual, her ſteady rejection of all pecuniary aſſiſtance, I cannot but admire the genuine elevation of her high-ſouled ſentiments. She liſtened, it is true, to thoſe remonſtrances with which, after more indirect methods had failed, I ventured to addreſs her; but ſhe liſtened only to aſcertain her rejection; "No, Sir," with all the calmneſs of inborn ſuperiority, ſhe replied, "I am but too much obliged in receiving your munificent propoſals, but no one ſhall ſay that he hath enriched either Flavilla, or her family. Flavilla and her familiy will depend only upon Nature and Nature's God; habit hath reconciled us to our ſituation, we are reſigned, we are contented—beſides, my friend, the proſpect now gradually brightens upon us; by rigid economy, we have replaced our *ſtock*; our children are growing up about us; my boys will aſſiſt their father; we have already laid the foundation of a little tenement, in which we expect to meet a tranquil cloſe to waneing life. Labour will ameliorate even the ſteril earth; many hands will bear from ſome more friendly ſpot the rich manure; the increaſe of our own fields ſhall yet ſpread us a plenteous board. See yonder flax, already it aſſumes a promiſing and healthy aſpect. The fineſt threads are ſpun by my girls, and even by myſelf. Lydia has made herſelf miſtreſs of the weaving buſineſs; William has a fine mechanical genius, his looms are nearly complete, and the well made web, the product of our own induſtry, will ere long furniſh us with decent and becoming veſtments."

Happy, deſervedly happy woman; felicity haſt, from the diſcordant ſpirit of the captious murmurer, although the child of affluence, and enveloped in gold and purple, it haſteth to the boſom of contentment; it ſeeketh ſhelter in the breaſt of equanimity, beſtowing on its votaries, although dwelling in a humble cottage, the choiceſt of its bleſſings.

ALEXIS: Or, The *Cottage* in the *Woods*.

(Continued from the 537th page.)

PART SECOND.

Alexis paſſes a twelvemonth in the Cottage.—He is forced to leave it.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SUBTERRANEOUS TEMPLE.

THE dawn of gay morning had riſen from the eaſt, the feathered tribe ſaluted it with the moſt melodious concern; all nature brilliant, and diſplayed, ſeemed to rejoice at the beneficent rays of the ſun. Alexis, who uſed every morning to contemplate and adore this magnificent ſcene, paid not the ſmalleſt attention to it. All night a prey to the moſt painful reflections, he no ſooner perceived Aurora,

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than, running to the window, he surveyed, with a countenance expressive of grief, the vast expanse of the forest. Sighs heaved his bosom, his veins beat precipitately, his over-burdened heart seemed to be willing to force its way through his breast, to repair to the spot where he knew his father waited for him. Alexis could not see the village of St. Etienne, but he guessed its situation, and said to himself: Romans lies to the south; St. Marcellin on this side; and St. Etienne facing the mountain covered with woods. Yes, St. Etienne lies there, my father and Dumont are near me! O why cannot my eyes pierce through the obstacles which part us! Why not see and examine them!—What do I say? Their image is in my soul.—There they are, sitting by one another: They sigh, and say, Will Alexis come to join us?—Will Alexis prefer his father to his mistress?—Will nature have greater command over his heart than love? Will it be in vain for me to hold out my arms to him and to call him aloud!—Ah! my son! come, come, my mouth smiles at you; my eyes only wait for your bosom, to pour in it a flood of tears; my heart longs to feel the beating of your's. Will you come my Alexis, will you come?—Yes, I will, my father; yes, I'll embrace your knees; my soul shall be united with your's.—O Alexis! O most ungrateful of all men! could'st thou hesitate, could'st thou waver? descend into your heart, it will prescribe your duty, and tell you, what is a lover, what is a benefactor. Are they above a father? Can friendship, can gratitude, equal paternal fondness! O sacred names of a father, of a son, are you not holier than those of a lover and a friend!—I am resolved this evening, I will leave the cottage, I will quit for ever Candor and Clara.—For ever!—great God!—for ever!—beings so generous, so virtuous!—O my father, what a sacrifice do you exact of me!—it is above my power; yes, I feel it will be impossible for me to consummate it.—But, cruel parent, why did not you come yourself? Why did you write by a hand not your own? That letter, that stranger, that guide, who is to conduct me—yes, that guide!—should it be yourself—yes, my father, it is you—I shall meet you in the forest: My heart tells me so; it cannot deceive me! O sun, hasten thy career, behold what happiness awaits me when it is completed! restore a son to his father, and thy setting will be more beautiful for Alexis than thy meridian glory.

Alexis, enlivened by the idea of meeting his father in the guide of the forest, was shedding tears of joy. Soon calm cheered his soul, and serenity animated his countenance. He went down to Clara, gave her a lesson of music; they repaired to Candor, of whom he begged leave to go a hunting in the afternoon; the latter granted it, embraced him closely, and called him his dear son, which entirly disconcerted our hero: His firmness failed him, his resolution vanished, his heart was distressed, and he fell into his former state of irresolution.

Clara, whom he joined, finished putting him into the most anxious perplexity and confusion: Alexis, said she, rejoice, my father is going to grant thee thy wishes; he said to me just now, to night you and I shall know his secrets. O my God! how I long for that blessed moment!—But what ails you? It seems as if you was sorry at these tidings?—Don't you love my father? don't you love—me? how often have you declared and sworn you did?—

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In faith, Alexis, could I but think you ungrateful, I would esteem you no more.—Oh, how you look at me!—you weep now.—No, sir, no, be not sorry, I believe there is nothing bad in what I told you.—

Alexis endeavoured to answer, but his grief would not permit him: He only pressed her hand, and then retired. Clara, who had never seen him so downcast, saw him go; her beautiful eyes were filled with tears: She, mechanically, followed as it were, the traces of her young friend, and stopping on the banks of the rivulet, near the bridge that leads to the grove, she was highly amazed to see Alexis write some characters upon the bark of the great poplar. She hid herself behind an antique willow, and watched attentively every motion of her lover, intending, as soon as he should be gone, to read the inscription he made on the tree. Alexis, at certain times, interrupted his task, lifted his hands towards heaven, and uttered the most woful moans. Soon after, he kissed the characters which he had traced, and with a slow pace returned to the cottage, not without turning round, and coming back upon his footsteps.

No sooner Clara saw him at too great a distance to be perceived by him, than she ran trembling to the great poplar. What became of her, when upon it she read these words!

"O you tender friends, objects of my thoughts, that ought to expect a more grateful return, accuse not my heart of a forcible flight! one day you will see me again."

Clara attempts to read the fatal lines again; but her eyes cannot see; a cloud of darkness covers them; her tongue denies its office, she drops down senseless upon the turf and remains in that condition, which nobody could guess, without the smallest succour. She however gradually recovered her senses, and her unfaithful remembrance hides from her the cause of her perturbation; she rises, sees herself, with astonishment, open her eyes again to light: Soon the happy darkness which covered her soul vanished; she repents not having followed the traces of her lover, and quickly enters the cottage, where she cries with a loud voice, Alexis! Alexis! ungrateful man, it is Clara who calls you! answer me, oh, answer me!—Alexis could hear no more, in consequence of Candor's having given him leave to go a hunting; he had just left the cottage; he was in the forest, he looked at the draw bridge which had just shut itself behind him, and doubting whether he should have it let down again, he could neither advance, nor return. What a situation for his feeling heart! What, exclaimed he, Candor, the respectable Candor, who does not suspect my project, and has just given me tokens of the most tender friendship—should I leave him!—Oh God! how ungrateful!—And Clara, poor Clara! what will she become, if she reads my last farewel upon the great poplar? She will see that I was forced to go, she will see that I am to return one day.—Yes, I will return, my generous friends, you will see me again; and will to-morrow hinder me from coming here with my father and Dumont.—Oh! they will not be able to disapprove of my project; they will follow me; to-morrow I shall embrace Candor, he will pardon me. How delightful a hope is this to my heart!—It quite enlivens me; I will go, I will proceed on my journey, embrace father who waits for me at a little distance. Heaven be praised for

this

this favour, it baffles all expreſſion!

Alexis turned his face towards the cottage, he ſhed tears, then took his road as he was directed by the letter: He had now walked half a league in the foreſt, when the ſky was imperceptibly overcaſt with clouds, the lightning rent the air, the thunder roared, whole cataracts of water poured down from the irritated elements, and the blackeſt darkneſs covered all nature. Alexis, moved at the dreadful ſcene, felt his knees tottering; terror ſeized his ſoul, he was almoſt convinced that heaven, provoked at his ingratitude, would ſhiver him into atoms, he had almoſt ſuccumbed under the weight of his grief, when a ſpacious cavern preſents itſelf to his ſight. He enters to avoid the heavenly wrath; he ventures to ſtep a little forward; all of a ſudden an involuntary horror makes him tremble, his hair ſtands at an end, he thinks to ſee ſpectres that purſue and ſtop him; he believes he hears the voice of Clara and Candor; it is they, it is their voice; they load him with reproaches and curſes. Heaven! where is he to ſeek refuge? The phantoms purſue him wherever he goes; on all ſides ſighs and ſhrieks reſound in his ears. Let us for a moment leave him in this critical ſituation, and ſee what paſſes in the cottage.

Clara, after ſhe had read the words, written on the great poplar, ran back to the cottage in hopes to find Alexis; but what was her ſurprize, when her father informs her that he is not there, but went out a hunting in the foreſt.—"A hunting!" cried Clara; "ah, my father, he flies from you, he leaves you forever!"—"What do you ſay, my daughter?"—"Yes, the ungrateful Alexis is gone!—We ſhall ſee him no more."—"But how do you know this?"—"Liſten, my father, liſten to me, and know all his treachery."

Here Clara told Candor and Germain the adventure of the poplar tree, and begged her father to ſend Germain after him; not to bring him back, but to upbraid him, in the blackeſt terms, with his ingratitude.—Candor heard patiently Clara's report, and ſhewed her that the project ſhe had conceived was quite impracticable. Which way indeed, could he ſend in purſuit of him? Which way did he go? A whole hour at leaſt, had elapſed ſince his departure.—Beſides, in ſuch weather!—would it be worth while to brave tempeſt and lightning to run after a traitor? No, my dear Clara, continued he, it is uſeleſs to give ourſelves any trouble; you ſhall ſee your Alexis, you ſhall ſee him again; but he ſhall pay dear for the torments he cauſes Clara!—Withdraw, for a while, to your apartment, and leave me to conſult with Germain upon what can be done.

Clara kiſſed her father's hand, and repaired to her apartment, where ſhe wept bitterly. Thus ſhe ſpent the beſt part of the evening and night without ſeeing either Candor or Germain! the latter finally came to open her priſon (for ſhe had been under key;) "Clara," ſaid he, "follow me, you will ſee him again."—"Who? Alexis?"—"Himſelf, he is here."—"O heaven! ſhall I—yes, I will—let us go, Germain, conduct me to the traitor!—will he be able to ſtand my preſence?"

Thus ſhe—Germain immediately laid hold of her hand, and made her go down into the place where ſhe had never been before; but let us not dwell upon a deſcription of it,

it, which we shall give hereafter; but let us see how Alexis was conducted to it.

We left him in a cavern of the forest, haunted by remorse and fantastic apparitions. He was now an hour in it, when he thought he heard a voice at the bottom of the subterranean; he listens, the voice utters his name; it is no vision, a feeble light glimmers at a distance before him. Is it a snare? shall he go and follow that voice which may make him tumble into some abyss? Yes, Alexis, prompted by a supernatural courage, risks the adventure. Whosoever you be, (calls he out to the man who carried the light, whose features he could not distinguish) whosoever you be I will follow you boldly; but what do you want of me?—No answer is given. He advances, and the light disappears before him.—What intrepidity in a young man of eighteen; to be sure, so extraordinary an adventure was worth his no[illegible]ta- Alexis thought he saw spec[illegible]; he he trembled—now he fol[illegible]no rea- man, and his firmness [illegible]ry; but frightful illusions often[illegible]perate a more than credulity. [illegible]eart, and

He therefore walke[illegible]rm of all guide, and distance alw[illegible] him from recognizing [illegible]is kind and passage took up abo[illegible] Duverly with he remarked a[illegible]ade him the offer this grotto; [illegible]use his home as long faction offi[illegible]. Duverly gratefully then a little propos[illegible], and I re- layers hanks to my father. The him, [illegible]oon became so fond of my to l[illegible] as to blazen forth his merits thout reserve, and to make him, every thing, the pattern of my [illegible]nduct: we both studied the pro- [illegible]ssion of the law, for which Duerly manifested more disposition and taste than myself. He became also daily more grave and serious. his way, and his astonishment became so great as not to permit him to think. At last he saw himself in a splendid temple, whose door shut itself after him. The floor and columns were of black marble, and on the ceiling hung a lamp which cast a deadly gleam. In the centre of the temple several steps led to a magnificent tomb; above it he saw a picture, representing a woman with a child in her lap. Alexis, struck with all these things, had no doubt of the portraits being that of the persons set by the tomb. But what place could it be? Who was he that conducted him to it? His guide had disappeared, he was alone, shut up, and nobody came to let him out.—Alexis [illegible]ou well. repent his too [illegible], and it being when, lo! [illegible]e with regard to Duverably esteem for the latter height- ened, and I tried every thing in my power to re-obtain his confidence, which I thought I had forfeited by my failings.

My father was very intimate with an old baroness, whose name was Myrsange: she was the widow of an officer of horse, and a few years since came to live at Grenoble with her only child, an adorable charming young lady, whom I could not see without emotion. My father, my friend, and I, were used to spend the evening at the baroness' house, and the too lovely Adela made every day so great a progress in my affections, that I soon was able to discern the nature of my sentiments. I made this confidence to Duverly, who, surprised and astonished, received my avowal with such a kind of indignation as intimidated me from making further confidence. What, said he, do you love Miss Myrsange! You—only think, Dorance! Think that she is but a sort of adventurer, whose family

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depended on. O treacherous Alexis! you have opened my eyes but too much!—I see I have lost all in this world, as there is not one single friend left to me.—Ah! my father, cried Alexis, throwing himself at his feet, ah! my generous benefactor! yes, you speak the truth, it was a trial too hard for my heart.—But did you know what conflicts and torments I endured!—Ah! pardon me, and be persuaded that it wanted nothing less than filial tenderness that could balance that you have inspired me with.

Candor was going to reply, when a door opened—it is Germain, it is he—who came to load the unweight of Alexis with their recavern presents immortified with He enters to avoid the youth, wrath; he venters to step their forward; all of a sudden an involuntary horror makes him tremble, his hair stands at an end, he thinks to see spectres that pursue and stop him; he believes he hears the voice of Clara and Candor; it is they, it is their voice; they load him with reproaches and curses. Heaven! where is he to seek refuge? The phantoms pursue him wherever he goes; on all sides sighs and shrieks resound in his ears. Let us for a moment leave him in this critical situation, and see what passes in the cottage.

Clara, after she had read the words, written on the great poplar, ran back to the cottage in hopes to find Alexis; but what was her surprize, when her father informs her that he is not there, but went out a hunting in the forest.—"A hunting!" cried Clara; "ah, my father, he flies from you, he leaves you forever!"—"What do you say, my daughter?"—"Yes, the ungrateful Alexis is gone!—We shall est; if he has been your guide hither without your being able to know him; in short, if I receive you for the first time in this dismal place, it is merely to disclose a great design which I have conceived, and to exact from your arm a vengeance, which my own, withered by age, cannot take upon the cruel enemy who has caused all my misfortunes. Behold this mysterious cave, which I have concealed from you till now, and in which lays deposited what makes both my despair and the treasure of my heart!—Here lies my spouse—she was guilty, but—my poor son!—Permit me to let flow my tears!—Here you see his image; this is his portrait; alas! a barbarous monster has murdered them both—would you believe it, my son, that monster stands before you? I am the monster!—yes, I am he who sacrificed them!—O shame! O remorse! O despair! must my old age be haunted by cau-emembrance of so atrocious a while!—No, I will have no comme to children; my tears will what can off the blood with which

Clara ied my hands!"

and repa man wept for a while, where she by degrees, and comspent the history of his misfor- and night Clara herself heard Candor or Ger- me. nally came to ope- she had been under k- v. said he, "follow me, OF HIS RI- him again."—"Who? A "Himself, he is here."—"my fa- en! shall I—yes, I will—le- rlia- Germain, conduct me to th- v, tor!—will he be able to stand presence?"

Thus she—Germain immediately laid hold of her hand, and mad her go down into the place wher she had never been before; but let us not dwell upon a description of it,

where I unfortunately made the acquaintance of a traitor, the chevalier Duverly. Like me, young, brisk, and fiery, his temper bore so much resemblance to mine, that, in a little time, we became so intimate, that we could hardly be separated for one moment. He was an orphan, and his education entrusted to the care of a guardian, who was to restore him his whole property when he should come to be of age.

I shall not expatiate upon the particulars of our intimacy, nor the circumstances which cemented it: it will be sufficient for you to know, that upon leaving the college, where we had studied the *humanities* together, I requested him to come and spend some time with me at Grenoble at my father's house, to whom I had many times wrote in a very flattering manner, about my friend's conduct, and also expressed a desire of getting more particular knowledge of him. Duverly at that time complied with an invitation, that quite charmed him: he loved me, or, I had at least no reason to think to the contrary; but his passions were soon to operate a change in his perfidious heart, and to infect it with the sperm of all vices.

My father, who was kind and generous, received Duverly with cordiality, and made him the offer to make his house his home as long as he pleased. Duverly gratefully accepted his proposal, and I returned thanks to my father. The latter soon became so fond of my friend as to blazen forth his merits without reserve, and to make him, in every thing, the pattern of my conduct: we both studied the profession of the law, for which Duverly manifested more disposition and taste than myself. He became also daily more grave and serious. He had no more for me that confidence, nor made those friendly effusions which I so often experienced from him in his youth; in a word, I found him more reserved and deliberate. Whatever alarmed me in his conduct; whatever I considered as an evident change in his friendship to me, my father looked upon as an energy of mind and a discretion of character entitled to his admiration. Behold, said he, often to me, behold your friend! he shows not that levity so conspicuous in your character; he is grave, reasonable, thinking, and solid. Endeavour to preserve always his friendship, and to follow his advice, for I am certain he wishes you well. I listened to my father, and it being congenial to me, that he could not mislead me with regard to Duverly, my esteem for the latter heightened, and I tried every thing in my power to re-obtain his confidence, which I thought I had forfeited by my failings.

My father was very intimate with an old baroness, whose name was Myrsange: she was the widow of an officer of horse, and a few years since came to live at Grenoble with her only child, an adorable charming young lady, whom I could not see without emotion. My father, my friend, and I, were used to spend the evening at the baroness' house, and the too lovely Adela made every day so great a progress in my affections, that I soon was able to discern the nature of my sentiments. I made this confidence to Duverly, who, surprised and astonished, received my avowal with such a kind of indignation as intimidated me from making further confidence. What, said he, do you love Miss Myrsange! You—only think, Dorance! Think that she is but a sort of adventurer, whose family

and

and property are equally unknown to every body. She and her mother, I grant you, make a tolerable figure in this town; but whence come they? Who are they? it is now three years they have reſided here; is that enough to know well perſons, who perhaps have been baniſhed or expudiated? Open your eyes, Dorance—acknowledge your folly—your faher will never conſent to it, believe me. No, he will never conſent: I know him. He will, I ſuppoſe, make inquiries, and ſhould they not prove ſatisfactory, you know yourſelf the conſequence—in other reſpects he repoſes great truſt in me; and if he aſks my advice, in faith, I will be candid with you, reſent it if you chooſe, yet, I ſhall never give my opinion in favour of ſuch a match.—O heaven! what, Duverly!—no: depend upon it: I profeſs too much attachment to your well-being, not to ſuffer you to throw yourſelf blindly and headlong into a precipice: the day would come, when you would reproach me with having promoted your ruin.—My ruin! by all means; have not you dived into the character of that little body? Oh! I know her better than you. I can ſwear—firſt of all I believe ſhe is a haughty, imperious, ſlandering coquet. She has wit, I won't deny her that; but a deceitful, malicous and ſarcaſtic wit, you yourſelf know it—My dear Dorance is it poſſible!—ah, did you know how painful this confeſſion of your's is to me! painful on your account; for were you not my friend, it would be very indifferent to me, whether you have her or another—Come, promiſe me to follow my advice, and to conquer a fooliſh paſſion, which ſhould never have roſe in your heart.

This diſcourſe of Duverly aſtoniſhed me to ſuch a degree, that I was at a loſs to make a reply—I remained motionleſs, my heart was heavy; I was going, I believe, to ſhed tears, when my father by his entering the apartment, interrupted our converſation, and took us with him to the court, where a cauſe highly intereſting was to be pleaded; it was a couple who had married by inclination and without the conſent of their parents: ſix months having paſt, they became equally odious to one another, and ſued for a divorce. They made uſe of as many invectives as they formerly had made of tender and pious expreſſions, and adduced in their behalf facts ſo atrocious, as would have provoked the moſt indelicate ear.

This ſuit ſtruck me with horror, and Duverly, who preceived it, was pleaſed to add to my confuſion, by puſhing me at every quotation made by the counſellors, and expatiating with a low voice, upon the dangers of an ill-concerted marriage, which each of the couple depicted with equal energy.

Upon my return, I made the moſt cruel reflections. I did not ſuſpect my friend of any ſecret motive to oppoſe my paſſion: moreover, my father eſteemed him much, and entertained the moſt flattering notions of his ſpirit and judgment: this was a ſufficient reaſon for me to reſpect him blindly.

Of all the fears Duverly had cauſed me, none ſeemed to me well founded; they were confined to vague ſuſpicions, without proofs, and of no alarming nature. What could I think of Duverly! He had appeared much moved at the confidence I made him of my paſſion: was it his concern for me, which—Oh! yes, it was doubtleſs his concern, his friendſhip alone, which

which made him speak to me. He was perhaps too timid, too prying into futurity; but all this reflects honor upon his heart; he was attached to me; he loved and respected my father, and was afraid lest he should see unfortunate, some day, the family he cherished.

I did abide by these reflections, and intended to study Miss Myrsange's character, and to renounce her hand, if ever I should discover in it the faults which my friend had pointed out.

My father, however, frequently asked me what I thought of Adela? I dared not disclose to him my real sentiments on that head, lest they should kindle his wrath. One day he explained himself to me in a more distinct manner. Dorance, said he, I perceive the daughter of the baroness is not indifferent to you; answer me, my son, open your heart, and thou wilt perhaps not repent.—My father—you love her; come, out with the word—Yes my father, I do love the charming Adela; yes, I do adore her, were you even to load me with all the weight of— O load you!—what means that, my son? You accomplish my wishes and those of her mother;—know that we both desire to see love rise in your breast!--how!—Adela is your's, Adela shall be your spouse upon condition—What condition? speak father. What condition? That you go to Paris to study law, to receive instruction, and enable yourself to take the function of my charge, which I shall not resign but in favour of that marriage. To go to Paris, my father! Could not I study here, as well as in Paris?—Undoubtedly, but there is no place like Paris for young people to get instructed. Besides I will recommend you to my best friend, Mr. de Calenzieux; he is a counsellor of parliament, and will perhaps take better care of your education than I can do; he is an old senator, replete with genius and knowledge: go to him my son, go to draw from his advice that prudence and wisdom, so necessary to him who is to be the judge of his equals: and as you are to succeed me in office, give me the satisfaction to think, when I descend to the grave, that I leave my fellow citizens a virtuous and equitable magistrate. You shall set off tomorrow with Duverly, who, I have no doubt (for Mr. de Calenzieux will receive you both with equal pleasure, and he tells me so in his answer) will accompany you; then return in a twelve month: yes, in a twelvemonth you shall possess Adela, and fulfil the hope of my old age!

I embraced my father, and retired with the greatest joy. I was however determined not to mention any thing about the project of my marriage to Duverly, fearing he might try to alter my father's mind, and I only informed him of our intended journey to Paris. I perceived that this news was highly vexatious to him; he turned pale, opposed the measure for some time, and when he made me perceive that he began to feel the weight of the links of our friendship, my father, much occupied that day, had only time to say a few words to him; he requested him to accompany me to Paris, and to be my mentor. My dear Duverly, said he, you are a man of sound and solid parts, be vigilant over my son, grant him always your friendship and your advice, which I command him to follow and to respect as mine own. Let him pay attention to you, and he will accomplish all my wishes. Duverly answered only stammering;

ing; I obſerved him to be downcaſt that whole day. At night we went to take our leaves of the baroneſs and her daughter: the latter gave me a very cold reception, caſt down her eyes, and I thought I perceived ſhe had been weeping. I paid her a compliment which ſhe did not return: I preſſed her hand without her ſeeming to be moved. Her coldneſs affected me; I could eaſily diſcover that ſhe did not love me; an involuntary bluſh diffuſed itſelf over my face, and I let drop ſome tears. The mother, who perceived my perplexity, endeavoured to allay it: ſhe opened her arms and called me her ſon. I obtained leave of her to embrace her daughter; but ſeeing the latter averſe to grant the parting kiſs, ſhe was ordered to comply. Well! my daughter, ſaid the baroneſs, well!—that may be granted to a perſon who takes his leave—come, comfort him, that poor traveller: he is, you ſee, ſorry to leave us!—Adela obeyed with ſeeming reluctance, and I embraced her trembling. With regard to Duverly, the baroneſs was much more reſerved; but the perfidious Adela had not the leaſt objection to embrace him; ſhe made half the advances to it: I was not ſurpriſed: ſhyneſs might have made her more moderate with me, and, having ſuffered me to take that liberty, it would have been the groſſeſt inſult to my friend, not to grant him the ſame indulgence. We ſet out early on the next morning, and, during the whole journey, Duverly was ſad, uneaſy, grieved, and even ſnappiſh; he ſometimes ſighed, looked up to heaven, and exclaimed, I am very unfortunate! What is the matter, dear friend, aſked I? Why, nothing, anſwered he; my health, which I ſee decline day by day, gives me ſome uneaſineſs—I feel ſuch depreſſions and palpitations of heart, which robs me of reſt both day and night. Aye, it is the vapours. The vapours, ſir! you call it the vapours! you are very inhuman, very hard!—I beg your pardon my friend, I did not wiſh to—you are happy!—every body ſmiles at you! you are always ſucceſsful! what, you! you are as hardy as Hercules!—you enjoy the careſſes of a father, of a moſt excellent father! but I, who have no parents, nobody in the world. I am left alone to myſelf!—Alone—to yourſelf—when you have friends!

Duverly made no anſwer to this: he had a relapſe of his melancholy, and I was ſorry to ſee him in ſuch a ſituation; as to his health having been worſe for ſome time, it was true, he had no ſleep, he could not eat, and fell into a ſtate of languor, which would bring on a dangerous diſorder.

It was not long before it happened. We had now been two months at the houſe of the counſellor, when Duverly was taken ill. The phyſicians who were conſulted upon his caſe, gave it as their opinion, that the young man had ſome inward grief which preyed upon him, and if it was poſſible to remedy its influence, his life might eaſily be ſaved. Judge what impreſſion this report made upon me. I, who loved Duverly, believed to poſſeſs his confidence! he concealed his grief from me. Ah! my feeling heart could not bear that idea; I was determined to try all poſſible means to get from him that fatal ſecret, and to reſtore him to health, even at the riſk of my life. As I ſat up by him regularly every night, I took the opportunity of a moment when he was calm and ſettled, to addreſs him as follows: Duverly, you will

will die; you will conceal from me the cauſe of your death—ah! what an outrage to my heart! could you pry into it; could you but ſee!—entruſt me with your ſorrows, my dear Duverly; entruſt me with them—if it was in my power to redeem your life, doubt not, I will do every thing!—Yes, Dorance, it is in your power:—yet—ſpeak, in the name of heaven, ſpeak—your friend does conjure you!—I am afraid the ſervice which I require of you will hurt your feelings.—No matter: if I can do it without treſpaſſing the laws of honour, coſt what it will, I am prepared for all.—O my friend! were I ſure of you; but—Duverly! Duverly! how can you thus grieve me? Well, I will make an entire confeſſion—but how can I?—Ah! hear me, and pardon if I conceal certain particulars, which—You muſt diſguiſe nothing!—I ſhould ſhould not for my own ſake, but for—the perſon I love.—You love! you!—O heaven, do you really love?—Yes I do love, I do burn!—attend to me; pray, attend.

Duverly upon this prepared to digeſt in his head the little fable he was going to relate. Alas! my friends, had he then unravelled to me the truth, all would have been over: I would have made him welcome to Adela's hand; I would have made that effort, and not have ſuffered a ſeries of misfortunes, of which he was the ſole author, and which will never ceaſe but with my life.

Know then, ſaid he, that the firſt day of our arrival at Grenoble, I paid a viſit to a relation of the name of Mrs. des Roches. I never mentioned that lady before, becauſe ſhe is the only ſource of my unfortunate adventure, and I—heſitated to let you into any fatal ſecret. I met at her houſe with a reſpectable old man, who came there upon a viſit with his daughter, a girl of about ſixteen: no, my friend, thou never haſt ſeen ſo much allurement, brown (obſerve, my children, that Adela was fair) brown, ſprightly, full, replete with wit, graces, and accompliſhments; I could not ſee her, without falling deſperately in love. When ſhe had left the houſe, I made bold to tell my relation what impreſſion the young lady had made upon my heart. Beware, Duverly, anſwered ſhe, of harbouring ſuch a paſſion. Roſina's ſole dependence is on a wealthy and very amiable father. A young colonel now in town, has ſolicited her hand, and promiſe was made on both ſides.—O heaven! and does Roſina love him?—Alas! no, the poor child has fits quite averſe to that marriage; but the will of a father is a law!—How ſoon is her marriage to take place?—I do not know: the colonel expects the conſent of his family, may arrive tomorrow.

Mrs. des Roches made me alſo the confidant of many other circumſtances: the moſt pleaſing to me was to hear that Roſina came every day quite alone to ſee her, and ſtaid for whole hours. The father, purſued ſhe, has every poſſible friendſhip for me, and is never more pleaſed than when he knows his daughter is at my houſe.

I begged leave of Mrs. des Roches to permit me to ſee the beautiful Roſina at her houſe, to which ſhe at firſt thought proper to refuſe: but when ſhe ſaw that I perſiſted in my intreaties, and dropping down upon my knees, and a torrent of tears guſhed from mine eyes, ſhe was at laſt finally prevailed upon to comply. Thus I had the good fortune to ſee fair Roſina every day, to declare my paſſion to her, and to find her ſoon moved with pity for her

diſtracted

diſtracted lover. What a difference (continued the traitorous Duverley) what a difference between my Roſina and your Adela!—Ah! if I was as free as you, I would marry her without delay. If her mother, her father, I ſay, would give me their conſent, as the baroneſs gives you her daughter!—but; no, the father, a hard and cruel father, is ſo overfond of his colonel, that he will make Roſina a ſacrifice to intereſt and rank!—Ah! my friend, you ſee my diſaſterous fate! I muſt renounce the moſt beauteous, the moſt amiable young lady!—Oh! how I am to be pitied!

(To be continued.)

A PICTURE of VIRTUE in DISTRESS.

TURNING the corner of a ſtreet I met a young woman who begged me to give her ſomething, it would be a great charity. She wept bitterly, her diſtreſs affected me; I examined her with attention, and I found in her face much ſweetneſs and many charms, though ſhe was extremely dejected, and ſeemed to be embarraſſed.—Notwithſtanding her clothes were worn out, there was ſomething in her appearance, which commanded reſpect. "Why do you weep?" ſaid I. "Alas! ſir, I am in a moſt miſerable condition," ſhe replied; but in a tone of voice which chilled my blood, and which ſhewed anguiſh and deſpair. I was almoſt tempted to leave her without inquiring any farther, to ſpare myſelf the painful intereſt that ſhe began to inſpire me with; but I could not get the better of the pity I felt for her ſufferings; it would have required more reſolution than I was maſter of; and had I given way to caution, I ſhould have been more uncomfortable, than if I had been ever ſo much affected by her misfortunes. I took her to a place where I might hear her ſtory without being interrupted. "You appear to me, madam, to be very unhappy," (ſaid I, giving her money) "may I beg to know the cauſe of ſo much affliction?" She only anſwered at firſt with ſighs, her tears flowed faſter than before; at length, being a little pacified—"Since you you have the goodneſs to be intereſted in my ſufferings," (ſaid ſhe) "I will make you acquainted with the circumſtances that have occaſioned them. I am of a good family, my father had a conſiderable place under government in one of the provinces, he died about three years ago, gaming had impaired his fortune, and my mother became a widow with three daughters to provide for, of which I am the eldeſt.

"My mother and I came to Paris, after having ſold all our effects, in order to put an end to a law-ſuit, which, had we gained, might have re-eſtabliſhed our affairs. We have been here eighteen months, the perſon we are at law with has great intereſt, he knows that the deciſion of the court cannot be favorble to him, and has influenced the Judges to defer paſſing ſentence; in conſequence of this delay we have been obliged to diſpoſe of every thing we had. In this extremity we have been induced to throw ourſelves at the feet of our Judges, to implore their juſtice: But in court we have always found them ſurrounded with clients, among whom we did not dare to intrude ourſelves in the ſhab-

by

by condition we are. When we waited upon them at their houſe, whether it was that our appearance did not attract the attention of their ſervants, or that we went at improper hours, we were always told their maſters were buſy, or not at home. By which means we have nobody to defend our cauſe; our affairs are neglected becauſe we have no longer any money. At length, the miſery to which we are reduced, our ſufferings, the unwholeſome air we breathe, and the obſcurity of the place we live in, the pain that my mother endures on my account, and her great age, render her incapable of ſupporting ſuch an accumulation of diſtreſs. She is very ill, and is in want of every thing. I am in deſpair to ſee her in this ſituation; I muſt beſides reſiſt my love and compaſſion for her. If I liſten to them I am ruined. A rich merchant has offered me every poſſible aſſiſtance; but what aſſiſtance, ſir! he would ſave the mother's life at the expenſe of the daughter's honour. This is my ſituation, can you conceive one more horrible? I love my mother, and ſhe has the greateſt affection for me; ſhe is dying, which makes me tremble for us both; in my affliction I have made her acquainted with the offers of the man which I mentioned to you. I thought when ſhe had heard my ſtory, ſhe would have expired in my arms; ſhe bathed me with her tears, and gave me a look expreſſive of the greateſt deſpair, then turned her face from me without ſaying a ſingle word. I do not know why I did not urge her to ſpeak to me. It ſeemed as if this virtuous woman's courage entirely failed her, and that ſhe ſunk under the weight of our misfortunes. For my part, I would die to be relieved from the danger of ſeeing her.

Every good man will feel how much the diſcourſe of this young woman muſt have affected me. I gave her what money I could ſpare, to which I added the moſt ſalutary advice her ſituation ſuggeſted, and returned home almoſt as much afflicted as ſhe was.

[*New Lady's Mag.*

LETTER of Dr. JOHNSON's to a Friend, on the DEATH of his Wife.

DEAR SIR,

AT a time when all your friends ought to ſhew their kindneſs, and with a character which ought to make all that know you your friends, you may wonder that you have yet heard nothing from me.

I have been hindered by a vexatious and inceſſant cough, which this day ſeems to remit.

The loſs, dear ſir, which you have lately ſuffered, I felt many years ago, and know therefore, how much has been taken from you, and how little help can be had from conſolation. He that outlives a wife, whom he has long loved, ſees himſelf diſjoined from the only mind that has the ſame hopes, and fears, and intereſt. From the only companion with whom he has ſhared much good or evil; and with whom he could ſet his mind at liberty, to retrace the paſt, or anticipate the future.

The continuity of being is lacerated; the ſettled courſe of ſenti-

ment and action is ſtopped; and life ſtands ſuſpended and motionleſs, till it is driven by external cauſes into a new channel. But the time of ſuſpenſe is dreadful.

Our firſt recourſe in this diſtreſſed ſolitude, is, perhaps, for want of habitual piety, to a gloomy acquieſcence in neceſſity. Of two mortal beings, one muſt loſe the other; but ſurely there is a higher and better comfort to be drawn from the conſideration of that Providence which watches over all, and a belief that the living and the dead are equally in the hands of God, who will reunite thoſe whom he has ſeparated, or who ſees that it is beſt not to reunite.

I am, dear ſir, &c.

SAM. JOHNSON.

Biographical Sketch of JOSEPH MARIA PANCRAZI.

"Wits live obſcurely, men know not how; or die obſcurely, men know not when."
ASCHAM.

"FORTUNE has rarely condeſcended to be the companion of merit. Even in theſe enlightened times men of letters have lived in obſcurity, while their reputation was widely ſpread; and have periſhed in poverty, while their works were enriching the bookſellers.

That generous warmth of ſoul which encouragement might have enlivened into gratitude, or bounty elevated to ambition, has too frequently been extinguiſhed by the tears neglect has cauſed it to ſhed. Want and dependence check the flights of genius, obſtruct every noble effort of the mind, and "chill the genial current of the ſoul."

A perſon endowed with ſuperior mental faculties in diſtreſs, was, by the antients, very aptly ſhadowed under the emblem of Minerva in a poor habit, having her right hand chained to a huge ſtone lying on the ground, whilſt her left hand, which is furniſhed with a pair of wings, is held aloft; ſignifying the ardor with which GENIUS aſpires to the nobleſt things, whilſt unhappineſs of condition reſtrains its endeavours and prevents the accompliſhment of its deſires.

A little memorandom by the late Thomas Hollis Eſq. (the munificent benefactor to Harvard univerſity) led to theſe humilitating remarks.

There was ſomething very affecting in the fate of Father Pancrazi. The learning and the merit of this excellent and hoſpitable man were known and admired throughout Italy. Yet theſe empty applauſes, ſometimes leavened with malignant envy, were the only rewards obtained from his induſtrious application to literary purſuits, his extenſive erudition, and bounteous generoſity. Wholly engaged in his ſtudies and his devotions he took no thought for the neceſſary ſupplies of life. His reſources, every day leſſening in acts of charity and hoſpitality, and in the purchaſe of rare and valuable books, were at length exhauſted. He became extremely poor. It was now, however, that he began his much admired work on the Antiquities of Sicily:* This he compoſed, as the celebrated Johnſon ſays he did his dictionary, "with little aſſiſtance from the learned, and without any patronage of the great; amidſt inconvenience and diſtraction,

* Antichita Siciliane. Napol. 1751. 2 vol. fol.

diſtraction, ſickneſs and ſorrow;" and much of his time was unavoidably ſpent in making proviſion for the day, which was paſſing over him. Many who read his book with admiration knew of his neceſſities, yet no one relieved them. "In the autumn of 1752, ſays Mr. Hollis,* he lodged in a Theatin convent, the convent of his order, at Naples. There he was attacked by a violent fever, which impaired and broke his conſtitution. In that feeble ſtate, however, he applied to his work; and, in order more ſpeedily to publiſh the third volume of it, found means, in the year 1753, to ſell a few rare medals which he had collected, to the king, by whom he had the honour to be perſonally known and reſpected. The ſuperior of the convent ſomehow got intelligence of that tranſaction, claimed the money ariſing from the ſale of the medals for the uſes of the convent, and obtained it. When Father Pancrazi became apprized of the event he went diſtracted directly; and after languiſhing, with intervals, miſerably ſome years, at length ended his wretched life."

* See a note in his own hand writing, in the firſt volume of the above work in the Library of Harvard Univerſity: to which Mr. Hollis makes this addition, "this good man rendered me hoſpitality, and by his letters I travelled throughout Sicily and Malta."

A CURIOUS FACT.

[From a Delaware Paper.]

I SEND you an account of a curious fact, which I have often heard aſſerted, but which never came fully under my notice till very lately. During ſeveral weeks of laſt ſummer, one of my milch-cows very frequently gave clotted blood from one of her teats, which, whenever this was the caſe, appeared much ſcratched and inflamed. The milkmaid inſiſted ſhe was ſucked by a ſnake, and ſaid it was frequently the caſe in Maryland. I paid but little attention to her remark at firſt. Obſerving the animal ſo affected, I had her put into a ſeparate paſture, and then no accident happened for ſeveral days. Thinking ſhe might now be ſuffered to graze with the other cattle, ſhe was put into her former paſture, and immediately her milk and teat was affected as above. I determined to have her watched; ſhe ſeemed very uneaſy towards evening, always repaired to the ſame ſpot of the field about that time, and lowed violently as if ſhe had loſt her calf. One evening, as I was walking towards her, I ſaw a large black ſnake very near her: It ſlipped away on preceiving me, to an adjoining graſs field, and we could not find it again. The cow was removed to a different paſture ſoon after, and nothing uncommon was obſerved either in her milk or teat. Early this ſpring ſhe was put with other cattle, into the field where the ſnake was ſeen laſt Auguſt. She began to low as calling her calf: and a little girl who was watching her, ſaw the ſnake near her. It fled to a ſtump upon ſeeing her. She ran home to call one of the men, who immediately accompanied her to the ſpot, found the ſnake, killed it, and brought it home. It meaſured near four feet; was of the black kind, and reſembled exactly the one I ſaw near the cow laſt ſummer. I cannot help concluding

cluding from these circumstances, that it was the same snake; and if the cow should not be affected in the same manner during the course of this summer, I think we may reasonably suppose that the uncommon appearance of her milk and teat, must have arisen from her being sucked by this reptile.

ANECDOTE of Dr. JOHNSON.

A RUDE custom prevailed for those who sailed upon the river Thames to accost each other in the most abusive and satirical language. A fellow having in this situation attacked Dr. Johnson with some coarse raillery, he answered, "Sir, your wife, under pretence of *keeping a bawdy house*, is a receiver of stolen goods.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

A SERMON.

GENESIS III, 16.

Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.

UPON a survey of the material world, the great Architect pronounced it good. To partake of the blessings of creation, God formed numberless classes of beings and endowed with powers that fitted them for their respective stations. To contemplate the beauties of creation; to rule the animal world, and to enjoy the pleasures of reason and virtue. He formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into him the breath of life. To man he imparted a spark of his own intelligence, and instamped upon him his image. Compassionating his solitary condition, he gave him a companion possessed of all the graces and sensibilities of beauty, modesty and innocence. With her he was to enjoy the rich and various blessings of heaven, and to participate in all the endearments of social life.

In a discourse from the passage of scripture before us.—I shall illustrate the following propositions.

1. The design of woman's creation was, that she might devote herself to the concerns of domestic life. Thy desire shall be to thy husband.

2. That woman ought to be subject to the direction of man, he, *thy husband*, shall rule over thee.

1. The design of woman's creation was, that she might devote herself to the concerns of domestic life.

The design of every being may be learned from the constitution of his nature.

Man was formed out of the dust of the ground. His nerves are vigorous, and his general frame is robust and hardy: Hence his aptitude for the busy scenes of the world, his fondness for the noise and bustle of society, his ambition for places of difficulty and danger.

Woman was not made of rough materials. The clay that formed

for

man was a second time sublimated for the composition of woman. She is therefore a less simple, but a more refined being than man. Her delicate frame is not suited for the more laborious and perplexing scenes of human life; like the sensative plant, she shrinks from the rougher impressions of difficulty and danger. She was taken from the head to superintend and direct the important affairs of society; she was not taken from the limbs of more immediate action to be the slave of man and to execute his lordly mandates; but she was taken from the side, the seat of the tender affections. In her are concentred all the nicer feelings, the more refined sensibilities of human nature. She is formed for the soft and tender relations of a friend, a wife and a mother. Observation will confirm this reasoning upon the female frame: Solomon declares, and who can dispute the experience of Solomon, Solomon declares that a man among a thousand he had found averse to the endearments of domestic life, but a woman he had never found. Universal history gives its testimony to the truth of this maxim of the wise man. While men tread the theatre of ambition for empty frame, or grovel in the dust, their native soil, for paltry gold, women collect for the social amusements of the tea table or the assembly-room. While the phlegmatic constitutions of men suffer them to set like statues torpid and dumb, the more delicate nerves of women vibrate at sight of each other, and the ingenuousness of their hearts gives perpetual volubility to their tongues. While we are speaking of the general propensity of women for society, I would notice a *particular bias*, arising from the perpetual tendency of the matter of which they are composed, to reunite to its original substance.

I pass to consider the second head of our subject, viz.

2. Women ought to be subject to men. He, *thy husband*, shall rule over thee.

This proposition is a consequence of the former.

The business of man is to enter into serious action, that he may acquire the means of amusement and pleasure to women--While therefore women stimulate men, by all the arts of persuasion, to exertion, they must allow them to judge of the extent of their abilities, and to determine the extent of the supplies which they can furnish for recreation and amusement.

A few practical reflections will close the discourse.

1. Since the concerns of domestic life are the peculiar province of women, they have at least in these relations equal privileges with man; yet the tyrannic customs of the world forbid them to make the first overtures, and many a fine woman is obliged alone to tread the dreary path of life, the chief design of her existence unaccomplished. And in this place I must bring into view that insignificant, inanimate, worthless animal, I can't find words to express my contempt—an old bachelor. Whether he be more the object of scorn than of pity is not easy to determine, so we will leave him in the arms of insensibility, which is the most congenial to his disposition.

2. Let women be content to move in that sphere, which nature has marked out to them. Let them not lose the softer traits of female delicacy in the masculine airs of the other sex. May not placid features be distorted by anger, nor native charms, in themselves irresista-

ble,

ble, be rendered ridiculous by vanity and affectation. Strive not to teaze and vex that being, to promote whose happiness, was one reason of your formation; but may purity of sentiment, refinement of expression, and dignity of manners ever be the attendants of beings on earth, the most accomplished, the most perfect. But should any of the sex fall from this delicacy of behaviour, load her not with that weight of abuse and infamy which will prevent her reascending the seat of virtue, while you permit the criminal agent of her ruin to go unpunished, and perhaps to glory in his shame. Combine to brand the man with infamy who can treat you with dishonour, and in this way bring impudence and villainy into disgrace.

And thou, O man! who boastest of thy superiority, act agreeably to thy arrogant pretensions. Recoil from the thought of baseness and cruelty, to beings placed in any degree dependent on thee.

Give not pain to the breast that was formed to be the seat of softness and humanity. Aim not to ensnare the heart that has been taught to look up to thee for support and protection. By your behaviour prove that you are worthy of confidence.

To conclude.

May the courage and strength of one sex protect the innocence and beauty of the other. As you, O man! are indebted to the female sex, for the refinements and the happiness of social life, do you repay them, by the cheerful performance of the laborious offices of society, and strive to render those acts of attention and benevolence, pleasant, which their station obliges them to receive from you.

As man labours, O woman! that the fruits of his toils may administer to your convenience and pleasure, condescend to soothe his afflictions, to soften his cares, and to render his fatigues light and easy. Thus may you mutually endeavour to make the road of life pleasant and happy.

Dignity of the British House of Commons.

[From Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson.]

I TOLD Dr. Johnson that I was engaged as counsel at the bar of the House of Commons, to oppose a road-bill in the county of Stirling, and asked him what mode he would advise me to follow in addressing such an audience? "Why, sir, you must provide yourself with a good deal of extraneous matter, which you are to produce occasionally, so as to fill up the time; for you must consider, that they do not listen much: If you begin with the strength of your cause, it may be lost before they begin to listen. When you catch a moment of attention, press the merits of the question upon them." He said, as to one point of the merits, that he thought "it would be a wrong thing to deprive the small landholders of the privileges of assessing themselves for making and repairing the high roads; *it was destroying so much liberty, without a good reason, which was always a bad thing.*" When I mentioned this observation next day to Mr. John Wilkes, he replied, "What! does *he* talk of liberty? *Liberty* is as ridiculous

diculous in *his* mouth, as *religion* in *mine*." Mr. Wilkes's advice, as to the beſt mode of ſpeaking at the bar of the Houſe of Commons, was not more reſpectful to the Senate, than that of Dr. Johnſon. "Be as impudent as you can, and ſay whatever comes uppermoſt. Jack Lee is the beſt heard there of any counſel; and he is the moſt impudent dog, and always abuſing us."

CHARLOTTE, or the POWER of VIRTUE.

CHARLOTTE was ſixteen, and very pretty; ſhe had loſt her mother, and being deprived of her aſſiſtance, was reduced to keep a flock of ſheep. One day ſhe went to offer her cuſtomary tribute to her mother's ſhade, a cup of pure water and the choiceſt flowers. When the young orphan in the biterneſs of her woe, had three times walked round her tomb in ſilence, under the ſhade of the cypreſs trees that ſurrounded it; ſhe ſat down and exclaimed, "O thou moſt affectionate of mothers! may thy example, which is ever preſent to my imagination, cauſe me to admire the power of virtue; yes, it is the remembrance of thee, who art ſtill ſo dear to me, that has reſcued my innocence from the ſnares of a ſeducer: May I ever follow thy footſteps. Know then the dangers by which I have been ſo much alarmed: In what other breaſt could I give vent to my tears? Nothing ſhall be concealed from thee. Fatigued from the noiſe of Athens, the lord of this country came to ſeek that tranquillity which is to be found upon the banks of theſe rivulets: The other day he accoſted me, and with an air of great kindneſs, admired the flock entruſted to my care, and paid me many handſome compliments: When he looked at me, his eyes ſeemed to ſparkle with inexpreſſible joy. I ſaid to myſelf, "how good our maſter is!" The rich are happy, they deſerve to be ſo; I cannot in the leaſt contribute to the bleſſings he already enjoys but at the foot of the altar in this rural temple, I will ever offer up my prayers for him: But how ſimple are we villagers! The next day I met him by accident not far from the grove, "ſtop," (ſaid he) "and receive this pledge of my affection;" he then put a gold ring on my finger, I bluſhing caſt my eyes upon the ground. "Doſt thou ſee," (ſaid he,) "that pretty child upon the ring who has wings, and ſmiles like thee?" It is in his power to make thee happy; he preſſed my hand, and his voice found its way to the bottom of my heart. He loves thee, Charlotte, and has more than a father's tender care for thee; "but," ſaid I to myſelf, in what manner couldeſt thou have merited the kindneſs of ſo great a nobleman? Theſe, my dear mother, were then the reflections of thy daughter. The gods are witneſs how I was deceived, and how far I was from ſuſpecting the danger which I was in; that morning he called me into the orchard, I cannot think of it without horror! I haſtened there to him: He took my hand, and gently preſſing it, "come," ſaid the charming beauty, "leave thy flock for a moment, I am very fond of flowers, will you have the goodneſs to bring me

me ſome into this arbour ?" Being credulous, I gathered the fineſt I could find, and joyfully ran to preſent him with them. "What grace," he exclaimed, "how much more charming are theſe roſes from the hands of Charlotte !" then giving way to the paſſion with which he was inflamed—immortal gods ! I tremble at it yet ; he ſeized me, and ſuddenly taking me in his arms, he preſſed me to his boſom with great violence ; he made uſe of the moſt tender arguments, that love could ſuggeſt. I trembled and burſt into tears ; too weak to reſiſt a ſeducer, I implored his pity, but in vain ;—muſt I at length declare, that had it not been for thee, thy daughter would have been forever unhappy. At that inſtant I thought I ſaw thy avenging ghoſt ; I immediately found my ſtrength redoubled, and by a great effort I eſcaped from the arms of Myſis, and am come to offer thee tears of joy for my deliverance. O deareſt mother, for ſo great a benefit, deign to receive my warmeſt gratitude ; yes, it is the remembrance of thee who art ſtill ſo dear to me, that has reſcued my innocence from the ſnares of a ſeducer. Ah ! if ever I forget the kind advice thou gaveſt me, in thy laſt moments ; if the torch of thy wiſdom ſhould ceaſe to direct my laſt ſteps, may I be left in this wicked world alone, forſaken by thee, and may the gods no longer keep me under their protection : ſo young, alas ! how great is my misfortune to loſe thee ! Muſt I be, ye gods, like the tender flower, which, for want of ſomething to ſupport it, droops its head and falls ? Thy ſhade from heaven deſcended will divert the ſtorm that threatens my youth. May the fear of the gods, wiſdom, and modeſty, reign in my heart, and may they be reflected in my countenance." She ſpoke ; and her eyes yet moiſt with her tears, ſhe had that graceful timidity which modeſty gives to beauty. A delightful glow animated her face, which might be compared to the heavens reſuming their ſerenity after a ſtorm ; more ſatisfied and not leſs captivating, Charlotte left this melancholy place. Myſis ſuddenly appears, tears of contrition fall from his eyes ; ah, pardon me thou moſt amiable of women, it is the moſt ſincere remorſe that brings me into thy preſence ; when thou wert in converſation with thy mother, this thicket hid me from thy view. I have heard every thing, deign to forget my great fault : Thy modeſty and goodneſs have covered me with confuſion. I admire thee as much as I love thee, I triumph over my own inclinations, and it is thou that art intitled to the reward for it. Preſerve thy beauty and be happy : the half of the flock under thy care, the cottage and the field adjoining to it are thine, do not refuſe them ; I aſk no other return but the heartfelt pleaſure of rewarding a young woman, in whom I find ſo much perfection. May a huſband worthy of thy love complete thy happineſs, and may each day pay homage to thy virtue.

ANECDOTE.

AN Engliſh gentleman mentioned, that he was born in Moorfields, and was educated in Grub-ſtreet. One preſent replied, Sir, you have been regularly educated.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The INVESTIGATOR. No. III.

What'er we do, let *honour* us control,
It ſhields our virtue and ſecures us fame;
Gains us the wiſe man's praiſe, the good man's prayer,
And makes us happy in a life's review.

BY Honour, I mean that, which prompts us to perform things conſiſtent with the laws of God and ſociety; things, which enrich the performer without injuring either his neighbour, or his country. It is a pair of ſcales ſuſpended in the mind, and guarded by conſcience; in which every man ſhould weigh his thoughts, words and actions. It is as neceſſary for us ſo to conduct, as to exiſt: Not only for the benefit, which will accrue to us as individuals, but as a community.

There is nothing which ennobles a government ſo much as the freedom and honour it poſſeſſes. It is from that only you can calculate its increaſe and perpetuity. Riches are of no further uſe to a nation, or people, than this. That they are thereby rendered able to oppoſe the hoſtile attacks of its tyrannical neighbours. It cannot promote the happineſs of a people, unleſs applied to initiate them in the uſeful arts and ſciences. For this reaſon, the firſt aim of a free people ſhould be, to improve themſelves in the knowledge of divine law and human frailty. By this means, like a good general, they would know where to place the ſtrongeſt guard. They ſhould ſo compile the laws of their country, and ſo connect them with thoſe of their Creator, that a violation of one would be an infringement upon the other. In ſo doing, they would be few, clear and righteous. The minds of the people would be eaſy and enlarged; confuſion and enthuſiaſm would ſubſide, and each would rely upon the honour of the whole. Honour, thus conſidered, would be the greateſt bulwark, the greateſt ſecurity a nation could have. They need neither fear diſturbances abroad, or commotions at home; but may reſt aſſured of the ſmiles of God and the bleſſings of heaven.

I would not, however, be underſtood, in uſing the word honour as a modern; no, far from that; we, unhappily, have confounded and mixed its meaning with that of *pride* and *ſelf-conceit*. So ſynonymous have become theſe terms, that when a modern's pride is injured, he immediately demands ſatisfaction for the wound his *honour* has ſuſtained. Such alſo is the caſe with the ſelf-conceited, arrogant fool.

For theſe reaſons I have undertaken the ſubject before me. It is from the proſtitution of that noble epithet, that exalted title, that vice is triumphant, and virtue neglected, that men grow negligent, and ſinners become plenty.

Such is the ſtate of man, that he cannot injure himſelf without injuring the community; he cannot commit a vice without corrupting his mind, and one corrupted mind, like a foul ſtream, too often tends to corrupt the whole body. This, I ſhould conceive, was ſufficient to excite men to honour, if it were only for honour's ſake.

What is the condition of that perſon, who has loſt his reputation, but the moſt wretched, the moſt deteſtable? and, what is reputation but honour? No perſon, according

to my idea of man, would wish to live mistrusted, detested, and despised; and such surely is the case with him, who has lost his honour, who has, as it were, separated himself from the laws of God and society. Like the robber, he depends upon the weakness and innocence of his opponents; and like the robber, not so easily detected.

They sap the foundation of domestic and national happiness; destroy the confidence, which man places in man, which confidence arises from the noble ideas we entertain of our brethren. This is most certainly weakened, when those upon whom we rely are found without principle, or honour. The more this takes place, the more distrustful we grow; and the more distrustful we grow, the more unhappy and miserable we are. The more private faith and public confidence is doubted, the more jealous and uneasy individuals are forced to be.

Cursed then be the man, who by his viciousness and depravity fetches a curse upon his country. Like Hastings, let him be damned in his own name, and all the people say, amen.

Honour is the noblest characteristic of a nation, the greatest ornament of a people, and highest comment, that can be bestowed on man. For which reason, *honourable*, in a free country, is bestowed on those, who have been conspicuous in promoting the cause of Christianity; in guarding and defending the rights and privileges of that country. For such then let it be preserved, and merit and patriotism will receive their reward; virtue will be encouraged, and vice detested.—The people will increase and flourish; the temple of discord will be shut, and on it sealed *eternity*. Riches will be esteemed as only serviceable to preserve the body, whereas they are now the greatest road to honour and preferment.

As this is the age of reason and improvement, I feel a satisfaction in hoping to add the "age of honour;" an age, which no country will arrive to sooner than America.

'Tis for her sons, to them 'tis kindly given,
To be both great below, and great in heaven.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

REVIEW.

An Apology for Christianity. In a series of Letters, addressed to Edward Gibbon, Esq. author of the History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Being a necessary and instructive Appendix thereto. By R. Watson, D.D. F.R.S. Price 4s6.

THE present edition has been committed to the press, at the instance of some, who, though not called by Providence to the public defence of the Religion of Jesus, yet esteem it their inestimable treasure, and ardently pray for the dissemination of its principles and blessings among mankind.

This volume will be found entertaining and improving to those who are strangers to Mr. Gibbon, as containing a happy arrangement of some of the leading arguments in support of Christianity; and of rational replies, combating the sophisms and ungenerous insinuations which have been uttered against it.

The

The readers and admirers of the hiſtorian, will conſider it as a neceſſary and inſtructive Appendix to the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. It diſcovers deep thought, and extenſive reading, and breathes a calm, a manly, and a Chriſtian temper. The poliſhed ſtyle of Dr. Watſon is compared by Mr. Gibbon himſelf to the ſmoothneſs of the Ionic dialect.

But the ſubſequent candid acknowledgment of the hiſtorian, who in defending himſelf againſt other antagoniſts, declined a public controverſy with our author, will make further obſervations unneceſſary.

" When Dr. Watſon gave to the " public his Apology for Chriſti- " anity in a ſeries of letters, he ad- " dreſſed them to the Author of the " Decline and Fall of the Roman " Empire, with a juſt confidence, " that he had conſidered this impor- " tant object in a manner not un- " worthy of his antagoniſt, or of " himſelf. Dr. Watſon's mode of " thinking, bears a liberal and phi- " loſophical caſt; his thoughts are " expreſſed with ſpirit, and their " ſpirit is always tempered by po- " liteneſs and moderation. Such " is the man whom I ſhould be hap- " py to call my friend, and whom I " ſhould not bluſh to call my antag- " oniſt. But the ſame motives which " might tempt me to accept, or e- " ven to ſolicit a private and ami- " cable conference, diſſuaded me " from entering into a public con- " troverſy with a writer of ſo re- " ſpectable a character; and I em- " braced the earlieſt opportunity of " expreſſing to Dr. Watſon himſelf, " how ſincerely I agreed with him " in thinking, that 'as the world is ' now poſſeſſed of the opinion of us ' both upon the ſubject in queſtion, ' it may be, perhaps, as proper for ' us both to leave it in this ſtate,'*

* Gibbon's Vindication of ſome paſſages againſt ſeveral opponents.

An attempt to tranſlate the prophetic part of the Apocalypſe of St. John into familiar language, by diveſting it of the metaphors in which it is involved.— By James Winthrop, Eſq.——8vo. *price* 1*s*6.

(*Concluded from page* 564.)

OUR author illuſtrates ſome of his definitions by coins and other devices. The reader may judge of the ſupport derived from theſe alluſions, by the following example—" Coloured horſes repreſent the different ſituations of the church, after the converſion of the empire; being devices choſen by Conſtantine, and his immediate ſucceſſors, and ſerving as chronological diſtinctions."—" This definition is ſupported by the following coins—When Conſtantine ſucceeded his father, A.D. 306, he ſtruck a coin, in which he appeared on horſeback, treading down his enemies, with a glory about the head of his horſe, and one of his enemies preſenting him with a crown of laurel, and at the ſame time receiving the point of his ſpear. This is the only inſtance of the radiated horſe, and agrees to the white horſe of the firſt ſeal.

" The ſecond period, or that of the red horſe, laſted twenty years, and comprehends the reign of the ſons of Conſtantine, till A.D. 360. The device of an horſeman treading down his enemies, without thoſe marks of glory peculiar to Conſtantine, expreſſes, as well as can be done on metals, the red horſe, whoſe rider had power to take peace from the earth. The third

period

period is the ſhort and inglorious reign of Julian, from A.D. 360 to 364. Conſtantine's white horſe was repreſented with a glory—Julian, by way of inſult, reverſed the figure, and repreſented the horſe ſtumbling, and the footman triumphing over him. This circumſtance, and the natural connexion between darkneſs and ſtumbling, point out the black horſe." Moſt of the definitions have *leſs* ſupport—to us they appear arbitrary.

The definitions are applied with uniformity through the work, and the whole ſeries of propheſies are in ſuch a manner tranſlated, as to form a plain and connected meaning. The ſtile is perſpicuous and claſſical. In ſome inſtances, our author has not preſerved the dignity of the original, nor equalled the common verſion. The flowing language of the 2d verſe of the 14th chapter, he has tranſlated—And the government made a proclamation for a general thankſgiving.

Mr. Winthrop ſuppoſes that there cannot be "two ſyſtematic readings of the whole book, radically different from each other." We conceive that much leſs ingenuity and learning than he poſſeſſes, would be ſufficient to invent definitions of the terms and emblems, which would apply to ſome profeſſion or occupation of civil life, with as great uniformity as his apply to civil government on the baſis of Chriſtianity, and the reſult be a meaning as plain and connected.

Should no wit apply to Mr. W. the ſarcaſm of M. Voltaire upon Sir Iſaac Newton, yet we apprehend he will ſwell the catalogue of unſucceſsful commentators upon the apocalypſe of St. John. It is with diffidence we give this opinion; the pamphlet, we unreſervedly recommend to general peruſal, as the work of the ſcholar, the philoſopher, and the Chriſtian.

We ſelect the hiſtory of the reformation in Germany, under Luther, &c.

TRANSLATION.

13 And at the beginning of the ſixth period the cry for a reformation became general in the Chriſtian church.

14 And the believers, who had been reſtrained by the Papal hierarchy, demanded liberty of conſcience.

15 And the progreſs of reformation was limited in its operation to ſomewhat more than 391 years; which term is divided into one year, thirty years, and three hundred and ſixty years, in which ſpace a third part of the Papal empire ſhall be taken off.

16 And the number of the reformers was very great.

17 And they were armed with truth, ſagacity, and ſeverity; and they proceeded with courage, and defended themſelves with truth and the ſeverity of wit.

18 And by theſe qualities in their preaching was a third part of the Papal empire detached from its allegiance to its federal head:

19 For the power of the reformers conſiſted in their preaching, which left a laſting wound on their adverſaries like the ſting of a ſerpent.

ANECDOTE of POPE.

POPE pretended to hate kings, but profeſſed great eſteem for the then prince of Wales. His Royal Highneſs aſked him, *how he could love a prince, while he diſliked kings?* Pope anſwered, the young lion is harmleſs and even playful; but when his claws are full grown, he becomes cruel, dreadful, and miſchievous.

CABINET

CABINET OF APOLLO.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

On HOPE.

Humbly inscribed to Miss H—— by her friend and admirer, LINUS.

COME, gentle hope; descend celestial maid,
In all the robes of happiness arrayed:
Without thy smiles, without thy quickening breath,
All action ceases, and each thought is death!
Without thy aid, creation veils her face,
And beauty loses its attractive grace;
Despair ensues; blood starts through every pore;
The world expires; existence is no more.
Thou canst all future into present bring,
And glad the soul with one continued spring;
Bid all *Parnassus* pass before our eyes,
Whose glories charm and soar above the skies.
There dwell the *Muses*, there *Apollo* reigns,
Lord of the summit and surrounding plains.
Castalian springs their bubbling waters roll,
To raise the genius and exalt the soul.
New wonders rise to view in every age,
Exalt the man, and dignify the page:
The summit's bottom darkens into shame,
But, on the top, there stands eternal fame:
Promotion waves her silken banners round;
Undying honours tread the hallowed ground;
There dwells in radiant dress attractive truth,
There pleasure brightens in eternal youth.
Make man your study and peculiar care,
'Tis this and books will only mount you there.
Books are the steps by which we must arise, [wise;
Abhorred by fools, companions of the
One source from which the streams of knowledge run,
As fire at first descended from the sun.
Mount with a steady step, nor let the way,
Tho' steep at first, retard you, or dismay:
Combat each obstacle with manly force,
Nor start astonished at your destined course:
Hope still continues—rise! ye females, rise,
Ascend the summit and out-top the skies;
There, with Apollo, and the tuneful nine,
Both learn in rapture and in death refine.
How grand the prospect which is viewed from thence!
And, oh! how pleasing to the mental sense!
The *Druid* dancers blow the *Cyrian* string,
Old *Rome* and *Athens* from their ashes spring;
Patriots and heroes from their dust arise,
And gathering thunder sparkle in their eyes:
Carthage appears! oh, Rome, thy dreaded foe,
And *Hannibal* with lightning on his bow.
The ancient victors from remotest days,
Who fought for virtue and who died for praise:
The happy few, who studied to impart
Fair learning's store and civilize the heart;
Who roused each latent spark, until the flame
Blazed into honours and undying fame;
Who touched each tender feeling till they roll,
In streams of love, fast binding soul to soul.
Far nobler wonders still immerge in sight,
The starry system each a world of light;
The planets running their harmonious round,
And comets blazing thro' the vast profound.
The sun, like Atlas, standing in his might
And cheering distant regions with his light;
How natural causes their effects produce,
And *nature's* varied properties and use.

From

From hence we view all nature as it lies,
And MAN, that little world below the skies;
Then turn aloft and view the living soul,
Who moves and governs and directs the whole.
This is the height; come, let us all aspire;
Ye female bosoms catch the generous fire.

Extracted for the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The PHILOSOPHER and the COXCOMB.

Written by the late Mr. CAWTHORN.

A COXCOMB once in Handel's parlour found,
A Grecian lyre, and try'd to make it sound;
O'er the side stops his awkward fist he flings,
And rudely presses on the elastic strings:
Awaken'd discord shrieks and scolds, and raves,
Wild as the dissonance of winds and waves,
Loud as a wapping mob at midnight bawls,
Harsh as ten chariots rolling round St. Paul's;
And hoarser far than all th' extatic race,
Whose drunken orgies stun'd the wilds of Thrace.
Friend, quoth the sage, that fine machine contains
Exacter numbers and diviner strains.
Strains, such as once could build the Theban wall,
And stop the mountain torrent in its fall;
But yet to wake them, rouse them, and inspire,
Asks a fine finger, and a touch of fire,
A feeling soul, whose all expressive powers,
Can copy nature as she sinks or soars;
And, just alike to passion, time, and place,
Refine correctness into ease and grace.
He said—and flying o'er each quiv'ring wire,
Spread his light hand, and swept it on the lyre,
Quick to his touch the lyre began to glow,
The sound to kindle, and the air to flow,
Deep as the murmurs of the falling floods,
Sweet as the warblers of the vocal woods;
The list'ning passions hear, and sink, and rise,
As the rich harmony, or swells, or dies,
The pulse of AVARICE forgets to move,
A purer rapture fills the breast of LOVE;
DEVOTION lifts to heaven a holier eye,
And bleeding PITY heaves a softer sigh.
Life has its ease, amusement, joy and fire,
Hid in itself, as music in the lyre;
And, like the lyre, will all its pow'rs impart,
When touch'd and manag'd by the hand of art:
But half mankind, like Handel's fool, destroy,
Through rage and ignorance, the strain of joy;
Irregularly wild their passions roll
Through nature's finest instrument, the SOUL.
While men of sense, with Handel's happier skill,
Correct the taste, and harmonize the will,
Teach their affections, like his notes, to flow,
Not rais'd too high, nor ever sunk too low,
Till ev'ry virtue, measur'd and resin'd,
As fits the concert of the master mind,
Melts in its kindred sounds, and pours along
The according music of the moral song.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

LINES,

Addressed to a mother, occasioned by the death of her amiable little daughter—from her sympathetic friend, LINUS.

ACCEPT an ardent wish to heal
The wounds, maternal passions feel;
My tender breast with pity glows,
And pants to mitigate your woes.
But, ah! methinks I hear you say,
"What comfort can my grief allay?
What can assuage the thrilling smart,
And ease the anguish of my heart?
How often has the parent smiled,
When she beheld her darling child?
With what delight these tender arms
Embraced the lovely infant's charms?
With what maternal fondness prest,
The smiling beauty to my breast?
But, ah! these pleasing scenes are o'er,
And the sweet babe is now no more!
The cold remains the grave receives,
While the sad sigh my bosom heaves.
What then can mitigate my pain?
I mourn, I weep, alas, in vain!"

Yet let kind sympathy apply
Her balm, to check the rising sigh:
Her soft, her soothing language hear,
To wipe the unavailing tear.
Affliction is no casual thing,
Nor from the dust do sorrows spring.

To

To trouble we are born, my friend,
As certain as the ſparks aſcend.
What numerous ills our lives annoy!
How laſting grief! How tranſcient joy!
New objects of delight we ſee,
And chaſe the phantoms as they flee:
How ſoon are all our comforts fled!
How ſoon ſhall friends pronounce us dead!
Death ſnatched the child from your embrace,
To lodge it in a happier place:
Now in a gracious Saviour's arms,
It calmly ſmiles ſecure from harms.
I ſee, or ſeem to ſee, the child,
Her lovely face divinely mild;
In robes of ſpotleſs white ſhe ſtands,
Celeſtial palms adorn her hands:
While liſtening fancy hears her ſay—
"O, ceaſe, fond poet, ceaſe your lay;
And tell my parents I'm ſecure,
Where pain and death ſhall come no more.
Here God the judge of all diſplays,
His glorious, uncreated blaze;
Here the adored Redeemer lives,
Whoſe matchleſs grace our ſins forgives;
Here happy ſaints and angels dwell,
In bliſs no mortal words can tell."

Thus ſpeaks thy child, and ſweetly ſings
The praiſes of the king of kings.
O! then let faith divine engage,
And point you to the ſacred page:
There read, and there this truth behold,
More precious than the choiceſt gold.
He who preſides in heavenly light,
Ordains all things wiſe, good, and right;
He gives, and he reſumes again,
Then bleſs, forever bleſs, his name.

An ODE to TRUTH.

SAY, ſhall no white-robed ſon of light,
Swift darting from his heavenly height,
Here deign to take his hallowed ſtand;
Here wave his amber locks; unfold
His pinions clothed with downy gold;
Here ſmiling ſtretch his tutelary wand?

And you, ye hoſts of ſaints, for ye have known
Each dreary path in life's perplexing maze,
Tho' now ye circle yon eternal throne
With harpings high of inexpreſſive praiſe,
Will not your train deſcend in radiant ſtate,
To break, with mercy's beams, this gathering cloud of fate?

'Tis ſilence all. No ſon of light
Darts ſwiftly from his heavenly height,
No train of radiant ſaints deſcend;
"Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,
If vice, if guilt has ſtain'd your mind,
Or ſaints to hear, or angels to defend."

So truth proclaims; I hear the ſacred ſound
Burſt from the centre of his burning throne;
Where aye ſhe ſits with ſtar-decked luſtre crowned,
A bright ſun lights her adamantine zone,
So truth proclaims; her awful voice I hear;
With many a ſolemn pauſe it ſlowly meets my ear.

Attend, ye ſons of men, attend and ſay,
Does not enough of your refulgent ray
Break thro' the veil of your mortality?
Say, does not reaſon in this form deſcry
Unnumbered, nameleſs glories that ſurpaſs
The angel's floating pomp, the ſeraph's glowing grace?

Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
With me? ſhall ſhe whoſe brighteſt eye
But emulates the diamond's blaze,
Whoſe cheek but mocks the roſe's bloom,
Whoſe breath the hyacinth's perfume,
Whoſe melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays;

Shall ſhe be deemed my rival? ſhall a form
Of elemental droſs, of mouldering clay,
Vie with theſe charms imperial? The poor worm
Shall prove her conteſt vain. Life's little day
Shall paſs, and ſhe is gone; while I appear;
Fluſhed with the bloom of youth thro' heaven's eternal year.

Know, mortals, know, ere firſt ye ſprung,
Ere firſt theſe orbs in ether hung,
I ſhone amidſt the heavenly throng;
Theſe eyes beheld creation's day,
This voice began the choral lay,
And taught archangels their triumphant ſong.

Pleaſed I ſurveyed bright nature's gradual birth,
Saw infant light with kindling luſtre ſpread,
Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flowering earth,
And ocean heave on his extended bed;
Saw the tall pine aſpiring pierce the ſky,
The tawny lion ſtalk, the rapid eagle fly:

Laſt MAN aroſe erect in youthful grace,
Heaven's hallowed image ſtamped upon his face,

And

And as he roſe the high beheſt was given,
That I alone of all the hoſts of heaven,
Should reign protectreſs of the god-like youth;—
Thus th' Almighty ſpake: he ſpake, and called me TRUTH.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

To the HERMIT.

NIGHT robed in ſober gray began to reign:
Huſhed was the melody of ev'ry plain.
Each wearied beaſt retired to early reſt,
And every bird ſunk ſilent in his neſt.
Uncommon luſtre from the full-moon beamed,
Half changed to noon the lonely midnight ſeemed.
No noiſe was heard, ſave the unfrequent gale,
And diſtant dogs that hunted in the vale.
Such was the night, when to the grove I ſtrayed,
To meditate beneath the ſilent ſhade.
A rock I found, that reared its lofty brow,
And looked contemptuous on the plains below;
A ſmall, ſmooth ſtream, that kiſſed the rock's low baſe,
Smiled thro' the ruſhes with unruffled face.
Here, while I ſat upon the time-worn rock,
And o'er my head high hung the verdent oak,
The great renown of bards of former days,
Their lettered relics of eternal praiſe,
Employed my mind. Homer, the bard of Greece,
Who ſung the feats of war and ſcenes of peace:
Virgil, who ſoftly ſtruck the Roman ſhell,
And ſung how Trojan heroes fought and fell:
Milton, ſeraphic bard, whoſe numbers ſcan
The war of angles and the lapſe of man;
Old Oſſian too, poetically wild,
The boaſt of genius, nature's happy child;
Who loved to ſing the fall of warring hoſts,
To ſound their fame and ſooth their angry ghoſts.
While theſe old bards employed my drowſy mind,
My weary limbs upon the rock reclined,
Sudden a ſound came floating on the gale,
And ſwelling, ſweetly rolled along the vale;
Seraphic harps and heavenly-ſoftened tongues
In ſweeteſt concert, joined their happy ſongs.
I looked: A cloud in majeſty ſerene,
Far o'er the duſky deſert now is ſeen.
Slowly it riſes; lo! an angel ſtands,
The book of fate high lifted in his hands.
A hoſt of angels circle him afar,
And ride ſublime upon the cloudy car.
His countenance ſeems brighter than the ſun,
And ten-fold glories round the viſion run.
Hoarſe o'er the hills the winds begin to riſe,
Loud as ten thunders rumbling thro' the ſkies;
The trees uprooted twirl along the plain;
The ſhattered cottage ſcours the air amain;
Egyptian darkneſs fills the dread profound,
And the big thunder rolls his voice around.
With ſun-like blaze the forked lightnings fly,
And day and night alternate reign on high:
The mountains ſhake, the hills uplifted move,
And ſtorms ſeem ruſhing from the world above.
To yonder mount the awful cloud retires,
And on its ſummit lifts its winding ſpires:
High on the top th' angelic chief appears,
A ſage he ſeems of wiſdom and of years;
At well-known diſtance round their leader ſtand,
In ſeraph ſmiles, the heaven deſcended band.
And now the chief, with ever-winning grace,
Riſes, and bids the war of nature ceaſe.
Huſh, as the houſe of death, all nature ſeems,
And double glory from the viſion beams.
The mighty angel ſilent ſtands awhile;
Then bowing with a love-endearing ſmile,
Thus the throng harangues:
"Ye guardians of virtue and art here below, [flow!
From whom all the pleaſures of harmony
Attend to the mandates which now I ſhall give, [you receive.
And conceal in your breaſts every word
From the regions of bliſs, the worlds of delight,
Again to the earth I have taken my flight,
To cull ſtom his ſons a youth of renown,
And to place on his head the poetical crown.
Thro' all the wide world for this youth have I ſought;
A period at length to my ſearching is brought:

The

The youth have I found: now, ye angels, rejoice
And raise to the heavens the notes of your voice.
Among all the nobles that shine on the earth,
Distinguish'd by honour, by talents or birth,
There's none like the HERMIT, that musical sage,
The pride of his friends and flower of his age.
Let him be your charge, ye Guardians of fame,
Instruct him in virtue and honour his name.
Like a sun, let him light the poetical world;
Let the banners of glory o'er his head be unfurl'd.
AMERICAN HOMER, the youth shall be call'd,
And his name with the greatest of sages enroled.
Watch over his ways: give him pleasure and health,
The blessing of friends and a plenty of wealth.
For science renown'd and in honesty bold,
Let his glory eclipse all the sages of old;
Go, seraphs, preserve him and teach him to rise
'Till his fame fills the earth and his glory the skies."

He spake; and all the seraphs quickly flew
To guard the youth: they to their charge are true.
The godlike form that on the dark cloud stood
Soared to the sky his high serene abode.
All things again their usual figure took,
And early morning o'er the mountain broke. LINUS.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The PLEASURES of FANCY.

SWEET attic warbler of the spray,
Awhile suspend your pleasing lay;
Ye gales your gentle breaths forbear,
And, hushed in silent soft repose,
Attend a while, and you shall hear,
The pleasures which the hermit knows.

When the rich mantle of the morn
Begins its splendor to unfold,
m ark, upon the bending thorn,
The lively dew-drop ting'd with gold.
Forth from my lave I view the light,
Rejoicing o'er the shades of night,
While my fond thoughts with rapture roll,
With all the energy of soul.

But when the cheerful day is gone,
And darksome night moves slowly on,
When with a melancholy grace,
Pale Luna lifts her sober face,
Then whispers soft some unknown power,
'Tis Contemplation's fav'rite hour.

If chance the rainy torrent falls,
And patters on my cottage walls,
Secure I hear the tempest roar,
And howl for entrance at the door:
On the bright bow with joy I gaze,
Where mimick diamonds seem to blaze.

If from the north stern winter blows
His driving cataracts of snows,
In dark'ning storms and tempests drest,
Fair fancy drops her cherub wing,
Reclines on April's dewy breast,
And hails the symphony of spring.

When summer comes, with grandeur crown'd,
Dispensing light and glory round,
I seek the heaven-aspiring hill,
Or wander where the murmuring rill
Rolls over fragrant beds of flowers,
And there I pass the noon-tide hours.

Nor shall sweet autumn come in vain,
'Tis then I count the studious train,
Or haunt the muses' sacred grove,
Where fancy's footsteps love to rove.

And when the trees stand dark aud bare,
No cheerful music warbling there,
My breast with tender pity heaves,
I read my fate in falling leaves.

O nature! all-sufficient maid,
Teach me thy won'drous works to read;
Inspire me with thy powerful aid,
And tune with joy my simple reed.

The HERMIT.

A SONG.

From a Lover to his Mistress, upon her smiling soon after having shed tears.

THE rose that weeps with morning dew,
And glitters in the sunny ray,
In tears and smiles resembles you,
When love breaks sorrow's cloud away.

The dews that bend the blushing flower,
Enrich the scent—renew the glow;
So love's sweet tears exalt his pow'r,
So bliss more brightly shines by wo!

The

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The HERMIT and WREN.

A SENTIMENTAL FABLE.

*Originally written several years since, to an opulent, learned, and eminent friend, who had retired into solitude, and to whose sentiments and situation it was thought applicable.**

PALEMON on a desert isle,
Fled public clamor guilt and toil;
Spontaneous nature gave him food,
Who spurn'd the cruel thirst of blood;
With no inflaming liquors curs'd,
The silver streamlet slak'd his thirst;
His days in meditation spent,
He hop'd in vain to find content.

One morn he trod a rocky plain,
That overlooks the boundless main;
The rising sun, with golden beam,
Seem'd dipping in the briny stream;
Fair shone the glossy surface o'er,
And ting'd the hills remote on shore.
A sail, it seem'd, he could descry,
In farthest verge of sea and sky;
He walk'd the height in tho't profound,
And view'd the ample scene around.

And now a wren engag'd his view,
Who to her callow nestlings flew,
And fed them, piteous of their cry,
An agonizing butterfly.
This wrung Palemon's tender breast,
Who thus the listening wren address'd:—

"Unfeeling bird, is this thy joy,
Thy fellow creatures to destroy;
To needless, feast thy callow train,
On members shiv'ring still with pain,
While luscious fruitage earth affords,
For summer's food and winter's hoards,
Thine is the range of all the plain,
And choice of all my stores contain;
Of this thy rapine, whence the cause,
This breach of nature's gentle laws?
Yet, though the harmless you destroy,
No guilty cares your peace annoy;
You sweetly warble on the spray,
And chaunt the jocund hours away,
And seem to hold, devoid of pain,
The happiness I've sought in vain.
Though science lent her fairest ray,
Though reason's son hath led my way,
Though virtue hath my soul inspir'd,
And common love my actions fir'd;
For while I trod life's busy round,
My soul no satisfaction found;
There virtue is an empty name,
And caprice holds the trump of fame;
There slanders every tongue employ,
And friendship flatters to destroy,
Proud witlings modest worth deride,
And learning paints the plumes of pride;
Or men to vain researches bend,
To seek with toil the circle's end;
Religion proves all reasoning vain,
By unconcatenated chain;
And governments preclude desert,
While blind devotion kneels to art.

For honest calm, in bloom of age,
I left the fulsome busy stage,
To question with my soul apart,
Enjoy myself and mend my heart:
And here three lonely years have spent,
Nor 'scap'd the fiend of discontent.
Is reason, studiously refin'd,
But given to discompose the mind?"

The wren, vivacious, chirp, and gay,
Responsive said, or seem'd to say—
"Though held to mute attention long,
Thy partial reas'ning moves my tongue:
Nature, I grant, hath bless'd our plains
With luscious fruits, and wholesome grains,
The sweetest of thy dainties rare,
I from thy tender bounty share;
Who near thy own my house hast rear'd,
And kept me with a kind regard:
But fruits alone are not the food,
Adapted to my tender brood;
He who with fruits supplies our need,
On various creatures bids us feed,
And prompts us to select the right,
By instinct and by appetite;
Bids each his sustenance pursue,
With form adapted thereunto.

The hawk's tremendous fangs and beak,
His prowling appetite bespeak;
The howling wolf, with deathful jaws,
The panther's horrid teeth and claws.
Yet all whereon each creature lives,
The universal Father gives;
Though you and I the suff'rers are,
Self-preservation be our care.
He who can fathom nature's laws,
May tax the universal cause.

Your gentle heart hath rightly chose,
All wanton slaughter to oppose;
But nature flesh and fruits has blest,
And both in reason suits you best.

The fates all animals ordain
To die, and many to be slain.
This prov'd, on every larger kind
You by your grosser optics find:
But had you my more subtil eye,
Minuter objects to descry,
What varied swarms would strike your view,
What evidence would teem anew;
No rising tide the margin laves,
But drowns whole millions in its waves,

Nor

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* *The author regrets that an unfinished copy of this fable has been published, some years since, still more incorrect, in his opinion, than the present one.*

Nor falling nut the foreſts yield,
Nor ſhining fruitage of the field,
Shook off by zephyr's gentle breath,
But cruſhes ſome to inſtant death.

To ſhun all ſlaughter doſt thou think?
Then ſtir not hence, nor eat nor drink,
Leſt thouſands die beneath thy tread,
Leſt death at every motion ſpread;
Eat not the plum, the grape, the pear,
Their habitants humanely ſpare,
Nor let the ſtream thy thirſt ſupply,
Leſt in the draught an hundred die.
Reverſe the order nature gave,
And ſtarve thyſelf their lives to ſave.

The hidden reaſon wouldſt thou ſee,
Why fortune ſhowers her bliſs on me?
Why I the happineſs attain,
That wiſer thou haſt ſought in vain.
Contentment cheers my humble way,
By no ambition led aſtray;
That reſtleſs fire, that various blaze,
That into mad confuſion ſtrays,
That triſles vain too deep explores,
And from its ſphere eccentric ſoars.

My mate, the deareſt of the throng,
Improves my joy and aids my ſong;
We ſeek out food, attend our young,
And freely chaunt the groves among.
The little toil that nature claims,
Does but invigorate our frames;
No uſeleſs cares our peace deſtroy,
That ſtill the human kind annoy;
Yet they who ſcorn our humble ſtate,
Excluſive reaſon arrogate.

And though you have, with noble mind,
Shun'd many errors of your kind,
Yet ſtudies have your ſoul depreſt,
And made you wretched o'er the reſt.
Had you a lab'ring hind been rear'd,
Nor wealth, nor baneful grandeur ſhar'd,
You might, in humble thoughtleſs way,
Have plodded out your peaceful day;
Or uſeful acquiſition made
Of ſcience in the rural ſhade;
And free from high ambitious ſtrife,
Have prov'd the tender joys of life:
But grandeur fails, with ſcience join'd,
To happify a modeſt mind,
Loſt to the humble ſweets of life,
Among the vain at fruitleſs ſtrife;
By few devoid of intereſt priz'd;
For ſingularity deſpis'd;
The tedious melancholy day,
To torpid indolence a prey.

From ills innumer'd ſuch as thoſe,
A ſad relief you here have choſe;
To ſhun the vain, the worthleſs crew,
You have forſook the virtuous few;
To be from common errors freed,
Have ſhun'd the means of virtuous deed
To live recluſe from public ſtrife,
Have ſhun'd all ſocial joys of life;
Your mind to melancholy prone,
Small recreation here hath known;
And fed on fruits three tedious years,
Your frame a ſkeleton appears.

You who the laws of nature plead,
Her plaineſt characters miſread,
Elſe by your form you might define,
You deviate from your true deſign:
And he who from his orbit ſtrays,
In painful pennance waſtes his days.

Were man for ſolitude deſign'd,
Then why his ſocial gifts of mind?
His oral pow'rs, his various frame,
His ſocial agency proclaim;
Temper'd and organiz'd to prove
The melting joys of gentle love;
With variable viſage bleſt,
Where every paſſion is expreſt,
And eye all eloquent t' impart
Each emanation of the heart.

If his formation were deſign'd
For labours merely of the mind,
Why did the Architect divine
In him ſuch uſeful members join?
Who ſlight this hint, in ſpite of pride,
From real comfort wander wide;
Nor frame nor mind, is bleſt in ſloth,
'Tis action vigorates them both;
What though inactive ſome you find,
Whoſe lucubrations light mankind;
Long painful days and nights are their's,
Unlike the joy the lab'rer ſhares.

Then wouldſt thou wiſh for comfort's ray,
To cheer the remnant of thy day,
With yonder veſſel ſkim the main,
To ſocial life return again;
There ſeek thee out an humble ſeat,
Remote from circles of the great,
With juſt enough of fruitful land
For cultivation of thine hand;
The neighbours, ſociably inclin'd,
Of gentle and induſtrious kind,
From theſe ſelect a virtuous fair,
Thy joys and toils of life to ſhare,
Whoſe mind thy prudent tho'ts approve,
Whoſe modeſt charms inſpire thy love;
Connubial comforts wiſely taſte,
While yet their deareſt ſeaſon laſt.

Domeſtic joys and cares you'll prove,
Will vapours of the brain remove;
Of fleſh and fruits partake the beſt,
Your toil will mod'rate meals digeſt,
Diſpel by night each troubled dream,
And but a recreation ſeem,
For human labour need be ſmall,
To anſwer nature's every call.
Were man to reaſon's ſtandard brought,
And real comfort wiſely ſought.

So

So shall your studious hours succeed,
From clouds of melancholy freed,
Unvext with metaphysic flight,
To reason out of reason's sight;
Contemning needless search abstruse,
And prizing science but for use;
Thy soul unbiggoted, unaw'd,
Successful seek the parent God;
Nor dull theories tire thy brain,
To thee an irksome fullsome train;
Nor toils of pride, nor follies strife,
That waste the little span of life.

So shall thou glide in social ease,
Along the humble vale of peace;
From scenes of courtly art retir'd,
By simple virtue be admir'd;
Thy spouse shall every art employ,
To soothe thy cares, to crown thy joy;
With fortitude together bear,
Such ills as human kind must share;
Together shall your ravish'd eyes
Behold your hopeful offspring rise,
Together blest with many days,
You'll steal to rest by slow decays."

Here ceas'd the strain. The sage reclin'd,
And thus he question'd with his mind—
" Vain pomp and state I've long deny'd,
As bart'ring happiness for pride;
False learning dark, fastidious, vain,
I've found true useful reasons bane.
Yet by their wildering maxims taught,
A false relief I've idly sought;
They blind our course through life's dark maze,
Like candle-light 'mid luna's rays.
We seek o'er fairy lands astray,
For bliss that borders on our way.
They spurn the life that crowns the swain,
Sweet, healthful, simple, social, plain,
On pompous art our minds engage,
And foil our view of nature's page,
That scarce a tint can meet the eye,
But through the mirror they apply.
And am I thus from error's night,
By nature's simplest child set right?

Dame nature leads her children dear,
Each wisely round his proper sphere,
And soundest lessons there impart,
In silent language to the heart:
'Twas not the wren I seem'd to hear,
'Twas reason 'woke the mental ear;
'Tis nature beckons me away,
And lo her summons I obey."

He said, and wav'd a signal high,
And soon the gallant ship drew nigh;
In her his native shore he sought,
And took the measures lately taught;
His tranquil pleasures never cloy'd,
Not Aglaus more content enjoy'd.

HOMO.

Extracted for the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

To the NIGHTINGALE.

CHILD of the melancholy song!
O yet that tender strain prolong!
Her lengthen'd shade, when ev'ning flings,
From mountain-cliffs and forest green,
And sailing slow on silent wings
Along the glimm'ring west is seen;
I love o'er pathless hills to stray,
Or trace the winding vale remote,
And pause, sweet bird! to hear thy lay
While moon-beams on the thin clouds float,
Till o'er the mountain's dewy head
Pale midnight steals to wake the dead.

Far through the heav'ns ætherial blue,
Wafted on spring's light airs you come
With blooms, and flow'rs, and genial dew,
From climes where summer joys to roam,
O, welcome to your long lost home!
" Child of the melancholy song!"
Who lov'st the lonely woodland-glade
To mourn, unseen, the boughs among.
When twilight spreads her pensive shade,
Again thy dulcet voice I hail!
O, pour again the liquid note
That dies upon the ev'ning gale!
For fancy loves the kindred tone;
Her griefs the plaintive accents own.
She loves to hear thy music float
At solemn midnight's stillest hour,
And think on friends forever lost,
On joys by disappointment crost,
And weep a-new love's charmful pow'r!
Then mem'ry wakes the magic smile,
Th' impassion'd voice, the melting eye,
That won't the trusting heart beguile.
And *wakes again* the hopeless sigh!
Her skill the glowing tints revive
Of scenes that time had bade decay;
She bids the soften'd passions live—
The passions urge again their sway.
Yet o'er the long regretted scene
Thy song the grace of sorrow throws;
A melancholy charm serene,
More rare than all that mirth bestows.
Then hail, sweet bird! and hail thy pensive tear!
To taste, to fancy, and to virtue, dear!

MOTTO for a WATCH.

HOW short a span
Is life, O man!
Then why so fond of pleasure?
In time lay by,
'Gainst 'ternity,
A fund of lasting treasure.

MONTHLY

MONTHLY GAZETTE.

Summary of Foreign Intelligence.

GERMANY.

FRANKFORT, July 20.

THE French at Rheignheim, Oggerheim, and Kircheim, are threatening every where to break through and make a defcent.

Prince Hohenloe is at Pforzheim, near Worms. The greateft part of the magazines of Frahential and Lautorn are loft. A moft violent cannonade has been heard during the whole of this morning. The Pruffians have loft a great many men all along their line, without recovering their generals Schladem, Vofs and Ruchell, who are wounded. Schladem, Mannftem, and Romberg, fuffered moft—Upwards of a hundred Pruffian officers are either killed or wounded. Had the Pruffians attempted to have maintained Lautern, they would have rifked a lofs of 20,000 men, and of being cut off.

Dutch Brabant, Bois le Duc. The governor of our city having received orders to put the place in a ftate of defence, has ordered all the fluices to be opened to effect an inundation—This meafure has fucceeded partially, the want of rain having left the waters very low—The fame attempt has been made with as little fuccefs, at Heuden, Capelle, and Breda.

HOLLAND.

FLUSHING, July 28. The French, for thefe two or three days, have been in the neighbourhood of Sluys, without coming near enough to the town to be annoyed by the garrifon; but this morning it feems, they began in earneft their labour, the effect of which was the complete routing of all the Dutch troops that were placed both there and in this place, with batteries at the entrance of the oppofite fide of the Scheldt.

Their retreat was cut off from Sluys, fo that they were obliged to fly to this place, where they arrived at four o'clock this morning. We difcern very plainly the Carmagnols working at the batteries, which they attempt to conftruct all along the fhore: a Dutch armed brig has been all the morning firing at them, and they return the fire.

Yefterday we faw very diftinctly from this place acrofs the water, which is only four miles, a very large body of the French horfe and foot marching for Sluys: this was about a quarter paft 9 o'clock. About 12 a very heavy cannonade commenced; the refult no one here is acquainted with: The French were about 10,000 according to the beft judges. The Mynheers began to examine their guns upon the ramparts, and a brig in the offing fired at the Carmagnols as they paffed along the Sands.—Sir S. Smith and Lord Moira are here—There are 400 pieces of brafs cannon in Sluys; but there are not 2000 men to defend it. We feem all panic ftruck and every place given up; for as the French paffed over the plain, they took a fort mounted with 50 pieces of cannon with only 12 fhot fired.

ENGLAND.

LONDON.

All the accounts that have been received from the continent concur in ftating that the French are collecting an immenfe force in the Netherlands for the purpofe of invading Holland—The defence of that republic will moft probably be undertaken by the Dutch and Britifh troops only.—The fucceffes of the French on the Rhine are fo complete, that Frankfort, Manheim, and Mentz are in danger, and feveral of the inhabitants have retired with their effects: Others, who were preparing to follow their example, have been prevented by a proclamation iffued by the French General, who promifes that no one fhall be moleft in his property.

The attack which the French lately made upon the Pruffians in the neighbourhood of Kaiferflautern was perhaps the moft defperate and bloody of the whole campaign—They followed it up from the 9th of the month, day after day, till Sunday the 13th, from which time, till Wednefday, following, the Pruffians had not a moment's refpite, day or night. The numbers of the French increafed to 180,000 at leaft, and in their larger attack they rufhed up to the Pruffian cannon, with as much indifference as if they had not been loaded, carrying the whole at the point of the bayonet, killing or wounding every artillery officer, except one, and almoft completely annihilating the Pruffian army.

Letters

Letters from Stockholm mention, that there has been a warm difpute between the Ruffians and Swedes near Swenkfund, on an attempt by the latter to raife a fmall fortification. The Ruffians contended, that the territory belonged to them. It does not appear that any blood was fpilt upon the occafion.

The French are faid to have marched into Antwerp at 3 o'clock, P. M. on Wednefday the 23d ult. The Duke of York marched from it nearly about the fame time. There is an account received by the way of Frankfort, that Landrecy furrendered to the French on the 14th of laft month.

The French have a garrifon of 3000 men at Nieuport—at Oftend they have only 2000; but at Ghiftel, near Oftend, they have a camp of about 4000.

Difpatches from the Hague have lately been received at the Dutch Ambaffador's, which, it is faid, are not of the moft conforing nature.

The French forces deftined to act againft Holland confifts of about 80,000 men. The combined armies under the command of his Royal Highnefs the Duke of York, are only 42,000 ftrong, of which 18,000 are Britifh; but a communication will be obferved between them and the Dutch troops, commanded by the Prince of Orange. It appears by the laft advices from the Britifh army, that they were expected to march in a day or two from the neighbourhood of Breda, in order to take an advantageous pofition between Bois le Duc and the river Scheyfke.

Since the fall of Robefpierre we have no accounts of executions in Paris, except thofe members of the commune, and officers of police, who abetted him in refifting the decree of accufation. The long lifts of convictions by the Revolutionary Tribunal, were fome days prior to the execution of Robefpierre.

FRANCE.

Decapitation of Robefpierre, &c.

PARIS, *July* 30. The day before yefterday were led to the place of execution, and executed, the following perfons, viz. Maximilian Robefpierre, aged 35. He had defended himfelf in a fracas, which had happened in the commune, with a knife, which took off one half of his face, after which he was carried to the Convention, and was refufed to be admitted; he was then fent to the prifon of the Conciergerie where he was detained until his execution—his head was fhewn to the people.

The brother of Rob efpierre, who had broken both his legs, as he attempted to efcape.

Couthon, aged 38. St. Juft, 26. General La Valette. Dumas, Prefident of the Revolutionary Tribune—his head was fhewn to the people.

Fleuriot, the mayor of Paris. Fayen, a national agent; and twelve members of the Commune of Paris.

The very remarkable circumftances which occafioned the downfal of Robefpierre, who had arrived at the fupreme power by the moft cruel and bloody means, deferves a particular detail. It is obfervable, however, that the principal caufe of that extraordinary event, is yet buried under the veil of darknefs.

The committee of public fafety, compofed of Robefpierre and his adherents, had poffeffed themfelves of the fovereign power, and exercifed it with unheard of tyranny; a tyranny to which the convention itfelf was no proof. No deputy dare expreis his fentiments freely, without being immediately threatened with prifon or death. This occafioned a general diffatisfaction, which produced a fecret coalition of feveral members of the committee of public fafety itfelf. Collot d'Herbois and Billaud Varennes, who felt themfelves oppreffed by Robefpierre, refolved, fupported by a great number of the members of the Convention, to oppofe the further progrefs of this new Cromwell.

To fupport himfelf againft fo powerful a party, Robefpierre fought affiftance with the Jacobins, in behalf of himfelf and partifans; and the whole club appeared at the bar of the Convention on the 25th, and informed them of their fears refpecting the new intrigues carried on by foreigners, to annihilate the revolution, to calumniate the moft fincere patriots, to divide them among themfelves, and make the decrees of the Convention fufpected, efpecially that which acknowledges the exiftence of a Supreme Being. All this had not the effect which Robefpierre had expected.

On the 26th Robefpierre mounted the roftrum. He made a long fpeech on the revolution, in which he endeavoured to juftify himfelf of the views which were imputed to him of afpiring at the dictatorfhip—He faid, that ever fince he had lately proclaimed the exiftence of a Supreme Being, the partizans of Herbert and Danton had been let loofe upon him. He likewife ftrove to juftify himfelf of the report which had been fpread of his wifhing to get 30 more members of the Convention

vention guillotined. He added, that the Committee of Public Safety and *Surveillance* were the two pillars of liberty; but that the majority were often deſtroyed, and that ſome were endeavouring to give another form to the Republic. The decree againſt the Engliſh had never been executed—The ſyſtem of Dumourier was obſerved in the low countries—Trees of liberty were planted every where—that it was urgent to ſuffer the ſmall ramifications to ſprout out; but that it was of the utmoſt importance to watch them cloſely. Freron replied, "when we wiſh to give birth to liberty, the freedom of ſpeech ought to be eſtabliſhed; who would dare to ſpeak freely, if he were conſtantly ſurrounded by the fear of being arreſted?"

Several emiſſaries of this new Cromwell were declared outlawed; and on the 25th in the evening, in the midſt of acclamations of *Vive la Republique* fell the head of Robeſpierre.

NEW POLICE OF FRANCE.

NATIONAL CONVENTION, *Aug.* 5.

CAMBON, after expoſing the arts by which the tyrant ROBESPIERRE, aided by the *Jacobins*, had continued to accumulate all power in the hands of the committee of Public Safety; and ſhewing the errors in the organization of the various committees, preſented the following decree, which was adopted by the Convention.

DECREE, &c.

ARTICLE I. The Committee of Public Safety ſhall aſſume the name of "*The Central Committee of Government.*" It ſhall be compoſed of twelve members, to be renewed every month, and not eligible again till after the interval of a month.

II. This committee ſhall be under the direct inſpection of the "*Commiſſion of Foreign Affairs,*" and cannot diſpoſe of any of the public funds except for the ſecret ſervices of government. For this purpoſe it ſhall have upon the national treaſury a credit of ten millions. The credit which it had formerly, and is hitherto unemployed, is hereby withdrawn.

III. The committee of Surety and Superintendence, ſhall take the name of "*The Committee of the General Police of the Republic.*" It ſhall conſiſt of fifteen members. It ſhall, independently of the Convention, have alone the power of arreſting citizens. For iſſuing warrants of arreſt againſt public functionaries, it ſhall act in concert with the committee charged with the ſuperintendence of the adminiſtration to which ſuch functionary may belong.

IV. It ſhall neither ſend to trial thoſe who have been arreſted, nor liberate thoſe ſentenced by the Popular Commiſſions without being in concert with the Central Committee of Government.

V. The Commiſſion of Civil Affairs of Police, and the tribunals, ſhall make to it a daily report of the police and the interior ſecurity of the republic.

VI. It ſhall have under its immediate inſpection, the Police and armed force of Paris, the Revolutionary Tribunal, the Committees of Superintendence of the Republic, and the Popular Commiſſions.

VII. The National Treaſury ſhall credit it for nine hundred thouſand livres, for extraordinary and ſecret expenſes.

VIII. A fifth part of the members of the committee ſhall be changed every month, and not re-eligible till the interval of one month.

IX. All other committees, or commiſſions of the Convention, now in exiſtence, are aboliſhed.

X. The following twelve committees ſhall be eſtabliſhed:—

1. One to ſuperintend the Commiſſion of Agriculture and Arts, compoſed of five members.
2. One to ſuperintend the Commiſſion of Public Inſtruction, to conſiſt of five members.
3. To ſuperintend the Commiſſion of Commerce and Proviſions, five members.
4. To ſuperintend the Commiſſion of Expreſſes, Poſt-Offices, and Poſt-Houſes, five members.
5. To ſuperintend the Commiſſion of Arms and Powder, ſix members.
6. To ſuperintend the Commiſſion of the movement of the Armies, ſix members.
7. To ſuperintend the Commiſſion of the Marine and Colonies, five members.
8. To ſuperintend the Committee of Public Succour, five members.
9. To ſuperintend the Commiſſion of Public Works, five members.
10. For the ſuperintendence of the public expenſes and revenues, there ſhall be four ſections:—the firſt, conſiſting of five members, ſhall ſuperintend the Commiſſion of the Public Treaſury; the ſecond of ten members, the national revenues; the third of ten members, the general liquidation; and the fourth of ten members, the office of accounts.
11. A Committee of Legiſlation, compoſed of fifteen members, which ſhall have the ſuperintendence of the Commiſſion of civil Adminiſtration, the Police and Tribunals,

Tribunals, according to the report of the Tribunals and Adminiſtrative Bodies, ſhall be charged with the reviſion and claſſification of the laws, and the details reſpecting the territorial diviſions of the Republic.

12. A Committee of Inſpectors of the Proces-Verbeaux, conſiſting of fifteen members, is charged with ſuperintending the tranſcription of the Acts of the Convention in its offices and archives, the National Preſs, and the Commiſſion of Civil Adminſtrations.

ART. XI. There ſhall alſo be a Committee of Inſpectors of the Hall, compoſed of fifteen members, excluſively, charged with the Police within the limits of the Convention, the Committees, and the National Garden. It ſhall regulate the expenſes of the National Convention and its archives, as well as thoſe of the Committees, alſo the travelling expenſes of the Repreſentatives of the People ſent to the departments, or the armies.

XII. It ſhall verify and adjuſt the accounts relative to the aforeſaid expenſes; and the reſolution of that Committee, declaring its verification of the expenſes of the Repreſentatives of the People, amounting to ſuch a ſum, ſhall be allowed as an admiſſion of that account.

XIII. The National Treaſury ſhall give it credit for three millions, to be employed in ſuch expenſes in the aforeſaid payments; and all former credit, hitherto unemployed, is withdrawn.

XIV. Every Executive Commiſſion ſhall give a daily account of its proceedings to the Committee charged with its inſpection, and ſhall propoſe to it the difficulties to be ſurmounted, and the means of removing them. It ſhall alſo ſubmit, for the approbation of the Committee, the agents nominated for the execution of its order.

XV. The Commiſſioners ſhall every day lay before the Committee for inſpecting the Public Expenditure and Revenue, a detailed account of the expenſes incurred in the courſe of the day.

XVI. The Committees ſhall directly propoſe to the Convention, all legiſlative objects, after having previouſly communicated them to the Central Committee of Government. They ſhall concert with that Committee through the medium of one of its members, who ſhall be charged to report the executive objects diſcuſſed in the Committee.

XVII. All executive objects ſhall be definitely ſettled by the Central Committee of Government, which ſhall be reſponſible for the reſolutions it may take. Theſe reſolutions ſhall be ſigned by at leaſt ſix members of the Central Committee, and by the Commiſſioner of the Committee who ſhall make the report. The reſolutions ſhall be ſent to be executed by the Commiſſions, and an account of them ſhall then be laid before the Convention.

XVIII. Should there be any difference of opinion in the Central Committee of Government, the affairs to be diſcuſſed and decided by a meeting compoſed of one Commiſſioner from each of the Committees.

XIX. In caſes of urgency, where expedition is required, the Central Committee of Government may call upon one or more of the Committee charged with the ſuperintendence of the matter in queſtion, and the reſult of their deliberation ſhall be carried into execution. But the members who ſhall aſſiſt in ſuch deliberations, ſhall make an immediate report of it to the General Committee.

XX. The Convention ſhall itſelf nominate the Repreſentatives of the People to be ſent on any commiſſion, the Generals, the members of the Executive Commiſſion, the members of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and Popular Commiſſions, on the propoſition of the Central Committee of Government, united with the Committee charged with what relates to that particular object.

XXI. The National Convention alone has power to recal the Repreſentatives of the People ſent upon commiſſion. The Central Committee of Government, in concert with the Committee charged with that particular affair, may remove the Generals, the members of the Executive Commiſſions, and other public functionaries, of which a report is to be made to the Convention.

XXII. All the Committees ſhall have a fifth of their members changed every month.

XXIII. All the Committees and Commiſſions within the Convention ſhall continue to exerciſe their functions till the Committees that are to replace them are perfectly organized.

The Committee of *Public Welfare* at Paris is now compoſed of the following perſons: Barrere, Lolloi, Tallien, Thuriot, Collet D'Horbois, Treithard, Billaud, Varrences, Carnot, Eſſecherau, ſen. Prieur, Breaid, and Lindet.

☞ *The domeſtic occurrences of this month are unavoidably omitted.*

THE

MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY MUSEUM

OF

KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL *ENTERTAINMENT.*

No. XI.] FOR NOVEMBER, 1794. [Vol. VI.

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MDCCXCIV.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

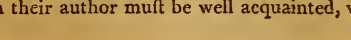
Senex is unreſervedly thanked for his advice. No attention can poſſibly be paid to his plan till the commencement of the new year.

Veritas—his epigrams are too pointed and particular. Wit and ſatire are always acceptable, but perſonal abuſe will never be admitted.

W. L.—his letter on taſte is not original—We are grateful for judicious extracts, but we muſt refuſe their admiſſion when impoſed in the form of originality.

Inquiſitus—his queries are better calculated for his own amuſement than for our magazine.

Reflections on general Thankſgiving, are devotional, and ſuited to the preſent ſeaſon, but for reaſons, with which their author muſt be well acquainted, we beg to be excuſed from publiſhing them.



PRICES OF PUBLIC SECURITIES, BANK STOCK, &c.

November.	Six per Cents.	Three per Cents.	Defer'd Stock.	Maſſachuſ. State Notes.	U.S.B.Shares. ab. par.	Maſſachuſ. Bank Shares.	Union Bank Shares. ab. pr.	Final & L. Of. Cert. inter. fr. Jan. 1788.	Reg. Dt. with int. fr. March 4, 1789.	Indents. Int. on Loan Offi. Cer. & Reg. Dt.	New Emiſſion Money.	O. Emiſ. Mo.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	per ct.	dols.	per ct.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s.
1	19 4	11 3	12 8	15 6	26	None	8	18 0	17	10 0	8 0	45
3	19 4	11 3	12 8	15 6	26	at	8	18 0	17 6	10 0	8 0	45
4	19 5	11 3⅛	12 8	15 6	27	mkt.	8	18 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
5	19 5	11 3⅛	12 8	15 6	27		8	18 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
6	19 5	11 3⅛	12 8	15 6	27		8	18 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
7	19 5	11 3⅛	12 8	15 6	27		8	18 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
8	19 6	11 4	12 9	15 6	28		9	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
10	19 6	11 4	12 9	15 6	28		9	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
11	19 6	11 4	12 9	15 6	28		9	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
12	19 6	11 4	12 9	15 6	28 ⅛		9	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
13	19 6	11 4	12 9	15 6	28 ⅛		9	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
14	19 6	11 4	12 9	15 8	29		9	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
15	19 6	11 4	12 9	15 9	29		9	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
17	19 8	11 4	12 9	15 9	30		9	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
18	19 8	11 4	12 9	15 9	30		10	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
19	19 9	11 4	12 9	15 9	30		10	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
20	19 9	11 4	12 9	15 9	30		10	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
21	19 9	11 4	12 9	15 9	31		10	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
22	19 10	11 4	12 9	15 9	31		10	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
24	19 10	11 4	12 9	15 9	31		10	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
25	19 10	11 4	12 9	15 9	31		10	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
26	19 10	11 4	12 9	15 9	31		10	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
27	20	11 5	13 2	16	32		10	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
28	20	11 5	13 2	16	32		10	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
29	20	11 4	13 2	16	32		11	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45

JOHN MARSTON, *Stock Broker.*

S. Hill.

The Fatal Alternative.

LIBRARY

THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

FOR *NOVEMBER*, 1794.

The FATAL ALTERNATIVE.

A TALE.

[Embellished with a handsome Engraving.]

THE force that eloquence gives to the precepts of virtue, and the security that rank brings to the preservation of character, are alike feeble in the conflict of passions, and alike unavailing in those hours of trial, which the consent of mankind has in lenity called *unguarded.* The superiority of mind, the dignity of character, the awe of virtue, and the tenor of fixed principles, are but words of course "when strong temptations try," when impulses are felt which cannot be resisted, and allurements are proposed whose effects are not understood.

It was not want of understanding, it was not want of education, it was not the power of seduction, but it was a perverseness of thinking, formed of all these wants, which reduced Laura Belfont from an enviable rank among the good and the happy, to a state at which the happy shuddered, and the virtuous were appalled. The comfort of her parents, the delight of their eyes, and the pride of their heart, the admiration of one sex, and the envy of the other. Laura's days promised length and happiness; the morning of life arose with splendour and beauty; it bid fair for a glorious day, but the dawn was scarcely visible, when the thickness of darkness overshadowed the prospect, and the evening of that day which promised so smilingly, hastened on without calmness, without serenity, without hope.

She had married the man of her artless heart, but not of her *choice.*—Love only decidedly gave colour to the fate of a life which it would have required judgment to adorn, and tenderness and fidelity to lengthen. Under the well wrought disguise of affection, her lover concealed the only passion he was capable of enjoying, *avarice*, and when by the possession of her fortune that was gratified, the possession of her person lost the only charm it [illegible] He did not become careless, but [illegible] iron rent and brutal—He only threw [illegible] stone, the mask, and appeared in his [illegible] neces- character, without love, [illegible] age diver- principle, without tender[illegible]hen Johnson yet not of her; sensual[illegible] happened

with her beauties; ambitious, yet not of her affection; he renewed his criminal correſpondence with a woman who had long triumphed over the boaſted fidelity of the male ſex, and had rendered her own vices a ſource of advantage and pride to herſelf.—She had no character to loſe; ſhe envied every woman who poſſeſſed what, to *her*, was irrecoverably loſt.

The gay, and ſprightly Laura, for ſuch ſhe was in better times, was now ſoftened down to the penſive tenant of a melancholy abode, in a lonely and remote part of the country, where all acceſs to the conſolations of friendſhip was denied her, and where ſhe had full leiſure to combine the worſt reflections of the paſt with the moſt agonizing proſpects of the future. She ſeldom ſaw her husband, and knew no generoſity from him, but that he allowed, and that barely, the neceſſaries of life; but to all its pleaſures ſhe was in every ſenſe of the word, cruelly mortified. He inſulted her by the company of abandoned women, who were the companions of his licentious hours, and with whom he ſquandered the fortune ſhe had brought him, and waſted the affection ſhe alone ought to have enjoyed. Vice had corrupted his mind, and all the finer feelings were warped by a narrow ſenſuality, which was alike inſatiable and impotent, and gratified by a repetition of pleaſures that left no ſatisfaction, and only prepared for the days of remorſe and deſpair.

Laura was friendleſs—ſhe had ſurvived her parents; ſhe was far removed from her inmates; ſhe was ſurrounded by creatures of her huſband's providing, whoſe hearts had ſince forgot to beat in the cauſe of innocence.—She was in a ſituation where philoſophy preſcribes reſignation, but where nature yields to ſorrow.—She was not formed for the aſperities of life: alas! ſhe had none to calm the tumult of her breaſt; ſhe had none to ſpeak peace to a mind already troubled beyond the power of being allayed.

It was in one of thoſe miſerable hours, when hope forſook her and fled—at a time when a dead infant, the only tie which connected her with her huſband, lay ſtretched on her bed—when all the events of her life came in review before her, that ſhe wandered into a park near her habitation, ſeparated from the road by a river—It was there ſhe ſat herſelf down on the graſs, and indulged in agonies of grief, which were to be no longer ſuppreſſed.

All the horrors of her ſituation appeared in review before her—the ſad contraſt between the days of youth and happineſs, of admiration and vanity, and thoſe miſerable days and nights ſhe had ſince ſuffered were active in her imagination. Putting her hand into her pocket for a handkerchief to dry thoſe tears, which once the proudeſt would have been happy to dry up, ſhe found a letter addreſſed to her by her father on the firſt news of her intended marriage; there he, though gently, upbraided her with want of confidence, ſuggeſted ſuſpicions of the real character of her lover, and painted in lively colours the feelings of a parent and the duty of a child.—This only was wanting to give fury to that ſpeechleſs agony which now poſſeſſed her whole ſoul—and ſurrounded as ſhe was by horrors which cannot be deſcribed, ſhe ſought relief, where it is to be feared the miſerable ſeek it in vain—ſhe plunged into the river near her, and ſunk in a moment to riſe no more!

But this unhappy fair one was not unobſerved—Two perſons on horſeback

horſeback on the road had obſerved her, though at a conſiderable diſtance, and one of them put ſpurs to his horſe, beckoning the other to follow.—They ſoon arrived at a place where the river was fordable, but arrived too late for the relief of Laura.—They procured aſſiſtance in finding the body, and conveyed it to her lonely abode.—The wretched huſband was not unmoved by the news of this, which was ſpeedily conveyed to him, but he objected only that impulſe which guided all his actions.—He ſummed up all his crimes in one, and by an unſought ſacrifice to the memory of his wife, he ruſhed into the preſence of his Maker, with the guilt of his own and her blood on his devoted head.

The concluſion of this narrative is perhaps no more than has often been inculcated, but it is what ought often to be repeated, that "Though vice is conſtantly attended by miſery, virtue itſelf cannot confer happineſs in this world, except it is animated with the hopes of a better, where complete juſtice ſhall be done and where complete happineſs ſhall have no end."

Laura ought to have yet ſuſtained evils which, however great, cannot without long experience, be deemed hopeleſs. But her mind, originally not ſtrong, was driven, by the impatience of wrong, to the *fatal alternative*—to ſuffer yet more, or to end all by precipitating herſelf into an untimely grave.

SINGULAR INSTANCE of LIBERALITY.

THE people of the Eaſt, who are generally more volatile than the reſt of mankind, carry their virtues and vices to extremes.

A man who was liberal even to profuſion, reſided in Bagdad, under the reign of the Caliph Mamoun: His prodigality preſently diſperſed an immenſe fortune. One day, Aſmai, a poet, who had ſhared very conſiderably in his profuſion, came and knocked at his door as uſual, ſuppoſing him to be ſtill a rich man; the porter refuſed him admittance: Aſmai, chagrined at this treatment, wrote ſome verſes to the following effect: *What difference is there between a miſer and a generous man, if the latter keeps his door ſhut?* He gave theſe lines to the porter, deſiring he would preſent them to his maſter. He did not ſtay long for an anſwer, for the ſervant immediately returned with the ſame paper, on the back of which was written two lines to the following purport——*When a generous man has given away his all, he does right to keep his door ſhut, that he may not have the mortification of refuſing to grant a favour.*

ANECDOTES of Dr. JOHNSON.

THERE were two ſingularities in this genius, which have eſcaped the reſearches of all his biographers. In the centre of the market place at Litchfield, where he was born, there is a great iron ring, fixed by a ſtaple in a ſtone, which formerly ſerved as a neceſſary inſtrument in the ſavage diverſion of bull-baiting. When Johnſon

happened

happened in his walks, for he paid an annual visit to Litchfield, to pass by this spot, he would frequently in the midst of those reveries in which he seemed to be involved, step aside, and stooping down, lay hold of the ring, and pull it about, as if he had been trying whether he had been able to extricate it from the stone to which it was fixed.

The other remarkable particulars concerning Johnson, which has not been mentioned by his numerous biographers is, that he made it a point, when he paid his annual visit to the place of his nativity, to call on every person in that city, with whom he had the least acquaintance; but that the instant he knocked at the door, he would, without giving time for the opening of it, pass on to another, where he would do the same thing; so that it frequently happened that two or three servants would be running after the doctor, requesting that he would return to their masters or mistresses houses, who were waiting to receive him.

Ludicrous Anecdote of French Gallantry.

[From Mariti's Travels through Syria and Palestine.]

I VISITED the wells of Ras-Elein, in the company of two French gentlemen, one of whom was a physician—from the summit of a little hill, we had a view of the surrounding plains, and perceived, at a small distance, a group of Arab women on the brink of a rivulet, in which some of them were washing their clothes, and others bathing; but they were all perfectly naked. This spectacle produced such a sudden effect on one of the French gentlemen, as plainly shewed he was of a very warm temperament. He wished immediately to descend the hill, in order, as he said, to observe these people a little closer; and he requested me to accompany him. Knowing better than my companion the disposition of the orientals, I pointed out the dangers to which he was going to expose himself, either from the women themselves, or the Arabs that he might meet: But all my remonstrances were ineffectual; for he was determined to gratify his curiosity, even at the hazard of his life.

Finding that I would not comply with his request, he endeavoured to prevail on the physician to accompany him, but he had as little courage as I. Our companion was then no longer able to contain himself; he stamped on the earth with his foot, cursed his bad fortune that he had not at least brought his spy-glass with him, and even reproached nature with having placed such a distance between the hill and the rivulet.

Hurried away by his vivacity, he did not even spare us, whom he considered as pusilanimous beings, and insensible to female charms. In short, he burst from us with so much velocity, that he had reached the borders of the rivulet before we well knew of his departure.

I was much surprised to see all the women come forth from the water, and, advancing towards him, naked as they were, invite him to take a place among them. Our French friend then redoubled his compliments, and employed the most expressive signs to shew his gratitude. He was eagerly received, and almost immediately surrounded by

a circle

a circle of these females; but their caresses were only a snare to enable them to punish his presumption. They attacked him all at once, some tearing his hair, while others mauled him with their fists; and, I am persuaded, that he would have fallen a victim to their fury, had not his courage delivered him from their hands. He afterwards avoided, as well as he could, a shower of stones, discharged after him; some of which, notwithstanding his activity, were not without effect.

This tragi-comic scene excited both laughter and compassion, while the amorous Frenchman was obliged to solicit the aid of the physician, to dress his wounds. Sensible of his folly, he promised to behave with more prudence in future, and, indeed, we gave him full credit for his resolution.

SENTIMENTAL REFLECTIONS.

WHY is the mind of man, when endued with what is called taste, delighted with extravagant flights in poetry, extraordinary metaphors, excesses in grammar, cromatics in music, &c? How come we to be charmed with things which offend common sense, or shock the natural ear? And from what turn of caprice does it proceed, that the very errors and faults of some of the arts and sciences, are esteemed beauties? Nay, to shew that taste is not only above, but even sometimes averse from rational admiration, we need but recollect the pleasure we receive from viewing some of the deformities of nature, as rocks, precipices, &c. and at the same time remember, that we are sensible of a cerain horror during the contemplation.

LIFE is a picture; fortune the frame, but misfortune the shade—the first only its extrinsic ornament, but the latter, if well sustained, forms the intrinsic merit by giving a bolder relief to the figures.

THE critic lives too much in his study; and the difference between such a person, and those who converse familiarly in the world, may be compared to the upper *sod*, and the under *spit* of the earth—the latter may have intrinsically the same powers of vegetation, but wants the action and impregnation of the atmosphere, to see its fixed salts at liberty to exert themselves.

IS not a child's grief for the loss of his dinner more sincere than a man's? In proportion as our reason improves, and our sentiment refines, the poignancy of disappointment appears more blunt. There is an alleviating resource, a kind of self-soothing consolation, in the very distresses of delicate minds, the refinement of which would be but poorly exchanged for

"The broadest unfeeling folly wears."

But the disappointment of mere natural appetite has no resource, no alleviation; how much more to be pitied then!

THERE is a certain restlessness and impatience in our minds, that refuses pleasure from a continued enjoyment, or contemplation of the same objects, or ideas; and our nature thirsts for variety, from the cradle to the grave. The several seasons

ſeaſons of life open with novelty, to childhood, to youth, to manhood, and *feneſeince*. We find ourſelves ſtill, as we approach theſe advancing æras, attracted by different views, paſſions, and purſuits; and quit the former ſcene without regret; not becauſe the ſhifting one will afford us better entertainment, for as yet we have had no experience of it, but which does as well, becauſe we have made ſufficient trial of the foregoing, have eſſayed its pleaſures, and exhauſted its variety. At length the vaſſalage of ignorance and ſubjection is paſt; we have now arrived at the long wiſhed-for throne of man's eſtate, and would maintain the flattering empire of health, vigour, and reaſon, during the remainder of our reign. But when we have chimed over all the changes on the few notes of this pitch of life, how ſhall we be able to relieve that *tiædium vitæ*, that ſatiety of life, ſo generally complained of already, even in the preſent contracted portions of our time, which numbers have found ſo irkſome, that they have had recourſe to drunkenneſs, or ſuicide, to rid themſelves of?

THE ſucceſſion and alternation of manly buſineſs, ſports, and pleaſures, are truly rational amuſements to the mind; the chaſte alliances, the tender connexions, the generous friendſhips, the charitable dependencies of this ſtate of life (the youthful), are, indeed, additional ſources of moral happineſs, and heart-felt tranſports. But continued to a certain period, only ſatiety ſucceeds, too often repeated joys; and pleaſures ſtill running in a circle, lag, when we begin the well known courſe again. Were vigorous manhood to remain, the ſame paſſions and purſuits would ſtill ſubſiſt, with baffled hopes, and diſappointed wiſhes; novelty would grow ſtale, and variety loſe its change, while curioſity would urge, and impatience reſent the palled fruition; till we ſhould at length, cry out with a ſmall alteration, in the language of Milton,

"Each ſeaſon and its change diſpleaſe alike."

A thouſand untried follies would be then attempted; premiums preferred by wearied libertines, as was once done by a Roman emperor, by the invention of new pleaſures; caprice, debauchery, and vice, would viſit, and cloſe our lives in madneſs or deſpair. Happily in relief to our unſtable nature, our vigour declines, our paſſions ſubſide; curioſity grows weary, our deſires are ſatisfied, and indolence ſucceeds. A different train of ideas inſenſibly form themſelves, by degrees, in our minds—health, peace, and eaſe become then our wiſer wiſh. We have ſeen the vanities, and felt the follies of life; nor would we try again with feeble mind, and relaxed ſinews,

"To ſeek, with erring ſtep, contentment's obvious way."

Laſtly, death, that in vigour would have been our fear, in decay becomes our hope.

A mediocrity in writing is quicker perceived in poetry, than any thing elſe. I would rather *buoy* in the ſurface ſometimes, than always *anchor* in the mud.

HOW cruel a caſe is it, after a perſon has ſpent his life in attaining a good repute, that ſome capricious jealouſy ariſing in our minds, or any malicious inſinuations from another hand, ſhall deprive him of the credit of it? A man may have honour and ſell iron at the ſame time.

HERALDRY

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

HERALDRY HIEROGLYPHICS.—A FRAGMENT.

THE hiſtory of the *cruſades* affords a ſtriking picture of the folly and enthuſiaſm of mankind, when left to the blind impulſe of a heated and deluded imagination. It is to theſe, however, we are indebted for that perfection to which heraldry, as a ſcience, has been carried.

Heraldry is a ſcience ſo eſtimable and amuſing, that many of the nobility and virtuoſos of every nation have, for ſeveral centuries, deemed it worthy their ſtudious application.

Kings and princes have derived entertainment from the inveſtigation of the nobility, alliances, and power of their anceſtry, in the hieroglyphics of this curious ſcience. Others, of inquiry and enterpriſe, although confined to a humbler ſphere of action, have been equally gratified in finding that their progenitors were dignified with royal favour. Their pleaſure has been heightened, when, by their induſtrious ſcrutiny into the mazes of heraldry, they have diſcovered that a reſpectable number of their anceſtors were enrolled in the liſt of fame for ſome diſtinguiſhing literary acquirement, military proweſs, a ſhining virtue, or ſome ſingular patriotic ſervice.

In a coat of arms we have a conciſe, but comprehenſive hiſtory of the heroic deeds, which raiſed the anceſtry of the bearer to eminence. Arms, properly blazoned, ſerve to point out the deſcent of the bearer, and to mark the various ſteps by which his anceſtors arrived at celebrity. They diſtinguiſh the multiplied branches proceeding from the ſame original ſtock, and ſhow the relationſhip between families.

In this, as in moſt other ſciences, there have been abuſes. Several armoriſts, fond of the marvellous, wiſhing to give themſelves an importance, by the profundity of their reſearches and diſcoveries, or perhaps actuated by an entailed portion of the cruſaders' ſpirit, have been diſguſtfully prolix on the nature, properties, and myſtic alluſions of heraldic tinctures. The pretenders to this myſterious knowledge, we readily grant, have an indefeaſible right to a province in the cabaliſtic empire.

It is with heraldry, in ſome meaſure, as with the *maſoretic notes*. Theſe ſubſerve the purpoſe of determining the original pronunciation of the Hebrew and ſome other oriental languages. Heraldry ſubſerves the purpoſe of giving birth and rank their due precedence, according to the ideas of former times. This modern age has guillotined them both.

The ſcribbler of this paper is as high and wiggified a devotee to liberty and equality, under *rational reſtrictions*, as ever graſped *pen* or *ſword*; yet, it is his creed, that there is an inconteſtible foundation in nature for diſtinctions. This ſentiment is ſanctioned by the invariable diſpoſition of the parts throughout the three kingdoms of nature, and by the high beheſt of God himſelf.

The noble have been diſtinguiſhed from the ignoble by external badges, time immemorial. The breaſtplate, ephod, mitre, and veſtments of curious workmanſhip, were the levitical characteriſtics. Crowns and diadems have ever been thoſe of monarchs and emperors. In peruſing Homer, Virgil, and other claſſics, we find their heroes diſtinguiſhed by the various figures

figures of their ſhields. Homer has given a very pompous account of the ſhield of Ulyſſes. Alexander the great permitted his chiefs to wear certain badges on their armour, pennons and banners, that their perſonages might be eaſily known and ſuitably revered. He ſtrictly enjoined that no potentate throughout his dominions ſhould confer ſuch badges of honour. This prerogative he claimed as his independent right, and all kings and ſovereign princes, from that period to the preſent, have, in this particular, made him their pattern.

Hieroglyphic characters have been in vogue from the remoteſt ages.* The Egyptians brought this myſtical ſpecies of writing to very conſiderable perfection. Converſant with the natural world, favoured with a ſituation friendly to ſcientific inveſtigation and improvement, and bleſſed with a brilliant imagination, they ſelected the figures of ſuch objects as in ſome particulars bore the moſt ſtriking reſemblance to the things they wiſhed to deſcribe. Thoſe figures, their importance eſtabliſhed, ſubſerve the purpoſe of writing. They are in fact a kind of ſterography. With a ſmall number of theſe the Egyptians could expreſs, on a little piece of papyrus, what a modern ſcribbler would ſpin into the extent of many folio pages.

The morning, which has been the ſubject of ſo many elaborate, ſublime, and beautiful poetic productions, is unfolded to view by the ſimple figure of the *crocodile's eye*. Job probably knew the import of this hieroglyphic; for, in ſpeaking of this monſtrous animal, he ſays, "his eyes are like the eyelids of the morning." Could it be proved that this ſymbol was in uſe prior to the days of Job; that he had it in his mind when he penned this would hardly remain problematical. The ſymbol is very natural, for,

——— "When his burniſh'd eyes
"Lift their broad lids, the morning ſeems to riſe."

MODENA.

* The curious may be highly entertained with the writings of the late learned and ingenious *Count de Gebelin*, on hieroglyphics.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The REPOSITORY. No. XXVI.

REFLECTIONS occaſioned by reading an account of a ludicrous exit.

I DO not like this apparent gaiety, this ebullition of facetious wit, in the hour of diſſolution! Methinks an air of levity but ill becomes a departing ſpirit; and there is a decent, a compoſed ſolemnity, which, while it elevates the mind, in the ſame moment, beſt accords with propriety. If my head is, upon the coming hour, deſtined to the block, reſignation, and preſence of mind, with manners ſedately dignified, is fortitude: but licentious jeſting, and ludicrous comments, upon an occaſion ſo awfully ſerious, are truly ſhocking. At ſuch a period, *recollection* is ſurely neceſſary—at leaſt, it is *natural*; an *affectation* of unconcern is deſpicable; and if it is *real*, it announces a mind devoid of ſenſibility. Exertions of native ſuperiority, evinced by calm compoſure, are deſcriptive of equanimity; but boiſterous mirth can never be

be conſidered as the ſmalleſt indication of heroiſm. Were we to ruſh, with a familiar air, or ſupercilious ſtep, into the preſence of that being, whoſe brow was encircled by the wreath of merit, or upon whoſe head glittered even an earthly crown, we ſhould be juſtly chargeable with temerity; but when we are about to preſent ourſelves before an omnipotent, and a ſelf-exiſtent Creator, from whom we originate, and upon whom we muſt eternally depend, perturbation, even in the *extreme*, may be *tolerated*—and the moſt profound veneration, and deep-felt awe, is but a proper acknowledgment of the immenſity of Deity. It is ſurely incumbent upon the ſoul, to clothe itſelf in the garments of humility, to aſſume its utmoſt purity, and if it joys in its approach to the divine, the benignant Author of its exiſtence, let its joy partake of ſolemnity—let it be chaſtiſed by ſerious propriety. I envy not the felicity of that *actor*, who, being apprized that he hath but a few hours to continue in the preſent ſcene, devotes the interval to *dreſs*, and *fancy*; to *bows*, and compliments. When the period of my diſſolution is at hand, let me employ my powers in meditating upon an opening heaven—in graſping at ideas ſuitable to that auguſt aſſembly, which I am ſo ſoon to join, and in an effort to diveſt my ſpirit of every earth-born care.—The change is aſſuredly great—it is of immeaſurable importance.—Of our deſtination we can have little idea, and although, from the philanthropy of our God, from the atonement made for our offences, and the price paid for our redemption, we may rationally conclude, that happineſs is our deſignation; yet, there is a variety of conſiderations that are, at ſuch a moment, abundantly ſufficient to fill, and exerciſe the ſtrongeſt, and moſt capacious mind; and we ſhould be careful to cloſe the ſcene with becoming decency. Even the atheiſt, I ſhould imagine, except he hath, by continued anticipation, become habituated to the comfortleſs proſpect of annihilation, muſt acknowledge the period which is to terminate his exiſtence, but ill-ſuited to *expreſſions of mirth*—and the probability is, that he bids adieu to pain and pleaſure, with ſenſations of ſolemn regret.

CONSTANTIA.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The MEMORIALIST. No. VI.

ALCANDOR was a youth endowed with all the charms of beauty; but his outward form ſeemed only an index to the ſuperior graces of his mental accompliſhments. His artleſs behaviour, and the complacency of his diſpoſition, gained him the eſteem of his neighbours, and prepoſſeſſed the hearts of ſtrangers in his favour. Even in the ſtages of his infancy, while childiſh amuſements employed his attention, there ſeemed in him that nobleneſs of ſpirit above his playfellows, which is the ſure indication of an early genius. *Natural* objects only for a ſhort time could ſatisfy his ambition—he panted to climb the ſteeps of ſcience. But nurſed in humble obſcurity—a ſtranger to the politeneſs of a court—where ſhall he find a Mæcenas? He grieved, but carefully concealed the cauſe of his grief from his parents. Often,

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by the secret rock and the tree, would he retire, to lament the parsimony of fortune. The parent at length found out the cause of his son's melancholy, but was unable to relieve it. Resignation was the only cordial which could afford relief to their souls: But capricious fortune looks with an eye of pity upon their situation. A stranger, stopping accidentally at the cottage to take some refreshment, was delighted with the simple neatness of the mansion, the industry of the parents, but much more with the conversation of young Alcandor. He discovered their penurious circumstances, and conceiving a strong affection for their son, proposed to take him under his own care, which proposal was cheerfully accepted. It is needless to say any thing of the joy which his parents expressed—it is easier felt than described. The benevolent stranger beheld with pleasure the uncommon genius of Alcandor, and sent him to an university for his education.

We are now to contemplate Alcandor rambling in the fields of science, and enriching himself with all the stores of intellectual knowledge. We must consider him, not merely indulging himself with the pictures of fancy, but with making that improvement of science, which brings home useful instructions to the heart. After the common time allotted for education had elapsed, Alcandor quits the walks of his study and enters on the threshold of the world, with his mind well guarded against the seductions of vice. It is natural to presume, that he would choose that profession which will infallibly lead merit into public attention. He remains to this day the pride and ornament of his country.

From the imperfect sketch here given of the character of Alcandor, the importance of the establishment of public schools is fully illustrated. Had not a benevolent stranger beheld this youth, he would have sunk unnoticed into oblivion. So true are the words of the poet:

"Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is doom'd to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Thus a diamond may often lie neglected in its crust, which, if polished by the hand of an artificer, would be a gem of inestimable value. But it is answered, that much of the public money must be squandered away to no purpose, as many children would attend the schools, who could reap no advantage from study. Aside from the natural weakness of this remark, and the presumption that we are dealing with a nation of misers, let us see if this assertion is founded on fact. History informs us, that the most valuable discoveries, in every art and science, were made principally by men, who, to speak in the fashionable stile, were of low birth and family. From whence arose that illustrious group of statesmen, of poets, and orators, the admiration of antiquity, and whose works have been hung out as examples to modern ages? Unquestionably they sprung from the common mass of the people. By such characters the credit of a nation is established, and thus the public are more than doubly repaid for their expenses. But even if this statement is nothing but a falacy, it does not injure, in the least, the validity of the argument. No one will contest but what the property of individuals is as well expended in the establishment of schools, as in the purchase of gewgaws and the fripperies of fashion.

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It will check the progreſs of luxury, which is the bane of public felicity. It is then the duty of the legiſlature to interpoſe; but the good ſenſe of the citizens of the different ſtates, forbids us to doubt, but what this uſeful ſcheme of a general education, will finally be adopted. The example of Maſſachuſetts will doubtleſs be followed, and, in this manner, the way may be opened for the complete emancipation of the human mind from the ſlavery of ignorance.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The GLEANER. No. XXX.

Apparent ſecrecy ſuſpicion nerves,
And ſcrutiny is nurtur'd by reſerve;
While the ſweet flow of conſidence bequeaths,
That treaſur'd peace, a rich perfume which breathes.

DISGUISES are frequently the convenient aſylums of villainy; and as they are always queſtionable, they are with propriety always ſuſpected. To trace the labyrinth of folly, into which the flagitious delinquent is precipitated, requires more than human penetration. Many are the windings and doublings of the proficient in error; all his paths are intricate, he is fruitful in ſubterfuges, and he is enveloped in myſtery. I do not ſay that virtue hath never worn a veil, or that integrity may not ſuppoſe it neceſſary to hold up falſe lights; but I contend that the *practice* of *deception*, being an expedient that muſt be acknowledged *extremely hazardous*, it ought never to be reſorted to but in the *laſt extremity*: and I am free to own, that I have found a ſingular pleaſure in indulging a hope, that truth and innocence will generally bear their own weight. The ſmooth ſurface of the limpid ſtream out-ſpreads its azure flow to the moſt curious inveſtigation; the orient luminary of day emits a flood of light; it iſſues forth a tranſcendent body, elevated in itſelf, and to every eye confeſſed; and the upright ancient, wiſhed for a glaſs in his breaſt, that the *poſſibility* of concealment might be thus eraſed from the catalogue of his abilities. Ambiguity caſts a veil over the moſt irreproachable life; it originates the *invidious ardours* of *ſpeculation*; and it gives to the features of virtue the contour of folly. I confeſs that I am charmed by frankneſs of ſoul; ingenuity and integrity of manners, carry with them their title to my unreſerved eſteem, and upon the honeſt ſincere man, reaſon, unbiaſſed by faſhion, or habit, is ever ready to pronounce a eulogy. I abhor duplicity in every form, doubtful meanings, double entenders, playing upon words, with every bagatelle of this deſcription, are, in my opinion, at leaſt inelegant; and unbecoming; nor can I allow that they make any part of *manly ſenſe*, *true wit*, or *genuine humour*. In a fair, open, conſiſtent manner of thinking, converſing and acting, there is both dignity and propriety, and an elevated reputation is the well earned reward of perſevering, and unequivocal worth. We liſten, with unreſtrained pleaſure, to the man of unimpeached honour; to him,

him whose upright soul hath never been entangled in the wilds of deceit, who hath never debased himself by an alliance with falsehood, nor sported with the credulity of his associates; who, worshipping at the shrine of truth, hath still held her inviolate, regarding all her instigations as sacred, and disdaining to purchase the *smile* of *levity at the expense of that jest which borrows its humour from a breach of veracity*; and it is then that we confer upon him the most honourary distinction, when, with unlimitted confidence, we repose upon his word the most unhesitating faith; it is dangerous to amuse ourselves with the *semblance* of *vice; the habit* of uttering *merry falsehoods*, will soon blunt the fine edge of our feelings, and we shall easily slide into the most *serious* and *capital violations of truth*. Integrity dignifies a character; frankness is truly amiable, and if the offence is not highly enormous, softened by the ingenuity of a candid acknowledgment, we are ready to press the offender to our bosoms, we allow him a second lease of our esteem, and it depends altogether upon himself, whether we shall ever again serve upon him a writ of ejection. A moment of concealment is a moment of humiliation; and although circumstances may sometime render it necessary, yet, it is certain, that when the *paths* of *innocence are encompassed by ambiguity*; the lustre of her crown is dimned; her blooming honours *seem* to *wane*, and we hesitate, while uttering those applauses which should be reserved to enwreath the brow of *unequivocal merit*. Mysterious arrangements excite suspicion; conjecture is afloat; jealousy is roused; the aerial mischief feeds upon the thinest diet, and peace evaporates in its grasp. Monimia is perturbed and agitated; not an hour in the day but a variety of tormenting ideas succeed each other in her mind; and the most vexatious inquietude, is the despot of her dreams. Monimia once boasted of her felicity, and her present sufferings are the offspring of conjecture; delicacy forbids her to question, and yet her tranquillity will never be restored, until she learns to what fair hand her loved Eugenio was indebted for the *expressive device* so elegantly enwreathed, and so curiously cut, which hath recently come into his possession, and which he carefully preserves in the cover of his watch. Clarissa is agitated and unhappy; she accidentally discovered in the escritoir of Horatio, a lock of hair; it was beautifully glossy; she is positive that it never made a part of her own auburn tresses; it was neatly folded in some lines, sweetly pathetic, and tenderly poetical: Perhaps the rape of that immortalized lock, which Dan Pope has so sweetly sung, although it interested the celestials, was not productive of more *real anguish*—and I persuade myself that every susceptible fair one will drop a tear over the sorrows of Clarissa. Cordelia, whose attachment to her nuptial lord is still unbroken, hath passed *months of dissatisfaction*, occasioned by her incertitude, relative to the disposal of a pair of sleeve buttons, which she formerly presented to her Henry as a pledge of love. But these are all unjustifiable sources of inquietude—they are the imbecilities of the mind, and originating in the *caprice* of affection, they are of too small moment to merit attention; and they are, besides, too reprehensible to be countenanced. I grant that they are at present *comparatively* small; yet if I am unhappy, I am unhappy, whatever may have produced the evil;

and

and when the peace of a family, or even of an individual, is involved, a full explanation, with every attempt to soothe, is as necessary as it is generous; and it should always be remembered, that the unextinguished flame, which, raging with increasing violence, pursues its desolating career, and issues in the most distressing conflagration, was once a lambent spark, whose genial warmth might easily have been suppressed, and whose agency, under a judicious direction, might have produced the most beneficial effects. Yes, the peace of families is too often sacrificed to false delicacy, and to an ill-judged silence upon facts, and circumstances, which ought to have been scrupulously narrated, and critically examined. Inviolable secresy, preserved for any considerable length of time, supposing it of importance to those with whom we are intimately connected, is hardly within the chapter of possibilities; a word, or even a look, accidentally transpiring, will give the alarm; the truth, however latent, is in part divulged; curiosity commenceth the pursuit, and a clue is obtained, which may be just sufficient to introduce the interested person into a labyrinth, from which, never being able to extricate himself, he may be despoiled of all that treasured serenity, which he had vainly hoped, would serve as a fund, for the support of a life of rational enjoyment. A lovely woman at this moment rushes upon my recollection; she is not personally known to me, but although the vast Atlantic rolls its waves between us, yet, with reiterated pleasure, I have frequently traced the lineaments of her fair mind, as I have seen it portrayed in many a well-written page, the product of her inimitable pen. She hath, I am told, a pleasing exterior, and her understanding is elevated much above the level of mediocrity. Nature, when she bestowed upon her uncommon parts, endowed her also with an exquisite tenderness of soul. Her imagination was lively and fertile, and she had a taste capable of distinguishing, and highly zesting, the beauties of poetry. Early enlisting in the service of the Muses, she became one of their most successful votaries; and, from the beautiful parterres which ornament the parnassian grounds, she hath skilfully and happily combined many an elegantly fancied bouquet. She was always a nymph of the sober-suited train, and to airs the most pensively melodious her lyre was uniformly attuned. Sweet Eliza, in the enchanting walks of poesy thy feet have ceased to stray; that confirmed melancholy, which the sunny beams of hope can no longer impress, will no more swell the neglected chords, the voice of the chantress is forever mute, and the lovely minstrel hath forgotten to charm. Unhappy fair one, the flowers of fancy thou hast refused to cull, the rose of thy tranquillity is blighted, and *thy violets, alas! have all withered.* It is to the ill-fated silence of Eliza, and her maternal parent, that her misfortunes must be imputed. The story of her life is simple; I owed unreturnable obligations to her father, for it was to him that I was indebted for that systematic, and rational mode of thinking, which has constituted the most tranquil, and refined moments of my existence. He was a man in the literary line; his writings are copious, and energetic; and for strength of argument, perspicuity of diction, and self-evident demonstrations, he hath never yet been surpassed: but having attained, in his favourite pursuit

ſuit, to the higheſt poſſible grade, he was ſo abſorbed in thoſe contemplations, in which originated ſo large a part of his felicity, as to become reprehenſibly inattentive to every conſideration which he deemed of leſſer moment. It too often happens that real, or original genius, although poſſeſſed of every other excellence, and diſtinguiſhed by the moſt ſhining qualifications, is nevertheleſs found deſtitute of thoſe very neceſſary requiſites, which can alone beſtow a capability of a beneficial intercourſe with mankind. Mr. Mortimor, the father of Eliza, made his nuptial choice with ſo little diſcretion, as to exchange the marriage vow with a woman, who, at the very moment that ſhe met him at the altar, knew herſelf to be the wife of another! With this perfidiouſly abandoned ingrate, he lived in total ignorance of her criminal connexion, and laviſhing upon her every proof of an attachment almoſt unexampled, until the perjured miſcreant, having ſtripped him of every valuable article which he poſſeſſed, found means to abſcond with the paramour of her choice, at a period when the treacherouſly betrayed Mortimor was engaged in the diſcharge of ſome benevolent offices, which his philanthropic diſpoſition had impoſed upon him as duties. It was not until after her elopement, that the turpitude of her life was diſcloſed to him, and yet he could not even then, although convinced of her atrocity, be perſuaded to take meaſures calculated to bring her to condign puniſhment! Many years elapſed before the wound that he had received admitted a cure; his tenderneſs of ſoul, and his innate ſenſe of rectitude, ſtill combated his peace, and reaſon, for a long time, plead in vain. At length, however, the lenient hand of aſſuaging years, aided by the intellectual accompliſhments, and the prepoſſeſſing exterior, of a truly deſerving female, effectuated the moſt ſalutary change. Hope once more dawned in his boſom, it gleamed like ſome heavenly viſitant athwart the melancholy region of his benighted ſoul; by degrees it obliterated the gloomy ideas which hovered there, and he again aſſerted the native dignity of his character. To the ſweet ſoother of his ſorrows, his hours of leiſure were invariably devoted; a ſentimental intercourſe commenced; it was ameliorated by the ſtricteſt amity, and it terminated in an attachment of the tendereſt kind. Hymen once more lit for Mortimor his ſacred torch, and had he attended to ſome legal ſteps, which ſhould previouſly have been taken, the auſpices under which he entered into this ſecond engagement, would have been moſt happy: Yet thoſe arrangements, which flower ſouls would have deemed indiſpenſible, muſt have occaſioned delays; the proceſs of the law was tedious; Mortimor had many enemies, obſtacles might be interpoſed, and if, upon application, he ſhould not be able to obtain the neceſſary form of divorce, the happineſs of his life would be defeated. What was to be done; concealment was a ready reſource, and wrapping himſelf about in the veil of ſecrecy, in his own privately retired apartment, in the preſence only of the holy prieſt, and a few ſelect friends, he plighted his willing faith. Mrs. Mortimor, ſtill received merely as the friend of her huſband, retained her family name; and although many might ſuſpect, thoſe only who were bound to ſecreſy, could deciſively pronounce. At length, however, revolving

months

months ushered into the world the infant Eliza, and impenetrable mystery stood sentinel at her birth; she was produced in society under the name of Montague; and her parents introduced her as the orphan daughter of deceased relatives: Indeed, having conducted their engagement with so little observance of forms, however innocent in intention, and in fact, the parties in reality were, the severe penalty annexed by the laws of England, against that irregularity, or breach, a description of which would undeniably involve their connexion, rendered it incumbent upon them to avoid, by every means, an explanation.

Eliza was educated with the most scrupulous care, she was nurtured by the hand of elegance, she was trained to the observance of every virtue, and she was, as I have already observed, an uncommonly accomplished woman. As early as her opening reason authorised a confidence so important, under the strongest injunctions of inviolable silence, she was made acquainted with the secret of her birth, and that discretion, armed by filial piety, with which she guarded a communication, on which hung the life of her father, abundantly justified the reposing a trust of such a nature, in so tender a bosom. Fifteen happy years were passed by Eliza, amid the soft endearments of parental tenderness; by new proofs of provident care, each cheerful dawn was ushered in, and the feathery hours were all marked by sage precepts, gentle admonitions, tender cautions, well judged advice, and bland caresses; and, clasped in the loved embrace, returning evening still saw her encircled by those arms, and pressed to the faithful bosoms of those who sealed upon her balmy lips, their wishes for the repose of the night, always concluding their pious benediction, by so natural an avowal of feelings which were the genial offspring of that affection, which perhaps cannot be surpassed. How fatal for Eliza was the hour, that just at this period, robbed her of a father, who, actuated by a spirit of universal benevolence, and breathing forth the mildest, and most benignant expressions of philanthropy, glowed with uncommon tenderness for a daughter, whom, in his most unimpassioned moments, he could not but acknowledge as highly deserving, every way amiable, and comprising in herself the sum total of a father's wishes.

The demise of Mr. Mortimor presented a moment, in which it would have been wisdom to have opened upon society, with a full, and unequivocal ecclaircissement. Death had placed the victim, that the law would have demanded, beyond the reach of its penalties, and, clothed in the habiliments of conscious integrity, *they had then nothing to hazard by an explanation.* The priest, who joined the hands of the parents of Eliza, could at that juncture have been produced, and the chosen friends, who were present at the marriage, were still in existence.—Alas, alas, they are now all numbered with the dead! and, strange to tell, letting slip the golden season of opportunity, Mrs. Mortimor was still known by the name of Laughton, while Eliza was addressed by that of Montague!

It is certain that reserves, *except imposed by necessity*, are never justifiable; and the necessity of mystery ceased with the death of Mr. Mortimor. From this period, five succeeding years performed their annual round, ere the discreet Eliza selected

selected from the circle of those, who respectfully presented themselves as candidates for her election, a youth, with whom her gentle heart could unhesitatingly consent to inweave the silken bands of tender, conjugal, and indissoluble amity: But her choice once made, she deferred not to banish from the bosom of him she approbated, that perturbed suspense, that so fatally corrodes each promised joy; and although her every step was pointed by virgin delicacy, yet did she skilfully enwreath therewith, a noble and dignified frankness, which hushed that tumultuous whirlwind of the passions, which hath shipwrecked the peace of many a manly breast. Pity that she was not permitted to be uniformly explicit, but the maternal prohibition was strangely, and unaccountably interposed, and her nuptials were solemnized under that disguise, which, although justifiable for a time, was most imprudently continued, and should never have been worn in the presence of a man, whom, in every other respect, she had honored by the most unbounded confidence; but she remained perseveringly silent, reprehensibly silent! and this silence hath been fatal to her peace. The first years of her wedded life were uncommonly serene; she bore to Altamont many fine children, and none but tranquil days seemed written for her. How precarious are terrestrial joys! An untoward accident suddenly reversed the scene. A paper, written by herself, and addressed to her mother, breathing the language of ambiguity, deeply fraught with mystery, and yet obscurely hinting at the truth, unfortunately met the eye of Altamont! To the nicest sense of honor Altamont is exquisitely alive, the soul of ingenuity is his, and the delicacy of his sentiments refuseth to tolerate the most distant appearance of deception. He drank in the contagious lines; every word operated as an envenomed draught, and while he shrunk from the fearful contents, they became, in effect, like those subtil poisons, which are said to procure immediate death; for they infixed their deadly fangs in the very vitals of that tranquillity, which he had fondly hoped was beyond the malice of fate. Instantly the fiend, despair embodied its ministers; they were busy about his heart; complacency was chased from his bosom; the benignant smiles of benevolence are no more; a deep and settled melancholy lowers upon his brow; and the sullen silence which he obstinately observes, effectually bars an ecclaircissement. His house, once the seat of social happiness; now, alas! dire suspicion, dark conjecture, and baleful jealousy, hover there; and although months and years have revolved, no beam of elucidation hath yet illumined those heartfelt glooms, by which he is enveloped. The tear is upon the cheek of Eliza; her dream of happiness, of terrestrial happiness, is gone forever. The deep melancholy which impressed the mind of Altamont, was immediately succeeded by the most alarming estrangement; his temper seems totally ruined; he eyes her with a mistrustful kind of indignation; she has lost his confidence; she has every reason to believe that she no longer possesses his affection; and the probability is, that was she now to come forward with a full and undisguised explanation, it would produce no salutary effect. The clergyman, who joined the hands of her parents, now sleepeth quietly in the narrow house, and all

those

thoſe vouchers, which ſhe might once have produced, at this period repoſe alſo in the duſt. Altamont is haughty, and implacable, and Eliza, having once indiſputably deceived him, it is to be feared that he will yield her no future credence.

ERRATA.—In p. 603, 1ſt c. l. 29, for *healthy* r. *heathy*—in 2d c. ſame p. l. 18, for *colour* r. *contour*—in l. 20, for *age* r. *glee*—in p. 605, 2d c. l. 25, for *baſt*, r. *baſteth*.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The GENERAL OBSERVER. No. XLVIII.

How many ſink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame! THOMSON.

WERE thoſe, who are inclined to ſcepticiſm, to confine their attention to the apparent irregularities of nature and providence, to the unaccountable events which take place from time to time, their doubts would be apt to increaſe, and their infidelity be confirmed. And were timid Chriſtians to pore upon the evils of life, upon the afflictions which often wring the hearts of the beſt of men, upon the overwhelming calamities, the ſudden and unlooked for diſaſters which ruin individuals, or ſpread diſtreſs and conſternation all around, their hearts would ſink in deſpondency, and they would loſe their confidence in the great Superintendent of the univerſe. But happy for poor mortals! things are ſo arranged in nature, and events in general are ſo ordered in providence, as to ſtrike this conviction into every impartial mind, and to convey this conſolation into every humble heart—*verily there is a reward for the righteous; verily there is a God who judgeth in the earth!*

Still it cannot be denied that many things in the divine proceedings are hard to be accounted for, and hard to be borne. It is agreeable to our ideas of a wiſe, good, and impartial God, that every creature of his hands ſhould be fitted for the circumſtances of his habitation, and that the circumſtances of his habitation ſhould be ſuited to his nature and wants. This in general holds true in the caſe of man. But it is evident that many individuals are of a conſtitution too delicate, of a frame of mind too refined, and of a ſet of feelings too ſenſible and tender, for the roughening ſcenes, the thorny paths, and the rude tempeſts, through which they are forced to paſs. Their natures have not ſtrength, their minds have not fortitude, adequate to the weight of evils under which they are forced to groan. How often does a ſtorm burſt upon a proſperous individual, or a proſperous family, while a cloud is not ſeen to ariſe, and their moſt vigorous hopes are torn up, and their moſt promiſing proſpects deſtroyed in the tornado? The caſe is not uncommon in the country, for a man to toil and ſweat to ſecure the laſt ſhock of grain, or the laſt load of hay, and then to ſee his full barn, containing all the produce of his fields and meadows, conſumed in a moment by a flaſh of lightning.

How many enterprizing geniuſes have, for the hope of gain, traverſed the ſeas, and by trading from country to country, for ſeveral years, have accumulated riches ſufficient

to

to ſupport a family in ſplendor and independence? They ſend word to their friends that they may ſoon expect them loaded with treaſure. They purchaſe a ſhip, freight it with all their abundance, and take paſſage for their native country. They ſail proſperouſly till within ſight of their paternal ſhores; when, lo! they are ſuddenly intercepted by a dreadful tempeſt, and the veſſel and precious cargo are overwhelmed in the deep.

It is difficult to conceive how nature can meet with a greater ſhock, or the powers of the ſoul be put to a ſeverer trial, than by being ſtartled out of ſleep by the crackling flames of our dwelling. Multitudes have gone to bed in ſecurity, ſlept ſoundly and in peace, and awaked not till they felt the ſuffocating ſmoke or the ſcorching blaze. The ſudden flight, the cutting anxiety for their own ſafety, and for the ſafety of their family, not to mention the ſenſe of the loſs of their all, is enough to unhinge the mind, and put it out of poſſeſſion of itſelf.

Theſe caſes are ſo diſtreſsful, that, where perſons eſcape thus naked from a burning houſe, or a ſinking veſſel, the hearts of friends, neighbours, and ſtrangers, are opened to relieve their ſufferings, and to repair their loſſes. A dwelling is erected for the houſeleſs ſufferer, and proviſion is made for the comfort of the child of want. O charity! thou offſpring of heaven! Thou nobleſt of the virtues! How wretched would mankind be without thee! and how happy wouldeſt thou make the world, if thy influence were univerſally felt! Happy the breaſt that cheriſhes thee, and happy the objects upon whom thou ſheddeſt thy tears and thy bleſſings!

But there is one caſe that is attended with circumſtances of diſtreſs almoſt equal to the foregoing, which, nevertheleſs, does not excite equal commiſeration, nor is admitted to equal relief. A young woman, with the conſent of her parents, connects herſelf with a young man, againſt whoſe character or circumſtances there appears no reaſonable objection. They live in credit and faſhion ſeveral years. But imprudences or misfortunes, which he conceals from every body as long as poſſible, reduce him to bankruptcy. All at once his credit is loſt, his creditors ſeize his effects, the houſe is ſtript, the family is broken up, the huſband abſconds, and the deſerted and impoveriſhed wife returns forlorn and depreſſed, with three or four helpleſs children, to the houſe of her father, or ſome other friend, where, perhaps, ſhe lingers out the reſt of her days in mortification and dependence.

What a ſtriking comment do theſe inſtances give us upon the reflection of the wiſe man—*Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!* And how ſtrongly do they enforce the advice of him that was wiſer than Solomon, —*Lay not up for yourſelves treaſures upon earth, but in heaven, where neither moth nor ruſt corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and ſteal.*

ANECDOTE.

MISS Hannah More expreſſed her ſurpriſe to Dr. Johnſon, that a poet, who had written Paradiſe Loſt, ſhould write *poor* ſonnets. The doctor anſwered—"Milton, madam, was a genius that could cut a coloſſus from a rock, bu t could not carve heads upon cherry ſtones."

The

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The INVESTIGATOR. No. IV.

Many the ſcenes of ſorrow and diſtreſs
This world affords.
Sad, ſick'ning thought! and yet deluded man,
A ſcene of crude disjointed viſions paſt,
And broken ſlumbers, riſes, ſtill reſolv'd,
With new flaſh'd hopes, to run the giddy round.——THOMSON.

IT appears almoſt impoſſible, in our firſt view of nature, that ſuch a thing ſhould exiſt, as a young and riſing character; one, whoſe mind is garniſhed with every claſſic accompliſhment, whoſe ſoul ſwells with benevolence and exults in humanity—falling a prey to the gilded allurements of luſt and the impious incitement of the drunkard and gameſter. Yet ſo it is, and the volume of experience unfolds its ample pages to prove the aſſertion. Ourſelves have beheld, and (perhaps) been connected with promiſing characters, who have been gradually degenerated and finally fell victims to theſe deluſive pleaſures. No doubt but we have dropped a tear at the recollection of their failings; but have we uſed the language of reaſon in trying to correct them? Have we, like the conſiderate parent and real friend, ever ſtretched forth the willing arm to prevent their falling; or ſo much as pulled them by the ſleeve, when harkening to the deceptive inſinuations of artful hypocriſy? Have we, in the days of youth and flexibility, opened to their view the beauty of virtue, and in the cloſet revealed to them our moſt rational ideas of man and manners—painted in their glaring deformity the ſons of vice and depravity; or filled their glowing imaginations with romantic images of pleaſure and happineſs? Perhaps we have fledged them with the follies of faſhion and tipped their wings with the droſs of *etiquette*, opened to their view, as a ſource of bliſs, the crowded ſcenes of life, and made them to underſtand that the perſon who bows the loweſt and talks the moſt, is their beſt friend, and deſerves their unlimitted confidence; by which means they fell from the humble path of rectitude into the gorgeous ſepulchre of pallid vice.

The fault is ſurely in ſome one, and the eye of reaſon looks ſuſpicious on the parent and inſtructor. It is from them ideas and manners are ſuppoſed to originate; from them the mind receives its firſt and laſting impreſſions; and by them the youth is conducted to the path he purſues. For, according to the element we receive from childhood to puberty, our character is moſt generally eſtabliſhed.

The Inveſtigator hopes his mentioning theſe things will lead the reflective part of ſociety to an examination of their conduct towards thoſe, entruſted to their care. It being upon their ſhoulders, the weight of government and the cultivation of manners muſt ere long devolve. To them, generations to come will look for inſtruction and example. The eye of ambition will view them as models worthy of imitation. Of courſe you ought to conclude, that whatever befals them will be charged to your account. That Being, who preſides at the helm of nature, is both *juſt* and

and *righteous*, and will accordingly punish every one for the crimes by him *produced*.

I now pass to a picture of society as it now is, from whence you may conclude what it will be, if a reform in manners is not speedily adopted.

Friendship, with all its heavenly influence, is but pencil-work on the robe of hypocrisy. Good nature has become the foot-ball of impudence; and Charity, the waste-book of slander. The world has so refined itself in cunning and deceit; so mystical are its aims, that we must live in it twice before we can avoid its entanglements, much less partake of its enjoyments. The days of contentment are over, so far as it respects civilized society; that goddess, which has been the theme of millions, now slumbering in the tomb, and the subject of thousands, who unsuccessfully pursue her, has either fled the habitable globe, or wanders with the unrefined part of creation through the lonely forest; where riches are not found to pollute, or avarice to destroy. The accumulation of wealth is now the only spur to action; it prompts many to perform the most servile offices that pride can invent, and its magnetic power draws them through all the despicable labyrinths of vice and corruption. In fine, riches has become the household god of every nation, and receives more adoration than the Being, who protects them. Wit, if we may so call it, has taken the chair, once occupied by sound judgment, from whence it deals its insipid compound through clubs of sociability. Where simple innocence entertained her honest companions, loquacious slander rears her baleful head, and corrupts the stream of discourse with a *damning* description of things and people. The multitude, fearful of losing a single syllable, attend with gaping mouths, joyful eyes, and widened ears. These same *good* people, when summoned to attend the ordinances of religion, have always at hand some frivolous excuse, or go with demure faces, in hopes of catching something worthy of *bitter* observation. We read of the cardinal virtues; but, rarely see them practised. We hear of the *good old man* bending with virtue to the mouldering tomb; but are seldom so fortunate as to partake of his company.

"I saw, (says a friend of mine, who had just returned from his tour of Europe,) in the city of London, a gentleman, whose visage bore the traits of piety and godliness; his hair hung in silver ringlets on his shoulders and approached in vagrant locks his forehead, wrinkled with years and wisdom. His demeanor was grave and respectful; his language solemn and impressing; such as would inspire devotion in the breast of a deist. A black cloak concealed all but his face from the eyes of the beholder; even that was sufficient to afford a gaze of astonishment. A damsel sat in a chair opposite the venerable father; a gleam of beauty was visible through the meanness of her apparel; yet depression clouded her countenance, and a tear oft stole from her eye, as she turned her head to the window. I felt for her, but was interrupted from more attentively viewing her person by the elegant harangue of her guide, who was descanting on the depravity of the times. No subject could be more applicable to my feelings, or more congenial with my thoughts; so I attended with wonder and delight. A glow of divinity irradiated his countenance as he emphasized

ſized on the beauty of virtue, and the happineſs attendant on a life of innocence. He had wound my feelings to a pitch of ecſtacy indeſcribable, when the clock ſtruck twelve, which interrupted and ended his diſcourſe. His hat was in his hand, and my ſolicitations could not prevent his departure. I waited upon him to the door, where I ſtood gazing with aſtoniſhment, until he, ſupported by the damſel, had turned a corner, which fairly hid him from my view. Returning to the landlord, with great importunity, I began to inquire who that venerable perſonage was, that had juſt left us. A loud laugh ſucceeded the requeſt, which ſo irritated my heated imagination, that I lifted up my cane with a determination to level a blow at the impudent raſcal; but a perſon, who ſtood juſt behind me ſeized the uplifted weapon and wrenched it from my hand; then, with due ſubmiſſion, begged to pacify me. Unable, by my paſſion, to reaſon, and by my defenceleſs condition to chaſtiſe, I haſtily walked from the bar-room to the parlour, where, after two or three turns, filled with contemplative vengeance, I was interrupted by the perſon who had poſſeſſion of my cane. "Sir, ſays he, you are a ſtranger; forgive my intruſion, it being to afford you the ſatisfaction you deſired; or at leaſt to clear up the cauſe of your treatment." This was ſomewhat pacifying, ſo I bade him go on. "The hoſt, I allow, was rather unſeaſonable in his laughter, but the conſciouſneſs of your deception was the cauſe. It was this, that urged me to the impoliteneſs, which drove you from the room. The *venerable perſonage*, as you are pleaſed to call him, is as complete a knave and hypocrite as every drew the breath of nature; and under that ſanctified form lurks matchleſs villainy and complicated vice." What! that man a villain? "Yes ſir, as great a ſcoundrel as treads the earth. Not content with cheating every one he deals with, he has, ſir, by the property he poſſeſſes, debauched numberleſs daughters of poverty and innocence. Did not you obſerve the young woman that was with him?—She, ſir, is the daughter of one of his tenants, whom he has gained over to his inclinations by threats and bribery. Shocking as it may ſeem to you, yet ſo it is; and though tottering to the grave, he cannot forſake his vicious practices; they have become ſo habitual and neceſſary to his depraved inclinations. Hundreds, ſir, in this city are his companions in vice and corruption." Struck with horror and deteſtation at what he recited, I forgave him and left the houſe."

Yet this is the age of profound literature and deep philoſophy. This the period that approaches the glorious millennium, when the lion ſhall lie down with the lamb, and nature rejoice in the groves of innocence.

ANECDOTE of CHARLES FOX.

DR. JOHNSON, obſerved of Fox—He is a moſt extraordinary man; he has divided the kingdom with Cæſar, ſo that it was a doubt whether the nation ſhould be ruled by the ſceptre of George the third, or by the tongue of Fox.

ALEXIS:

ALEXIS: Or, The *Cottage* in the *Woods*.

(Continued from the 616th page.)

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STORY OF DORANCE CONTINUED.

ON the night previous to our departure from Grenoble, a departure which, you will eaſily conceive, has grieved me much—I ſaw her. "My dear Duverly," ſaid ſhe, melting in tears, "all is over, we are wretched for ever!—My father has given me formal notice, that I muſt reſolve to be the colonel's in a twelvemonth—that very man whom I deteſt, whom I abhor!"—"In a twelvemonth!" "Yes, becauſe the young man is gone to make a campaign, and is to be married to me upon his return."—"Ah! my Roſina, what a blow!"—"Cruel indeed, Duverly! but I am under the control of a mother, and ſhe muſt be obeyed.—She muſt be obeyed!—Conceive, Dorance, only conceive my grief! Your father then requeſted me to accompany you to Paris: I could not reſiſt his deſire; I ſet out, but I leave you to think, whether I would not have preferred ſtaying at Grenoble! My rival was not there; I might have been a whole year with my charming Roſina, I would have been at liberty to ſee her every day at Mrs. des Roches'! Ah, how happy would have been my lot!" Duverly was ſilent for a moment, though the confidence he had juſt made, really wounded my feelings, and made me conſider Mrs. des Roches as a vile, deſpicable woman. I would not, by delivering my true ſentiments, aggravate my freind's ſuffering condition. He then continued as follows:

"At my departure from Grenoble, Roſina promiſed to write to me, and I have actually received a letter of her's a fortnight ago. It is this letter, Dorance, which has given me a mortal blow. Here it is: I ſhall read it to you, and from it you will judge all the extent of my miſery."

I did not, my children, know Adela's hand writing. Duverly, who was ſure of that, riſked nothing to ſhew it me: but he took care not to let me peruſe it, as he had a mind to change ſome expreſſions, which would have otherwiſe undeceived me.* He began, therefore to peruſe it very ſlowly, for fear of making a blunder:

"Pardon me, my dear Duverly, for not having written ſooner. My *father* is teazing me continually; and ſince the *Colonel's* departure, *he* does hardly give me a minute's time to ſee Mrs. des Roches. But, O freſh misfortune!—did you only know what ſacrifice is exacted from poor *Roſina!*—My *father* is abſolutely determined to put me into a convent, till the return of the *Colonel!*—Alas! I have put off, as long as I could, the moment of that fatal captivity—but *he* plagues, *he* perſecutes me, and I ſhall at laſt be forced into compliance. Oh, let me often hear of you, my gentle friend! there is no other comfort on earth for *Roſina.*"

"This letter, (continued Duverly) this cruel letter, which informs me that my dear Roſina is to be ſhut up for a twelvemonth in an obſcure retreat, where I find it will be impoſſible for me, if the event takes place, to write to her; this fatal letter

* The expreſſions which Duverly changed in reading Adela's letter, are printed in Italics.

letter has troubled my senses, the ague has inflamed my blood, and a furious phrensy quite shook my brains; this, Dorance, this is the real cause of my disease."

When he had done speaking, I remarked such fire in his eyes, as made me sensible that it was not seasonable then to give him advice. Nevertheless he stood in need of the best of advice; for, what could be the aim of his passion for an object which was unknown to me? and that Mrs. des Roches, who made herself subservient to so shameful an intrigue; Oh! that character was odious and indignant to me! Nay, had I known that my Adela was the object in question; that the letter which had been read to me was from Adela; that the colonel and pretended rival was myself—great God! what would have become of me! but his fable was so well conceived, so well disguised; and as yet, he had spoke so ill of Miss Myrsange, that I thought she could not be the person. I had even not the least idea of it in my mind; and, had I not explained it, my children, you would not have guessed better than I did then. As to Mrs. des Roches, she was no relation of Duverly, as he gave out, but one of these violent go-betweens, whose only pleasure is to hatch plots, and with whom we meet with every where to promote disorder. And yet, I will not have you believe that her house was a place of debauchery, but only a place most convenient for lovers whose business is short. Mrs. des Roches was a woman of *second-hand* principles, willing to serve in all intrigues, the intent of which did not, to a certain point, affect her delicacy. My father and the baroness were perfectly ignorant of the acquaintance Adela had contracted with that woman. It was Duverly who had appointed her that rendezvous, whither she made it convenient to repair, to enjoy the company of her gallant.

All these particulars, my children, I unluckily heard, but long afterwards; but I was obliged to expose them to you, in order to shew how much I have been deceived. Grant me your whole attention, you shall see the most perfidious and as well framed a plot as ever entered the head of man, to betray the good faith of his equals.

"My friend," said I to Duverly, "your situation is very cruel! You are now sensible that love is not easily controlled, and you can no longer blame me for harbouring that passion, for adoring, I say, the charming Adela, in spite of your wife persuasions and the faults you find in her."—"Do you love her still?" said he, with a kind of emphasis—"Yes, you do, I feel it but too well!—and, although this object of your affection would never have made any impression upon me, yet, as you observe, love knows no control! My dear friend, you see I am not in a condition to write; will you favour me to write the answer to this letter? I will dictate it: take pen and ink—oblige me in this!—you cannot refuse a dying friend!" I hesitated for some time how I was to act: but his entreaties—he was dying—what could I do?—I placed a table close to his bed-side, and he dictated to me the following letter:

"Oh! how much has your letter affected me, my sweetest love! You in a convent—you in a twelvemonth, in the arms of a rival! What rival; how dangerous is he!—Did you know!—but no matter; as we love one another, death alone can part us!—The obstacles, however, which

which I find in my way, have been very likely to coſt me my life. I was, a few days ago, at the very brink of the grave; but a ſincere friend, a friend whoſe heart is excellent, has withheld me. I entruſted him with the ſecret of our correſpondence: he is another myſelf; he ſhares my ſufferings and your own, yet he does not know you! It is he who traces theſe characters, which fell ſickneſs denies my debile hand. Yes, when you receive this letter, O my love! think on me; think on him, and behold the expreſſions of love written by the hand of friendſhip!

"When the term of my ſufferings ſhall be paſt, when heaven ſhall have reſtored my health, I intend going directly to Grenoble, I—"

Here I interrupted him, to aſk what he meant by this, but he begged me to go on, and he would explain afterwards the phraſe which made me ſtop.

"I ſhall go to Mrs. des Roches, in whoſe houſe I mean to hide myſelf for ſome time. There I ſhall ſee you, there I ſhall ſwear a thouſand times the moſt tender, the moſt conſtant attachment. O my charming Adela!—this hope gives me a new life: my ſufferings vaniſh!—I think on you, I ſuffer no more!"

Duverly uſed his utmoſt endeavours to ſign his name in a legible manner: I then folded up and ſealed the letter, when he deſired me to put upon it the following direction:

"A Madame
Madam des Roches, Rue Perrierre,
Grenoble."

One might have ſaid the balm of comfort had been poured into his breaſt: his eyes became a little ſerene, his cheeks fluſhed with the blooming tokens of health, and he preſſed my hand in a manner expreſſive of ſentiment. "My friend," ſaid he, "this is not the only favour I have to beg of you. It is in your power to reſtore me to life; but you muſt pledge your word of honour to perform what I ſhall require. Suffer me to return to Grenoble: I ſhall hide myſelf; I ſhall ſee my Roſina, and be happy! You will therefore write to your father, to let him know that I am much better; that we always do buſineſs as uſual, &c. &c. I will even ſend you letters for him, and which you will encloſe in your own. My friend, reſtore me to life, as it will coſt ſo little.

This project excited my indignation, which I expreſſed by a plain refuſal. Had you but ſeen the traitor weep, ſigh and ſupplicate! he even fainted; and I was afraid it would be his laſt. "Wretch!" ſaid I, within myſelf, "what a paſſion! what a phrenzy!—Alas! he is a madman who muſt be taken care of againſt his own ſelf!—But were my father to diſcover him at Grenoble! were he to detect me as an impoſtor!—I expoſe myſelf to his anger!—Well, I will fall down at his feet, and deſcribe the condition my friend was in: I ſhall confeſs my weakneſs, and he will grant me his pardon. Beſides, Duverly is not my ſlave, he has a right to act as he pleaſes!—And what right have I to hinder him?—Well! imprudent as it will be of me, my imprudence will ſave his life, it will reſtore my friend!"—"Yes, Duverly!" exclaimed I, "Yes, I will do all to ſerve you; only live and let this be my reward."

Here the patient embraced me; he wept, laughed, was moved, and fell aſleep. I left him at day break, and jealous of keeping my word, went immediately to carry the letter to the poſt-office.

Don't you admire my complaiſance?

fance?—Oh! we are not come to the point yet; you will see me act a part—a part that will make me blush all my life time; it proves my imprudence and my foolishness;—but I must go on.

The chevalier got well in about a week. It is useless for me to tell you how often, during that time, he talked of his love, and the pleasures he was going to enjoy at Grenoble!—At last, impatient to wait for his full and perfect recovery, he embraced me, and departed, informing the counsellor, that he was to take possession of a considerable estate in Auvergne, to which he had succeeded by a legal right of inheritance; and that his absence should not exceed two months at furthest.

"It would be to no purpose," said he, "for you to inform Mr. Dorance, the father, of my departure; for he, having entrusted me with the conduct of his son, might be offended at my losing sight of him for some time; but he is no longer a child; and moreover, in what house, sir—in what house more respectable than your's could he be?—Are you not a real father to him.—Ah! with you, he wants no Mentor!"

The counsellor, whose self-love was interested, promised not to write to my father; and Duverly set out, promising to let me frequently know his sufferings or his success, and requesting me to answer his letters, under cover, and direct them to Mrs. des Roches.

A long period of time passed before I heard of him; I received at last the following letter, two months after his departure!

"Can you believe it, my friend!—I am the happiest of mortals;—Rosina loves me still!—she has shown so much repugnance to the convent, that her father would not persist any longer in his former decree. Yet, there is another old Cerberus, the colonel's father, who follows her like his own shadow—Cupid, however, discomfits secretly the Arguses of Minerva—Rosina comes occasionally to visit Mrs. des Roches, where I have been lodged ever since my arrival. Not a soul has seen me yet in this town; the house of my relation is a real hermitage, and is richly provided with all the sweets of life.—Here I may enjoy the pleasure of a walk in a delightful garden, adorned with little woods, and the most delicious groves.—Groves; can I utter this word without retracing to my mind the happiness I enjoyed yesterday!—Durst I make this avowal to my friend! will his delicacy not be offended?—O no, he loves, he must excuse the errors which love makes one apt to commit!—Yesterday, Rosina and I, being in one of those groves—they are so dangerous!—Love put his blind over the eyes of reason; it vanquished the resistance of Rosina—and I obtained a victory—alas! a cruel victory, as it cost her tears, and me regret!—Oh, my friend! lend me all your eloquence to console the fair I have seduced! Restore me my innocence to bring back the alarmed modesty which I have dispelled, and to re-plant a flower which I have nipt in her first bloom, in her first freshness;—Alas! Rosina now accuses me of her misfortune!—How will she dare to offer her hand to a husband! with what countenance will she kindle the torch of Hymen, having yielded her all to love! This causes her despair, this brings upon me, on her part, the keenest reproaches!—Dorance, my dear Dorance, oh! pity me, write, I crave your advice!—

"I cannot conclude this without

speaking

ſpeaking of your Adela.—They ſay ſhe changes every day in a moſt ſingular manner; and is torn by a grief whoſe ſource is unknown. Her phyſical parts are as much affected as her moral ones. She becomes ſluttiſh, pouting, even ill-natured: ſhe ſcolds at every body. There are ſuch ſcenes paſſing between her and her mother!—My friend, I cannot blame you for being in love; but if you were not to meet with equal return, oh! how unfortunate would you be! Adieu, reflect."

The peruſal of this epiſtle put me to the bluſh, for the part I had acted in this intrigue. "Yes," ſaid I, "it is I who am the author of that crime! it is I!—Had I not conſented to Duverly's ſecret departure, would he have ſeen Roſina, would he have been able to ſeduce her youth and virtue? O imprudent! what have I done?—Would to God, I knew the colonel who is to be her huſband!—I would confeſs my fault, diſcover the blow which his honour has received; in ſhort, hinder an honeſt man from being ſo baſely deceived! I ſhall know him; I ſhall tell him; he ſhall hear all, I will have nothing to reproach myſelf with, as having been the inſtrument of the miſery of his life.—What do I ſay!—Vile agent to the moſt ſhameful intrigue, I had rather be ſilent. It behoves me to bury it in the deepeſt oblivion, and repent all my life of a conduct equally diſgraceful to the dictates of honour and virtue."

I anſwered Duverly's letter, but in the moſt ſerious manner; I made him ſenſible of his wrongs, and the baſeneſs of the part he had made me act. I deſired him to look out for another confident, and concluded with conjuring him never to mention again an intrigue in which I was aſhamed to have been inſtrumental.

What effect this ſevere letter had upon him I ſhall not decide. During four months I never heard of him, and at the expiration of that time, I had the misfortune to receive a letter from the baroneſs, bringing the bad tidings of my father's death.

I made the utmoſt diſpatch to Grenoble, where I found every body belonging to my father's family in mourning and conſternation.

I had only ſome very diſtant relations in that town, and was reſolved to leave it, as ſoon as I ſhould have obtained Adela's hand, which her mother, jealous of the promiſe ſhe had made my father, was always diſpoſed to grant me.

I hoped to find Duverly prepared to conſole me, and to ſhare my grief! Judge of my aſtoniſhment when I could not get the leaſt intelligence of him. I went to Rue Perrierre, to that Mrs. des Roches, where I knew he lodged, and to my utmoſt ſurprize, was informed that Mrs. des Roches had left town a week ago, and that the place ſhe had choſen for her reſidence was unknown. I had not the leaſt doubt of Duverly and his infamous accomplices having carried off the unfortunate Roſina, and that the former would not let me know the matter, for fear of incurring my father's diſpleaſure. But, what often puzzled me was, that nobody at Grenoble had known Roſina, or her father. Indeed, not knowing the old man's name, I could not make proper inquiries about the family.

Thus my friend was gone: he had forſaken me; he had broken the firſt ties of our friendſhip! I for ſome time regretted him, but ſoon after conſidering his perverſe morals, I made an effort to forget him,

him, and succeeded: so true it is that vice must be hateful to honest and virtuous hearts, and that with them it outweighs all other considerations.

In the mean while I saw every day my Adela, who was faithful to the portrait Duverly had drawn of her in his last; her mother, however, before whom she constrained herself, insisted on her giving me her hand; it was my father's last will; I was determined to receive it; yet without—love! This passion weakened in me every day, and I acted barely with passive obedience to the baroness, because I foresaw the abyss which threatened my ruin. I often attempted to try Adela's sentiments toward me, and I found, that though she had no liking to me, she was not against accepting my hand. At last, being persuaded to marriage on all sides, when the fatal day fixed for the ceremony was come, I conducted miss to the altar, and brought her back without joy as without sadness; but with a sentiment of inquietude, which I could not account for. Arrived at home, my spouse demanded to speak in private with me and her mother; we complied with her request, and saw her with surprise, throw herself at our feet, and make the following singular speech: "Mother, you have forced me to marry this gentleman! You know the struggles I went through, and how often you have rejected me from your bosom; give me, for heaven's sake, give me time to know him, to acknowledge his real merit, and to render myself worthy of the tenderness he condescends to have for me!—I only beg leave for two months to retire to Mrs. Reigny's, my aunt, at St. Marcellin. There I shall have leisure to deliberate better; there I will do every endeavour to deserve the affection and love of the man who merits to find more gratitude in me! Oh, my mother, and you, sir, grant me this favour! I beg it on my knees! Alas, can you deny me?—"

The baroness was going to load her daughter with reproaches and threats; but I was so moved, the voice of Candor appealed so loud to my heart, that I thought it would be cruelty to refuse so singular a demand, which was nigh to have affected the life of the unfortunate Adela. Joining, therefore, my entreaties to her own, we at last obtained her mother's consent. At the same time she loaded her with curses and imprecations, and swore never to see her again. "Sir," added she, "I have no farther rights upon her: do with her what you advise best: for my own part, I will no more hear of her; no, no more!—She is the scourge of my old age!"

The baroness suddenly left the room, and would not even so much as give her a letter for Mrs. Reigny. I was as much perplexed as my spouse: I sent a trusty servant with her, she stept quickly into the carriage with her woman, and arrived that very day at St. Marcellin. My servant returned the next day, with a letter from Adela, in which she thanked me for the permission I had granted her, assuring me, that a trait so generous would never be erased from her memory, and that she could already promise me the possession of her heart.

(To be continued.)

The

The PILGRIM's STORY.

(Concluded from page 583.)

AT the twilight hour of the seventh day, when every breeze was hushed, and nature seemed to pause in melancholy silence, musing beneath the trees that encircled the prison of my idol, my ear was suddenly enchanted by the melody of a female voice. I drew near to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and distinctly heard the words of her complaint: They pierced my very heart—attuning every heart to sympathetic pity.

Elvira hinted a wish that he would endeavour to recollect them; he complied with her desire, and thus began:

" Within this dear and silent gloom,
The lost Louisa pines unknown;
Fate shrouds her in a living tomb,
And heaven relentless hears her groan:
Yet midst the murky shades of wo,
The tear of fond regret shall flow.

" Yon lofty wall, that mocks my grief,
Still echoes with my ev'ning pray'r;
The gale that fans the trembling leaf,
Shall waft it through the realms of air.
Till prostrate at the throne of heav'n,
Unpitied love shall be forgiv'n!

" Or if to endless sorrow born—
If doom'd to fade a victim here;
Still pining, friendless, and forlorn,
Ah! let religion drop one tear;
Like holy incense shall it prove,
To heal the wounds of hopeless love.

" Ye black'ning clouds that sail along,
Oh, hide me in your shade profound;
Ye whisp'ring breezes, catch my song,
And bear it to the woods around!
Perchance some hapless petrarch's feet
May wander near this dread retreat.

" Ah! tell him love's delicious strain
No rapture yields, no joy inspires,
Where cold religion's icy chain
Has long subdu'd its quiv'ring fires;
No ray of comfort gilds the gloom,
That marks the hapless vestal's tomb!

" The ruby gem within my breast
Now faintly glows with vital heat;
Each warring passion sinks to rest:
My freezing pulses slowly beat.
Soon shall these languid eye-lids close,
And death's stern mandate seal my woes.

" Then, when the virgin's matin song
Shall 'midst the vaulted roof resound,
Haply the tuneful seraph throng
Shall whisper gentle pity round;
While virtue, sighing o'er my bier,
Shall drop unseen—a fainted tear!"

From that moment I determined to release the beauteous Louisa, or perish between the flinty confines of her prison; the difficulties attending such an undertaking, and the dreadful punishments that would be inflicted on the perpetrators of such a crime, rendered every precaution necessary to ensure success.

Chance, however, completed what years of indefatigable industry might not have accomplished: the abbess of Saint Teresa was suddenly attacked by an alarming indisposition, her life was supposed to be in extreme danger; and as the lady Louisa was of the highest rank among the holy sisterhood, she was entrusted with the entire government of the convent, and unlimitted possession of the rights of a superior. It was not difficult, under these circumstances, to accomplish her wish; my letters were delivered without creating the smallest suspicion, and the rapturous hour was appointed for her escape from misery.

Her heart was susceptible of the finest passions; she relied on my honour, and I never deceived her. She had long considered herself as a victim doomed to eternal solitude; the extraordinary and unexpected change my propositions presented, the prospect of happiness that open-

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ed to her ſoul, gave energy to hope, and ſtrength to reſolution ; I provided horſes, and a convenient diſguiſe : Heaven ſmiled upon the deed, and gave to my fond arms the beautiful Louiſa. We traverſed the wood for ſome miles, and taking the route towards Marſeilles, in three days reached that port in ſafety.

There we were united in holy bands. The miſtreſs of my affections became the wife of my boſom! and I became the proud poſſeſſor of a treaſure, worlds could not have purchaſed!

Having procured a veſſel, we ſet ſail for Florence ; the winds were propitious, we arrived unmoleſted at Leghorn, and from thence proceeded to the moſt beautiful city in the univerſe!

My adored Louiſa, whoſe early days had been devoted to religious duties, evinced not the ſmalleſt deſire to relinquiſh the delights of retirement ; her mind, accuſtomed to an uninterrupted ſcene of tranquillity, dreaded to engage in the tumultuous buſtle of the buſy world. We hired a beautiful little villa in the vicinity of Florence ; and bleſt in the full poſſeſſion of all that mutual affection and mental gratification could afford, looked down with pity on the proudeſt diſtinctions in the power of any earthly monarch to beſtow!

Three delicious years of perfect happineſs cemented the bonds of undeviating attachment, when a regutta, in celebration of the Pope's acceſſion, awoke the attention, and excited the curioſity of all ranks of people.

My Louiſa was tempted to partake of the amuſement ; and in the midſt of delightful feſtivity, when every heart bounded with rapture—mine alone received the dreadful fiat of eternal anguiſh.

The arno was beautifully ſerene; the ſilvery ſurface reflecting, as in a gently moving mirror ; the verdant banks ſloping to the margin, enamelled with flowers, and crouded with ſpectators. Thouſands of little boats, decorated with variegated ſtreamers, were ſeen ſkimming along the lucid current ; ſome containing the moſt dulcet harmony, and others lightly ſhading with their ſilken awnings, the ſparkling eyes and roſeate bluſhes of enchanting beauty.

My Louiſa was charmed with this new and fancinating ſpectacle, Our *barchetta*, which was decorated with feſtoons of myrtle, was gently rowed by youths dreſſed in the habits of Arcadian ſhepherds. The mind, ſoothed to repoſe by the enchanting ſcene, ſunk into that ſweet indolence, which, like the ſlumbers of wearied and exhauſted nature, repleniſhed its faculties, and awaken its perfections to renovated luſtre! My Louiſa reclined her gentle form upon a matraſs of yellow taffety ; the warmth of the evening heightened the glow upon her lovely cheek, and threw a delicious languor on her eyes, that rendered her the object of univerſal admiration!

My heart was full of rapture—I beheld my precious treaſure with more delight than language can deſcribe. The univerſe had nothing to beſtow on me beyond what I poſſeſſed ; and my enchanted ſenſe could ſcarcely conceive any thing more divine, even in the regions of celeſtial happineſs!

We arreſted our oars to gratify the ſoul with the exquiſite harmony proceeding from a magnificent barge moored near the margin of the river ; when, on a ſudden, a young man, of athletic form, and noble mien, darted forward, and, ſeizing my beloved Louiſa, was

bearing

bearing her in his arms to a boat along side of us.

Every nerve that quivered round my heart, throbbed at this unexpected outrage; the stranger committed his prize to the care of his companions, then advancing towards me while the lightnings of revenge flashed from his indignant eyes, drew a stiletto from his sleeve, and aimed a stroke at my unguarded breast. I warded off the blow, and turned his dastard weapon on himself.—The point entered his heart—he sunk breathless at my feet.

Louisa opened her beauteous eyes to all the horrors of despair and death!—She had only time to exclaim, "My brother!" when the life-blood rushing from her convulsive lip—she hid her icy cheek on my distracted bosom—and instantly expired!

Frenzy now seizing on my tortured brain, suggested the foul crime of self-annihilation; but justice, like a pitying cherubim, snatched the dire weapon, reeking with kindred blood, from my assassin hand. I was torn from the lifeless victims of impatience, and thrown into the dungeons of horror and repentance.—The Count de Clairville, the brother of my murdered angel, was the only relation relentless fate had left her;—her name is now extinct—but her virtues are immortal! She had been compelled to take the veil, from a base and little pride, which too frequently sacrifices the younger female branches of illustrious, but indignant families, to a barbarous and perpetual imprisonment.

The unfortunate De Clairville was returning from his travels; destined to a military life, he had lately received a commission, and was hastening to join his regiment then at Lyons. He had long given up the fruitless search after his adored sister—Fate brought her to his view—then closed his eyes forever.

The Count having given the first assault, my punishment was mitigated; my doom, ten years imprisonment: and afterwards perpetual banishment from a country, whose laws I had violated, and whose annals I had stained with blood. The former part of my sentence expired in days of weeping, and in nights of anguish—until the excess of grief produced a sullen stupor, that rendered me insensible to every calamity.

Time gave again to my sad eyes the cheerful light of heaven, and with it, all the pangs of fatal recollection. Driven from society—an alien to my native country—an outcast from every hope of future happiness—alone, unfriended, lost, forgotten—I knew not whither to direct my course: One half of my little fortune was forfeited to the state, and meagre poverty stretched forth her icy fangs to seal my destiny. By perseverance through a long and painful journey, I arrived in Spain, a wanderer and unknown, labouring under all the agonies of conscious misery.

I have from that hour resided among the mountains in the vicinity of Madrid. My little hovel was too obscure to excite curiosity, and its solitary tenant too poor to dread interruption. Poverty and sorrow are the strongest securities against the intrusions of mankind; let adversity guard your threshold, and you may linger through an uninterrupted life of mournful seclusion.

Yet, I do not presume to repine; for, alas, every hour convinces me, that prayers and tears are not sufficient to expiate my crimes. The penance I have imposed on myself, is a sad and tedious pilgrimage to

Loretto,

Loretto, and the first instance I experience of divine benignity, is the benevolent hospitality I now enjoy in the forest of Vancenza.

The pilgrim, rising from his wicker chair, bowed respectful to his lovely auditors. Elvira gave his sorrows a tributary tear—it fell upon his hand that rested on his staff, as she stood near him—he pressed it to his lips—it revived his mournful heart—for it was the holy tear of commiserating virtue!

Before the sun rose from its eastern canopy, the pilgrim resumed his toilsome journey of penitence and sorrow. The following melancholy verses were found upon the table in the chamber where he had passed the night:

O'ER deserts untrodden, o'er moss-cover'd hills,
I have wander'd forlorn and alone;
My tears I have mingled with slow-winding rills,
And the rocks have repeated my groan.

I have seen the wan moon from her silver veil peep,
As she rose from her cloud-dappled bed;
I have heard the dread hurricane yell midst the deep,
As the lightning play'd over my head.

When the tempest subsided, I saw the faint dawn
O'er the eastern cliff meekly appear;
While each king-cup that droop'd on the dew-spangled lawn,
From its golden lids dropp'd a soft tear.

I have seen the bright day-star illumine the earth,
I have hail'd the proud sovereign of fire;
I have mark'd the pale primrose, scarce waken'd to birth,
Ere I sigh'd to behold it expire.

How oft have I pitied the plaint of the dove,
How I've mus'd near the nightingale's nest!
For, ah, when the minstrel sung sweetly of love,
'Twas soft sympathy thrill'd thro' my breast.

I have seen the tall forest o'ershadow the glade,
And extend its broad branches on high,
But how soon I have mark'd its rich canopy fade,
And its yellow leaves whirl'd to the sky!

I have sigh'd o'er the sod where some lover was laid;
I have torn the rude weeds from his breast;
I have deck'd it with flow'rets, and oft have I said,
"How I envy thy pallet of rest!"

I have trac'd the long shades of the wave's silky green,
When the storm gather'd over the main;
I have gaz'd with delight on the landscape serene,
When the ev'ning-bell toll'd on the plain.

Exulting and gay, I have smil'd to behold
Proud nature luxuriantly dress;
I have wept when I saw her uncover'd and cold,
And the winter-blast howl'd o'er her breast.

Since such are the scenes of this valley of care,
Since each pleasure is mingled with pain;
Still let me the raptures of sympathy share,
And my bosom shall scorn to complain.

Tho' destin'd to wander o'er mountains of snow,
Vancenza, oh, mansion divine!
The pilgrim shall smile at his journey of wo,
And his heart, his warm heart, shall be thine.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

PHILANTHROPY.

IT is said by philosophers that the size of the globules, which float in the vesicles of animalcules, is at such an inconceivable remove below that of an elephant, that the globe we inhabit is found scarcely large enough for a third proportional.

When we consider the transitory pleasures of sensual gratification, in comparison with the exquisite delight, which results from acts of benevolence, reason approves, while the former are compared to the globules, and the latter to the globe.

The sons of *Epicurus* have rioted in the lap of pleasure, indulged in a tide of luxury, despised the cultivation of the mind, trampled on the liberal arts, been the ruin of once flourishing kingdoms and empires, and never contributed to the happiness of man, except when they gave up the ghost. *O cæcas hominum mentes! O pectora cæca.*

LUCRETIUS

THE life of the late, JOHN HOWARD was distinguished, in an unparalleled degree, by a series of benevolent, arduous exertions for the relief of the indigent neighbour, and of the sick, helpless, dying prisoner, in his own country, and in almost every other under heaven. HOWARD, by his unbounded humanity, has established a name more durable than the *Andes*.

These shall totter, melt, and sink in endless Ruin; but thy name, thou dearest friend of man,
Shall supersede the wreck of time; shall, by Th' angelic host be caught, and re-echoed With never-ending and encreasing plaudits, Through heaven's vast concave.

MODENA.

HISTORY of ARNAUD LA LUC.

[From the "ROMANCE of the FOREST."]

IN the village of Leloncourt, celebrated for its picturesque situation at the foot of the Savoy Alps, lived Arnaud La Luc, a clergyman, descended from an ancient family of France, whose decayed fortunes occasioned them to seek a retreat in Switzerland, in an age when the violence of civil commotion seldom spared the conquered. He was minister of the village, and equally loved for the piety and benevolence of the Christian, as respected for the dignity and elevation of the philosopher. His was the philosophy of nature, directed by common sense. He despised the jargon of the modern schools and the brilliant absurdities of systems, which have dazzled without enlightening, and guided without convincing their disciples.

His mind was penetrating; his views extensive; and his systems, like his religion, were simple, rational, and sublime. The people of his parish looked up to him as to a father; for while his precepts directed their minds, his example touched their hearts.

In early youth La Luc lost a wife, whom he tenderly loved. This event threw a tincture of soft and interesting melancholy over his character, which remained when time had mellowed the remembrance

brance that occasioned it. Philosophy had strengthened, not hardened, his heart; it enabled him to resist the pressure of affliction, rather than to overcome it.

Calamity taught him to feel with peculiar sympathy the distresses of others. His income from the parish was small, and what remained from the divided and reduced estates of his ancestors did not much increase it; but though he could not always relieve the necessities of the indigent, his tender pity and holy conversation seldom failed in administering consolation to the mental sufferer. On these occasions the sweet and exquisite emotions of his heart have often induced him to say, that could the voluptuary be once sensible of these feelings, he would never after forego "the luxury of doing good." ——"Ignorance of true pleasure," he would say, "more frequently than temptation to that which is false, leads to vice."

La Luc had one son and a daughter, who were too young, when their mother died, to lament their loss. He loved them with peculiar tenderness, as the children of her whom he never ceased to deplore; and it was for some time his sole amusement to observe the gradual unfolding of their infant minds, and to bend them to virtue. His was the deep and silent sorrow of the heart; his complaints he never obtruded upon others, and very seldom did he even mention his wife. His grief was too sacred for the eye of the vulgar. Often he retired to the deep solitude of the mountains, and amid their solemn and tremendous scenery would brood over the remembrance of times past, and resign himself to the luxury of grief. On his return from these little excursions he was always more placid and contented. A sweet tranquillity, which arose almost to happiness, was diffused over his mind, and his manners were more than usually benevolent. As he gazed on his children, and fondly kissed them, a tear would sometimes steal into his eye, but it was a tear of tender regret, unmingled with the darker qualities of sorrow, and was most precious to his heart.

On the death of his wife he received into his house a maiden sister, a sensible worthy woman, who was deeply interested in the happiness of her brother. Her affectionate attention and judicious conduct anticipated the effect of time in softening the poignancy of his distress, and her unremitted care of his children, while it proved the goodness of her own heart, attracted her more closely to his.

It was with inexpressible pleasure that he traced in the infant features of Clara the resemblance of her mother. The same gentleness of manner and the same sweetness of disposition soon displayed themselves, and as she grew up, her actions frequently reminded him so strongly of his lost wife as to fix him in reveries, which absorbed all his soul.

Engaged in the duties of his parish, the education of his chidren, and in philosophic research, his years passed in tranquillity. The tender melancholy with which affliction had tinctured his mind was, by long indulgence, become dear to him, and he would not have relinquished it for the brighest dream of airy happiness. When any passing incident disturbed him, he retired for consolation to the idea of her he so faithfully loved, and yielding to a gentle, and what the world would call a romantic, sadness,

gradually

gradually reaſſumed his compoſure. This was the ſecret luxury to which he withdrew from temporary diſappointment—the ſolitary enjoyment which diſſipated the cloud of care, and blunted the ſting of vexation—which elevated his mind above this world, and opened to his view the ſublimity of another.

The ſpot he now inhabited, the ſurrounding ſcenery, the romantic beauties of the neighbouring walks, were dear to La Luc, for they had once been loved by Clara; they had been the ſcenes of her tenderneſs, and of his happineſs.

His chateau ſtood on the borders of a ſmall lake that was almoſt environed by mountains of ſtupendous height, which, ſhooting into a variety of groteſque forms, compoſed a ſcenery ſingularly ſolemn and ſublime. Dark woods intermingled with bold projections of rock, ſometimes barren, and ſometimes covered with the purple bloom of wild flowers, impended over the lake, and were ſeen in the clear mirror of its waters. The wild and alpine heights which roſe above, were either crowned with perpetual ſnows, or exhibited tremendous crags and maſſes of ſolid rock, whoſe appearance was continually changing as the rays of light were variouſly reflected on their ſurface, and whoſe ſummits were often wrapt in impenetrable miſts. Some cottages and hamlets, ſcattered on the margin of the lake, or ſeated in picturesque points of view on the rocks above, were the only objects that reminded the beholder of humanity.

On the ſide of the lake, nearly oppoſite to the chateau, the mountains receded, and a long chain of alps was ſeen ſtretching in perſpective. Their innumerable tints and ſhades, ſome veiled in blue miſts, ſome tinged with rich purple, and others glittering in partial light, gave luxurious and magical colouring to the ſcene.

The chateau was not large, but it was convenient, and was characteriſed by an air of elegant ſimplicity and good order. The entrance was a ſmall hall, which opening by a glaſs door into the garden, afforded a view of the lake, with the magnificent ſcenery exhibited on its borders. On the left of the hall was La Luc's ſtudy, where he uſually paſſed his mornings; and adjoining was a ſmall room fitted up with chymical apparatus, aſtronomical inſtruments, and other implements of ſcience. On the right was the family parlour, and behind it a room which belonged excluſively to Madame La Luc. Here were depoſited various medicines and botanical diſtillations, together with the apparatus for preparing them. From this room the whole village was liberally ſupplied with phyſical comfort; for it was the pride of Madame to believe herſelf ſkilful in relieving the diſorders of her neighbours.

Behind the chateau roſe a tuft of pines, and in front a gentle declivity, covered with verdure and flowers, extended to the lake, whoſe waters flowed even with the graſs, and gave freſhneſs to the acacias that waved over its ſurface. Flowering ſhrubs, intermingled with mountain aſh, cypreſs, and ever-green oak, marked the boundary of the garden.

At the return of ſpring it was Clara's care to direct the young ſhoots of the plants, to nurſe the budding flowers, and to ſhelter them with the luxuriant branches of the ſhrubs from the cold blaſts that deſcended from the mountains. In ſummer ſhe uſually roſe with the ſun,

ſun, and viſited her favourite flowers while the dew yet hung glittering on their leaves. The freſhneſs of early day, with the glowing colouring which then touched the ſcenery, gave a pure and exquiſite delight to her innocent heart. Born amid ſcenes of grandeur and ſublimity, ſhe had quickly imbibed a taſte for their charms, which taſte was heightened by the influence of a warm imagination. To view the ſun riſing above the alps, tinging their ſnowy heads with light, and ſuddenly darting his rays over the whole face of nature—to ſee the fiery ſplendour of the clouds reflected in the lake below, and the roſeate tints firſt ſteal upon the rocks above—were among the earlieſt pleaſures of which Clara was ſuſceptible. From being delighted with the obſervance of nature, ſhe grew pleaſed with ſeeing her finely imitated, and ſoon diſplayed a taſte for poetry and painting. When ſhe was about ſixteen ſhe often ſelected from her father's library thoſe of the Italian poets moſt celebrated for picturesque beauty, and would ſpend the firſt hours of morning in reading them under the ſhade of the acacias that bordered the lake. Here too ſhe would often attempt rude ſketches of the ſurrounding ſcenery, and at length, by repeated efforts, aſſiſted by ſome inſtruction from her brother, ſhe ſucceeded ſo well as to produce twelve drawings in crayon, which were judged worthy of decorating the parlour of the chateau.

Young La Luc played the flute, and ſhe liſtened to him with exquiſite delight, particularly when he ſtood on the margin of the lake, under her beloved acacias. Her voice was ſweet and flexible, though not ſtrong, and ſhe ſoon learned to modulate it to the inſtrument. She knew nothing of the intricacies of execution; her airs were ſimple, and her ſtyle equally ſo, but ſhe ſoon gave them a touching expreſſion, inſpired by the ſenſibility of her heart, which ſeldom left thoſe of her hearers unaffected.

It was the happineſs of La Luc to ſee his children happy, and in one of his excurſions to Geneva, whither he went to viſit ſome relations of his late wife, he brought Clara a lute. She received it with more gratitude than ſhe could expreſs; and having learned one air, ſhe haſtened to her favourite acacias, and played it again and again till ſhe forgot every thing beſides. Her little domeſtic duties, her books, her drawing, even the hour which her father dedicated to her improvement, when ſhe met her brother in the library, and with him partook of knowledge, even this hour paſſed unheeded by. La Luc ſuffered it to paſs. Madame was diſpleaſed that her niece neglected her domeſtic duties, and wiſhed to reprove her, but La Luc begged ſhe would be ſilent. "Let experience teach her her error," ſaid he; "precept ſeldom brings conviction to young minds."

Madame objected that experience was a ſlow teacher. "It is a ſure one," replied La Luc, "and is not unfrequently the quickeſt of all teachers; when it cannot lead us into ſerious evil, it is well to truſt to it."

The ſecond day paſſed with Clara as the firſt, and the third as the ſecond. She could now play ſeveral tunes; ſhe came to her father and repeated what ſhe had learnt.

At ſupper the cream was not dreſſed, and there was no fruit on the table. La Luc inquired the reaſon; Clara recollected it, and bluſhed. She obſerved that her brother was abſent, but nothing was

ſaid.

ſaid. Toward the concluſion of the repaſt he appeared; his countenance expreſſed unuſual ſatisfaction, but he ſeated himſelf in ſilence. Clara inquired what had detained him from ſupper, and learnt that he had been to a ſick family in the neighbourhood with the weekly allowance which her father gave them. La Luc had entruſted the care of his family to his daughter, and it was her duty to have carried them their little allowance on the preceding day, but ſhe had forgot every thing but muſic.

"How did you find the woman?" ſaid La Luc to his ſon. "Worſe, Sir," he replied, "for her medicines had not been regularly given, and the children had had little or no food to-day."

Clara was ſhocked. "No food to-day!" ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "and I have been playing all day on my lute, under the acacias by the lake!" Her father did not ſeem to obſerve her emotion, but turned to his ſon. "I left her better," ſaid the latter; "the medicines I carried eaſed her pain, and I had the pleaſure to ſee her children make a joyful ſupper."

Clara, perhaps for the firſt time in her life, envied him his pleaſure; her heart was full, and ſhe ſat ſilent. "No food to-day!" thought ſhe.

She retired penſively to her chamber. The ſweet ſerenity with which ſhe uſually went to reſt was vaniſhed, for ſhe could no longer reflect on the paſt day with ſatisfaction.

"What a pity," ſaid ſhe, "that what is ſo pleaſing ſhould be the cauſe of ſo much pain! This lute is my delight, and my torment!" This reflection occaſioned her much internal debate; but before ſhe could come to any reſolution upon the point in queſtion, ſhe fell aſleep.

She awoke very early the next morning, and impatiently watched the progreſs of the dawn. The ſun at length appearing, ſhe aroſe, and, determinng to make all the atonement in her power for her former neglect, haſtened to the cottage.

Here ſhe returned to the chateau, her countenance had recovered all its uſual ſerenity. She reſolved, however, not to touch her lute that day.

Till the hour of breakfaſt ſhe buſied herſelf in binding up the flowers, and pruning the ſhoots that were too luxuriant, and ſhe at length found herſelf, ſhe ſcarcely knew how, beneath her beloved acacias by the ſide of the lake. "Ah!" ſaid ſhe, with a ſigh, "how ſweetly would the ſong I learned yeſterday, ſound now over the waters!" But ſhe remembered her determination, and checked the ſtep ſhe was involuntarily taking towards the chateau.

She attended her father in the library at the uſual hour, and learned, from his diſcourſe with her brother on what had been read the two preceding days, that ſhe had loſt much entertaining knowledge. She requeſted her father would inform her to what this converſation alluded; but he calmly replied that ſhe had preferred another amuſement at the time when the ſubject was diſcuſſed, and muſt therefore content herſelf with ignorance.

"You would reap the rewards of ſtudy from the amuſements of idleneſs," ſaid he; "learn to be reaſonable—do not expect to unite inconſiſtencies."

Clara felt the juſtneſs of this rebuke, and remembered her lute. "What miſchief has it occaſioned!" ſighed ſhe. "Yes, I am determined not to touch it at all this day. I will prove that I am able to control my inclinations when I

ſee

ſee it is neceſſary ſo to do." Thus reſolving, ſhe applied herſelf to ſtudy with more than uſual aſſiduity.

She adhered to her reſolution, and towards the cloſe of day went into the garden to amuſe herſelf. The evening was ſtill and uncommonly beautiful. Nothing was heard but the faint ſhivering of the leaves, which returned but at intervals, making ſilence more ſolemn, and the diſtant murmurs of the torrents that rolled among the cliffs. As ſhe ſtood by the lake, and watched the ſun ſlowly ſinking below the Alps, whoſe ſummits were tinged with gold and purple; as ſhe ſaw the laſt rays of light gleam upon the waters, whoſe ſurface was not curled by the lighteſt air, ſhe ſighed, "Oh, how enchanting would be the ſound of my lute at this moment, on this ſpot, and when every thing is ſo ſtill around me!"

The temptation was too powerful for the reſolution of Clara: ſhe ran to the chateau, returned with the inſtrument to her dear acacias, and beneath their ſhade continued to play, till the ſurrounding objects faded in darkneſs from her ſight. But the moon aroſe, and, ſhedding a trembling luſtre on the lake, made the ſcene more captivating than ever.

It was impoſſible to quit ſo delightful a ſpot; Clara repeated her favourite airs again and again.—The beauty of the hour awakened all her genius; ſhe never played with ſuch expreſſion before, and ſhe liſtened with increaſing rapture to the tones, as they languiſhed over the waters, and died away on the diſtant air. She was perfectly enchanted. "No! nothing was ever ſo delightful as to play on the lute beneath her acacias, on the margin of the lake, by moonlight!"

When ſhe returned to the chateau, ſupper was over. La Luc had obſerved Clara, and would not ſuffer her to be interrupted.

When the enthuſiaſm of the hour was paſſed, ſhe recollected that ſhe had broken her reſolution, and the reflection gave her pain. "I prided myſelf on controling my inclinations," ſaid ſhe, "and I have weakly yielded to their direction. But what evil have I incurred, by indulging them this evening? I have neglected no duty, for I had none to perform. Of what then have I to accuſe myſelf? It would have been abſurd to have kept my reſolution, and denied myſelf a pleaſure, when there appeared no reaſon for this ſelf-denial."

She pauſed, not quite ſatisfied with this reaſoning. Suddenly reſuming her inquiry, "But how," ſaid ſhe, "am I certain that I ſhould have reſiſted my inclinations, if there *had* been a reaſon for oppoſing them? If the poor family, whom I neglected yeſterday, had been unſupplied to-day, I fear I ſhould again have forgotten them, while I played on my lute on the banks of the lake."

She then recollected all that her father had at different times ſaid on the ſubject of ſelf-command, and ſhe felt ſome pain.

"No," ſaid ſhe, "if I do not conſider that to preſerve a reſolution, which I have once ſolemnly formed, is a ſufficient reaſon to control my inclinations, I fear no other motive would long reſtrain me. I ſeriouſly determined not to touch my lute this whole day, and I have broken my reſolution. To-morrow perhaps I may be tempted to neglect ſome duty, for I have diſcovered that I cannot rely on my own prudence. Since I cannot conquer temptation, I will fly from it."

On

On the following morning she brought her lute to La Luc, and begged he would receive it again, and at least keep it till she had taught her inclinations to submit to control.

The heart of La Luc swelled as she spoke. "No, Clara," said he, "it is unnecessary that I should receive your lute; the sacrifice you would make proves you worthy of my confidence. Take back the instrument; since you have sufficient resolution to resign it when it leads you from duty, I doubt not that you will be able to control its influence now that it is restored to you."

Clara felt a degree of pleasure and pride at these words, such as she had never before experienced; but she thought, that to deserve the commendation they bestowed, it was necessary to complete the sacrifice she had begun. In the virtuous enthusiasm of the moment, the delights of music were forgotten in those of aspiring to well earned praise, and when she refused the lute thus offered, she was conscious only of exquisite sensations. "Dear sir," said she, tears of pleasure swelling in her eyes, "allow me to deserve the praises you bestow, and then I shall indeed be happy."

La Luc thought she had never resembled her mother so much as at this instant, and tenderly kissing her, he for some moments wept in silence. When he was able to speak, "You do already deserve my praises," said he, "and I restore your lute as a reward for the conduct which excites them." This scene called back recollections too tender for the heart of La Luc, and giving Clara the instrument, he abruptly quitted the room.

HOSPITALITY and GRATITUDE: An Historical ANECDOTE.

IN the latter part of the reign of Queen Ann, the Duke of Ormond, whose family name was Butler, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. On his passage to assume the reigns of government, he was shipwrecked, and took refuge in the house of a poor curate, whose Christian name was Joseph: Here he was entertained with the greatest hospitality. On his departure the Duke expressed a sense of the goodness of his host, and promised an ample reward. Weeks and months passed, and the curate heard nothing of his noble guest. His wife urged him to visit the Duke at the seat of his government—he replied, "the expenses of the journey will but increase our poverty. His grace is too much taken up with the concerns of the public, and the parade of greatness, to attend to me."—Her entreaties at last however prevailed. The curate made a journey to Dublin, and obtained an introduction to the clergyman of the church at which the Duke attended public worship. He was invited to preach, and took the following words for his text—"*Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgat him.*" The text, and observations upon it, engaged the particular attention of his grace. After service he sent for the preacher, and asked him if any previous occurrence gave rise to the text, and to the sermon. An explanation took place. "You could not," said the

Duke,

Duke, "have made your visit at a more fortunate time, a living of 500l. per annum is now vacant, I cannot do better than to bestow it on you." The curate, with the glad tidings, returned to his wife and family, and soon removed to taste the blessings of a richer cure. At the accession of George I. the Duke of Ormond fled into voluntary exile, to avoid the prosecution of the whig administration. He was attainted, and his estate seized. The good curate forgot not his benefactor in adversity. He observed to his wife, "now, my dear, we have an opportunity to express our gratitude. 200l. per annum is an ample support for us—300l. will secure his grace from want." And for years the Duke was supported by the bounty of the curate.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The ESSAYIST. No. XII.

On the influence of example in forming the characters of men.

THE purest joys, which man can taste below,
From social intercourse and friendship flow.
The hermit *feels*, though loath the truth to *own*,
That '*tis not good for man to be alone.*
Even blissful Adam, heaven's peculiar care,
Sigh'd for a mate his happiness to share;
Heaven pitying heard, and bade him cease to grieve,
And for one rib exchang'd the beauteous Eve.
To every rank the principle extends;
Each individual knows his faithful friends;
When joy expands, or grief distracts his heart,
These share his bliss, or kind relief impart
For grief divided loses half its weight,
But joys, when shar'd, still greater joys create.
Hence social circles through the world abound;
Hence scarce a friendless wretch on earth is found.
But man, to imitate, by nature prone,
From others' manners ever forms his own.
When from the distant woods the rough hewn clown,
With many an awkward stare is brought to town,
At first he gazes round with wondering eyes;
Here palaces and gilded spires arise;
There unaccustom'd sounds his ears invade,
By noisy crouds and rattling coaches made.
The jostling throngs, that on each other press;
Their unfelt compliments; their brilliant dress;
Their pert vivacious looks; their strutting gait;
And all the splendid vanities of state,
Strike the untutor'd lad with strange surprise,
He stares, and gapes, and scarce believes his eyes.
But soon each object is familiar grown;
He soon becomes accustom'd to the town;
Approves those manners, which at first seem'd odd;
Assumes the cit and lays aside the clod;
Improves his air, refines his taste and wit,
And imperceptibly becomes polite.
But not to manners only is confin'd
Example's mighty influence on mankind;
We think and act, we speak, we joy and grieve,
Detest and love, like those, with whom we live.
Those crimes, which shock at first, no more offend,

Seen oft, and through the medium of a friend;
His vices first look hideous, and we hate,
Indulge them next, then love, then imitate.
Then, since on virtue happiness depends,
And both together on the choice of friends,
Thrice blest are they, who only such obtain,
Whose passions yield to reason's gentle reign;
Whose morals, piety, and learning join,
To mend the heart the manners to refine;
Whose pure examples with resistless power
Allure their devious feet to wisdom's bower;
Who every virtue, every grace display;
Who point the road to heaven and lead the way.

DESCRIPTION OF MANNA.

[From HARRIS's Natural History of the Bible.]

MANNA was the food of the children of Israel, which God gave them in the deserts of Arabia, during their continuance there for forty years, from the eighth encampment in the wilderness of Sin.

The manna mentioned by Moses was a little grain, white like hoar frost, round, and of the bigness of a coriander seed.* It fell every morning upon the dew; and when the dew was exhaled by the heat of the sun, the manna appeared alone, lying upon the rocks or the sand.† It fell every day, except on the sabbath; and this only around the camp of the Israelites.‡ It fell in so great quantities, during the whole forty years of their journey, that it was sufficient to feed the whole multitude, of above a million of souls.

Every one of whom gathered the quantity of an omer§ for his share every day. It maintained the whole multitude; yet none of them found the eating it, attended with any inconvenience. Every sixth day there fell a double quantity, and though it putrified and bred maggots when it was kept any other day, yet on the *sabbath* it suffered no such alteration. And the same manna, which was melted by the heat of the sun, when it was left in the field, was of so hard a consistence, when it was brought into the house, that it was used to be beaten in mortars, and would even endure the fire; was made into cakes and baked in pans.

To commemorate their living upon omers, or tenth deals, of manna, one omer of it was put into a golden vase, and preserved for many generations by the side of the ark.‖

Our translators, and others, make Moses fall into a plain contradiction, in relating the story of the manna; which they render thus, *and when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, it is manna, for they wist not what it was:* Whereas the septuagint, and several authors, both ancient and modern, have translated the text according to the orginal: *The Israelites seeing this, said one to another, what is it? For they knew not what it was.* For we must observe that the word by which they asked the question was in their language *man hu*, which signifies likewise *food ready prepared;* and therefore it was always afterwards called *man*, or *manna*.

The

* Exod. xvi. 14. † Numb. xi. 7. ‡ Exod. xvi. 5.

§ About two quarts and a pint, of our measure. ‖ Exod. xvi. 32.

The ſcripture gives to manna the name of *the bread of heaven*, and *the food of angels*. Which are undoubtedly figurative alluſions to its origin and its value. The author of the book of wiſdom ſays* that it ſo accommodated itſelf to every one's taſte, that it proved palatable and pleaſing to all. And ſtill at this day, there falls manna in ſeveral places of the world: In Arabia, Poland, Calabria, Mount Libanus, Dauphine, and elſewhere. The moſt famous is that of Arabia, which is a kind of condenſed honey, to be found in ſummer upon the leaves of the trees, the herbs, the rocks, or the ſand of Arabia Petrea. It is of the ſame figure that Moſes deſcribes. That about Mount Sinai is of a very ſtrong ſmell, which is communicated to it by the herbs upon which it falls. It very eaſily evaporates, inſomuch that if thirty pounds of it were to be kept in an open veſſel, there would hardly ten of it remain at the end of fifteen days. Salmaſius thinks this of the ſame kind with that which fed the children of Iſrael. Several moderns are of the ſame opinion. It is true that the Arabian manna has a medicinal quality: But they pretend that if one ſhould make it habitual, the ſtomach might be accuſtomed to it, as we know that people may be brought to ſuch a diet as is naturally but little convenient for maintaining health. But we ought alſo to acknowledge that the manna ſpoken of by Moſes, had miraculous qualities, not to be found in the common; and which probably laſted no longer than while the Iſraelites were fed with it. However, we ſhall preſent the opinion of the learned Michaelis,† and with it conclude this intereſting article.

"Manna bears a very near reſemblance to the dew. Its origin is the very ſame; the only difference being that it remains, whereas dew evaporates. From this reaſon it is that in the countries, where manna is found, they have imagined that, like dew, it fell from above, and this conceit has got footing in the languages.

There is another kind which the Arabs, by way of diſtinction, term *celeſtial manna*. In the holy ſcripture we read that the manna fell along with the dew, and by the ſame figure which the profane poets made uſe of in calling the latter a gift of heaven, the truly inſpired poet has called the manna *bread from heaven*. Theſe expreſſions, to which the orientals were accuſtomed from their early years, have confirmed them in the opinion that the manna deſcended. It was not till the middle of the 16th century that the falſity of that opinion began to be ſeen into, and that in Italy manna was found to be no more than a gum exuding from plants, trees, and buſhes, on being pierced by certain inſects."

* Ch. xvi. 20, 21. † On the influence of opinions or language, 4to, p. 56.

ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP.

Addreſſed to the Ladies.

THE ancients ranked Friendſhip in the ſecond claſs of human virtues; and many are the inſtances recorded in hiſtory, where its energy has produced effects almoſt divine. Conſidered in its perfect

fect ſtrength and beauty, it certainly is the moſt ſublime, becauſe the leaſt ſelfiſh, affection of the ſoul.

Honour is its very eſſence; courage, frankneſs, and generoſity, its unalienable properties. Such is the idea delivered down to us of this noble ſentiment, by its cotemporary writers, "who together flouriſhed, and together fell:" for ſome centuries have elapſed, ſince this exalted phænomenon has deigned to appear among the degenerate ſons of men; and, like a mutilated ſtatue, it is now become rather an object of admiration to a few virtuoſi in philoſophy, than a ſubject for general emulation.

Montaign, among the moderns, ſeems to have felt a ſtronger emanation of this virtue, than any author I am acquainted with; and, though the utmoſt ſtretch of his warm imagination gives us but a faint ray of its ancient luſtre, yet even this ſlight reſemblance appears too ſtrong for our weak eyes, and ſeems rather to dazzle than attract our regards.

Our cotemporary, Dr. Young, has left us ſeveral very beautiful deſcriptions of friendſhip, which, though deficient in that fire which not only blazed, but burned, in this ancient virtue, are, however, ſufficient to form both our theory and our practice upon:

"True friendſhip warms, it raiſes, it tranſports,
Like muſic pure the joy, without allay,
Whoſe very rapture is tranquillity."

This is a very pleaſing and juſt deſcription of friendſhip in the abſtract; but it wants that energy which particular attachments add to all our ſentiments, and without which, like a winter's ſun, they ſhine, but not warm.

The ſame author has given us a more intereſting, though, perhaps, leſs elevated idea of this affection of the mind, in his addreſs to a particular perſon:

Lorenzo, pride ſuppreſs, nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee."

This is a new, and I think a juſt light, in which we may conſider this ſentiment; for, though love may be formed without ſympathy, friendſhip never can. It is, even in its degenerate ſtate, an affection that cannot ſubſiſt in vicious minds; and, among the moſt virtuous, it requires a parity of ſentiment, manners, and rank, for its baſis. Of all the nice ties and dependencies which conſtitute the happineſs or miſery of life, it is the moſt delicate, and even the moſt fragile. Wealth cannot purchaſe, nor gifts enſure, its permanence. "The chirping of birds in cages bears as much reſemblance to the vocal muſic of the woods, as bought courteſies to real friendſhip." The great, alas, rarely enjoy this bleſſing! vanity and emulation prevent its growth among equals; and the humiliating condeſcenſion with which ſuperiors ſometimes deign to affect friendſhip for their inferiors, ſtrikes at the very foundation of the ſentiment; from which there can only ariſe a tottering ſuperſtructure, whoſe pillars, like thoſe of modern compoſition, bear the gloſs, but want the durable quality of the mental marble, ſincerity. Yet there have been inſtances, though rare, of real friendſhip between perſons of different ranks in life, particularly Henry the fourth and Sully; but the virtues of the latter placed him on a level with monarchs, and the magnanimity of the former made him ſenſible of their equality.

Yet how often are complaints uttered by diſappointed pride, againſt the

the ingratitude of those whom they have *honoured* with the title of friend, nay, and have even served and obliged as such, without reflecting that obligations to a generous mind are insults, when accompanied with the least slight or mortification.

On the other hand, we, perhaps, too willingly attach ourselves to our superiors. Our self-love is flattered by their approbation, as it naturally imagines it can only be for our good and amiable qnalities, that they like or distinguish us. But, though "love, like death, makes all distinction void," friendship has no such levelling power. Superiority of rank or fortune is generally felt by the person who possesses either; and they are entitled to some degree of praise, if they do not make others feel it also.

Let those, then, who have delicate minds, remember, that equality is the true basis of friendship; let them set a just value on their own worth, as well as on the inebriating smiles of greatness, and not expose their sensibility to the pangs it must sustain, on discovering that neither virtues nor talents can always keep the scale of friendship steady, when opposed to the adventitious circumstances of high birth, or great fortune.

Thus far my remarks upon this subject are general. Let me now apply them to more particular use, by earnestly recommending it to every young married woman, to seek the friend of her heart in the husband of her affection. There, and there only, is that true equality, both of rank and fortune, strengthened by mutual interests, and cemented by mutual pledges, to be found. There only condescensions will not mortify, as they will be concessions but of kindness, not of pride. There, and there only, will she be sure to meet with reciprocal confidence, unfeigned attachment, and tender solicitude, to sooth her every care. The ties of wedded love will be rivetted by the bands of friendship; the virtues of her mind, when called forth by occasion, will unfold themselves by degrees to her husband's perception, like the opening rose before the morning ray; and, when its blooming colour fades upon her cheek, its sweetness shall remain within the very foldings of his heart, from recollection of her sense and worth. Happy are the pairs so joined; yea, blessed are they who are thus doubly united!

As the word friendship is at present generally understood to be a term of little import, or at most that extends merely to a preference of liking, or esteem; I would by no means exclude my fair readers from that kind of commerce which is now accepted under that title, in society. But even this sort of connection requires much caution in the choice of its object; for I should wish it might be restrained to one; and that one ought to obtain this preference from the qualities of the heart, rather than those of the head. A long and intimate acquaintance can alone discover the former; the latter are easily and willingly displayed; for love without esteem is as a shower soon spent. The head is the spring of affections, but the heart is the reservoir.

For this reason it always appears to me a proof of mutual merit, when two sisters, or two young women, who have been brought up together, are strongly attached to each other: and I will admit, that, while they remain unmarried, such a connection is capable of forming a pure and disinterested friendship, provided that the sympathy of their

affections

affections does not tend to make them like or admire the ſame male object; for, though love may, friendſhip cannot exiſt with jealouſy:

"Reſerve will wound it, and diſtruſt deſtroy."

That great maſter of the human heart, Shakeſpear, has ſhewn us, that maidenly attachment is no match for the ſtronger paſſion of love:

"Is all the counſel that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſter vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us—O! and is all forgot?
All ſchool-days friendſhip, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion,
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key,
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and minds
Had been incorp'rate."

Midſummer's Night's Dream.

If ſuch an almoſt inſtinctive affection as that between Hermia and Helena was ſo quickly diſſolved by the intruder Love, I fear there are but few female friendſhips that will better ſtand the teſt. And to a delicate mind it may appear a breach, perhaps, of thoſe "ſiſter vows," when one of the parties enters into another and more forcible engagement; for love is an imperious and engroſſing tyrant; of courſe the gentler *affection* muſt give way and retire within itſelf, as the ſenſitive plant ſhrinks back, oppreſſed by too intenſe an heat.

In my ſmall experience, I have never ſeen the ſame degree of attachment ſubſiſt between two ladies after marriage as before, excepting they were ſiſters. The bands of natural affection are not looſened by new engagements; but thoſe of choice or caſualty neceſſarily become relaxed by the addition of a new object, as extenſion leſſens ſtrength.

The minds of moſt young women ſeem, and indeed ought to do ſo in reality, to acquire a new bent after marriage: ſcenes, different from thoſe to which they had been accuſtomed, open to their view; different objects engroſs their attention; every ſtate has its cares; and, from the Queen to the peaſant, every wife has duties to fulfil. Frivolous amuſements are, or ſhould be, renounced, for the more pleaſing and reſpectable avocations of an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a beloved and honoured matron of a family.

I hope it is impoſſible that I ſhould be ſo far miſunderſtood, as to be thought to exclude married women from any innocent pleaſure or rational amuſement that is ſuited to their age, rank, or fortune. I would not only enſure but augment their happineſs, and ſhall therefore ſay with Othello,

"Where virtue is, theſe are moſt virtuous."

But ſtill there is, or ſhould be, a difference in the enjoyment of their pleaſures: between the thoughtleſs gaiety of girls, and the decent cheerfulneſs of married women. The firſt is bright and tranſient, as the youthful glow of health and vivacity that blooms upon the cheek; the latter ſhould expreſs that tranquil joy which flows from true content.

Here I cannot but obſerve, that, as the characters and conduct of even

even her common acquaintance reflect honour or disgrace upon a young married woman, she will be an inevitable sharer in that degree of respect or contempt which her *chosen* friend possesses in the esteem of the world: And though its censures may sometimes involve the innocent with the guilty; yet, in general, there is no fairer way of forming our opinions of persons we do not know, than from their intimate associates.

There is something still more alarming to be dreaded for a young woman who is thoughtless enough to form indiscriminate friendships. There is a lightness of mind and manners in many women, who, though free from actual vice, have lost that delicate sensibility which heaven has placed in female minds as the out-guard of modesty. The rosy blush that gives the intuitive alarm to decency, even before the perceptions of the mind are awake to danger, glows not upon their cheek; the snowy purity of innocence beams not upon their dauntless forehead, though it may still retain its whiteness. Their minds may be coarse, however delicate their form; and their manners unfeminine, even without being masculine.

An intimacy with such persons is, of all others, the most dangerous. The frankness and liveliness of their conversation render them too generally agreeable, and they frequently undermine the principles of virtue, before we find it necessary to stand upon our guard.

As the platonic system has been long exploded, it is almost unnecessary to warn my fair readers against particular intimacies with the other sex, when not closely connected with them by the ties of blood or affinity. The whole system of nature must change, and the tyger and the lamb live peaceably together, before a sincere and disinterested friendship can subsist between an amiable young woman and a man not nearly related to her, who has not passed his grand climacteric. A man of such an age, possessed of sense and virtue, may perhaps be a kind and useful mentor; but, if a married woman is happy enough to meet with a proper and affectionate return from the first object I have recommended to her choice, she cannot stand in need of any other friend.

ESSAY on FORTITUDE.

Illustrated with curious emblematical Devices.

IT is allowed that all men are equally desirous of happiness, but that few are successful in the pursuit. One chief cause of this failure is the want of strength of mind, which might enable them to resist the temptations of present ease and pleasure, and carry them forward in the search of more distant profit and enjoyment. Our affections, on a general prospect of their objects, form certain rules of conduct, and certain measures of preference of one above another: and these decisions though really the result of our calm passions and natural propensities, are yet said by a current abuse of terms to be the determinations of pure reason and reflection. But when some of these objects approach nearer to us, or acquire the advantages of favoura-

ble

ble lights and positions, which catch the heart or imagination; our general resolutions are frequently confounded, a present enjoyment is preferred, and lasting shame or sorrow entailed upon us. And however poets may employ their wit and eloquence in celebrating present pleasure, and rejecting all distant views to fame, health or fortune; it is obvious that this practice is the source of all dissoluteness and disorder, misery and repentance. A man of strong and determinate temper adheres tenaciously to his general resolutions, and is neither seduced by the allurements of pleasure, nor terrified by the menaces of pain; but still keeps in view those distant pursuits by which he at once insures his happiness and his honour.

The fortitude of a man who restrains his present desires to the obedience of his reason, is conspicuous, and carries with it a dignity into the lowest state imaginable.—Poor Constantius, who now lies languishing in a most violent fever, discovers, in the faintest moments of his disorder, such a greatness of mind, that a perfect stranger, who should behold him, would indeed see an object of pity, but would at the same time perceive that it was lately an object of veneration. His gallant spirit resigns, but resigns with an air that speaks a resolution which could yield to nothing but fate itself. This is conquest in the philosophic sense; but the empire over ourselves is in truth no less laudable in common life, where the whole tenor of a man's carriage is in subservience to his own reason, and in conformity to the good sense of other men.

Marcellus is perfect master of himself in all circumstances. He has all the spirit that a man can have, and yet is as regular in his conduct and behaviour as a machine. He is sensible of every passion, but is ruffled by none. In conversation he frequently seems to be less knowing, to be more obliging, and chooses to be on a level with others, rather than oppress with the superiority of his genius. In friendship he is kind without profession; in business, expeditious without ostentation. With the greatest softness and benevolence imaginable, he is impartial in spite of all importunity, even that of his own good nature. He is ever clear in his judgment, but in complaisance to his company, speaks diffidently; and never shews confidence in argument, but to support the sense of another. Did such an equanimity of mind regulate the behaviour of mankind in general, how sweet would be the pleasures of conversation! he that is vociferous, dogmatical, and vehement, would understand, that it is then time to call a constable; and know that spoiling good company is a most unwarrantable way of breaking the peace.

Thus much relates to the common intercourse of society; but as above hinted, the man of true fortitude measures his actions by principles of his own. The sense of other men ought to weigh with us in things of less consideration; but not in concerns where truth and honour are engaged. When we search to the bottom of things, we often find principles, that appear paradoxical at first, to be evident truths; and maxims, which, before they are duly weighed, seem to proceed from a romantic kind of philosophy, and ignorance of the world, after a little reflection appear so reasonable, that nothing less than direct madness could induce us to walk by any other rules. Thus to contradict our desires, and to conquer

quer the impulſes of ambition, when they do not coincide with thoſe ſentiments our cool judgment approves; is ſo truly our intereſt, and ſo abſolutely eſſential to our real happineſs, that to contemn all the advantages the world offers to us, where they ſtand in competition with a man's honour, is the exerciſe of the virtue called fortitude.

Did we conſider the mind of man as the man himſelf, it would appear to be the moſt unnatural ſpecies of ſelf-murder to ſacrifice the ſentiments of the ſoul, to gratify the appetites of the body. Is it not aſtoniſhing, that when the neceſſities of life are ſupplied, a man would flatter to be rich, or circumvent to be powerful! When we meet a poor wretch, urged by hunger and cold, ſuing for an alms, we are apt to think this a ſtate we could rather ſtarve at once, than remain in; but yet how much more deſpicable is his condition, who being above neceſſity, can yet reſign his reaſon and his integrity to purchaſe ſuperfluities? Theſe are both abject and common beggars; yet it is ſurely leſs meanneſs to beg a ſupply for hunger than for vanity! But general prepoſſeſſions and cuſtom ſo far prevail over the bulk of mankind, that thoſe neceſſitous creatures who cannot reliſh life without applauſe, attendance and equipage, are ſo far from being deſpiſed, that diſtreſſed virtue is leſs eſteemed than ſplendid vice. But if in caſes that regard true honour, a man's appeal were made to his own ſoul; there would be a baſis and ſtanding rule for our conduct: and to be honourable would be the aim of our endeavours, rather than to appear honourable. Mr. Collier, in his Eſſay on Fortitude, has treated this ſubject with great accuracy. "What," ſays he, "can be more honourable, than to have courage enough to execute the commands of reaſon and conſcience; to maintain the dignity of our nature, and the ſtation aſſigned us? To be proof againſt poverty, pain, and death itſelf, ſo far as not to do any thing ſcandalous or ſinful to avoid them. To ſtand adverſity under all ſhapes, with decency and reſolution. To do this is to be great above title and fortune: This argues the ſoul of a heavenly extraction, and is worthy the offspring of the Deity!"

What a generous ambition has this writer pointed out to us! When men have ſettled in themſelves a conviction by ſuch noble precepts, that there is nothing honourable that is not accompanied with innocence, nothing mean, but what is tainted with guilt; when they have attained this mode of thinking, though poverty, pain, and death, may ſtill have their terrors, yet riches, pleaſures, and honour eaſily loſe their charms, if they ſtand between us and our integrity. Steady and happy in ourſelves, nothing external will ruffle our tempers, and fortune will point her arrows againſt us in vain.

The STROKE of DEATH.

[From a Britiſh Magazine.]

I AM now worth a blumb, ſaid old Gregory, as he aſcended a hill, part of an eſtate he had juſt purchaſed—I am now worth a blumb, which I have earned by ſtrict attention to buſineſs; and I will purchaſe

chaſe a ſeat in the commons for my ſon, and procure a peer to marry my daughter—I am now worth a blumb, and am but ſixty five years of age, healthy and robuſt in my conſtitution, ſo I'll eat and I'll drink and live merrily all the days of my life—I am now worth a blumb, ſaid old Gregory, as he attained the ſummit of a hill, which commanded a full proſpect of his eſtate; and here, ſaid he, I'll build a manſion, and there I'll plant an orchard, and on that ſpot I'll have a pinery—Yon farm houſes ſhall come down, ſaid old Gregory, they interrupt my view. Then what will become of the farmers? aſked the ſteward who attended him. That's their buſineſs, anſwered old Gregory. And that mill muſt not ſtand on the ſtream, ſaid old Gregory. Then how will the villagers grind their corn? aſked the ſteward. That's not my buſineſs, anſwered old Gregory—ſo old Gregory returned home—eat a hearty ſupper—drank a bottle of port—ſmoked two pipes of tobacco, and fell into a profound ſlumber, from which he never awoke.—The farmers reſide on their lands, the mill ſtands upon the ſtream—and the villagers all rejoice at the *ſtroke of death.*

AGRICULTURE.

[From Dr. WILLIAMS's Hiſtory of Vermont.]

THE body of the people in Vermont are engaged in agriculture. In a new country where the ſettlements are yet to be made, agriculture puts on a very different appearance from that, which it bears in the ancient and well cultivated ſettlements. There, the buſineſs is to cultivate and improve the farms, which have been already greatly improved: To increaſe the produce, by the application of more labour and cultivation, and thus to derive a greater profit from the land. In a new ſettlement, the firſt buſineſs of the huſbandman is to cut down the woods, to clear up the lands, to ſow them with grain, to erect the neceſſary buildings, and open the roads; and thus to connect and form a communication between the ſcattered ſettlements, and make the moſt of his labour.—Amidſt the hard living and hard labour, that attends the forming a new ſettlement, the ſettler has the moſt flattering proſpects and encouragements. One hundred acres of land in a new town, does not generally coſt him more than he can ſpare from the wages of one or two years. Beſides maintaining himſelf, the profits of his labour will generally enable a young man, in that period of time, to procure himſelf ſuch a tract of land.—When he comes to apply his labour to his own land, the produce of it becomes extremely profitable. The firſt crop of wheat will fully pay him for all the expenſe he has been at, in clearing up, ſowing, and fencing his land; and at the ſame time, increaſes the value of the land, eight or ten times the original coſt. In this way, every day's labour ſpent in clearing up his land, receives high wages in the grain which it procures, and adds at the ſame time a quantity of improved land to the farm. An acre of land, which in its natural ſtate, coſt him perhaps the half of one day's labour, is thus in one year made of that value, that it will afterwards annually produce him from fifteen to twenty buſhels

of

of wheat; or other kinds of produce, of equal value. In this way, the profits attending labour on a new ſettlement, are the greateſt that ever can take place in agriculture; the labourer conſtantly receiving double wages. He receives high wages in the produce of his corn or wheat; and he receives much higher wages of another kind, in the annual addition of a new tract of cultivated land to his farm. This double kind of wages, nature with great benevolence and deſign, has aſſigned to the man of induſtry, when he is firſt making a ſettlement in the uncultivated parts of America: and in two or three years, he acquires a very comfortable and independent ſubſiſtence for a family, derived from no other ſource but the earth, and his own induſtry.

In every country, agriculture ought to be eſteemed, as the moſt neceſſary and uſeful profeſſion. The food and the raiment by which all orders of men are ſupported, muſt be derived from the earth. Agriculture is the art by which this is effected; and of conſequence the art which ſupports, ſupplies, and maintains all the reſt. It ought therefore to be eſteemed the primary, the fundamental, and the moſt eſſential art of all; that which deſerves the firſt and the greateſt conſideration, and encouragement.—The wealth drawn from agriculture, is permanent and durable; not ſubject to the uncertainties attending that, which is derived from commerce; and not dependent upon the inclinations, the diſpoſitions, or the regulations of other kingdoms and countries. The people that thus live by their own agriculture, are independent of other nations, and need not be affected by their wars, revolutions, or convulſions; but may always have the means of ſupport and independence, among themſelves. While they have that which is drawn from the cultivation of the land, they will have every thing that nature and ſociety can need or have made valuable.

The other profeſſions, thoſe eſpecially of the liberal arts, are of great utility, and of high importance, and they are what ſociety could not flouriſh without. But they derive their importance and utility from the imperfections of man, and of ſociety; and do not of themſelves, add any thing to the wealth of nations. The phyſician, the lawyer, the divine, the ſtateſman, and the philoſopher, are engaged in employments of great utility to mankind. But there is not one of them, that adds any thing to the wealth and property of the community: They muſt all derive their ſupport, from the cultivation of the land. Of all arts and profeſſions then, agriculture ought to be eſteemed the moſt uſeful, and the moſt important. It is the art which produceth, and nouriſhes all the reſt. The other arts teach how to preſerve the health, the property, and the morals of men; to enlarge their underſtandings, and to give a right direction to their minds: But this provides food, raiment, and ſupport for them all.

In no way has the glory of nations been more expanded, than by their attainments, and diſcoveries in ſcience. The mathematicians have meaſured, and ſettled the dimenſions of the ſolar ſyſtem: But the new ſettler, has in fact, enlarged the bounds of the habitable creation. The philoſophers have expanded our minds with the ideas; and evidence, that the other planets are inhabited; but the ſimple and honeſt farmer has made the earth the place for more inhabitants than

it

it ever had before. And while the aſtronomers are ſo juſtly celebrating the diſcoveries, and the new planet of Herſchel, all mankind ſhould rejoice, that the ſimple peaſant in the wilderneſs, has found out a way, to make our planet bear more men.

Thoſe employments which are the moſt neceſſary, and the moſt uſeful to men, ſeem to be the moſt nearly connected with morality and virtue. Agriculture appears to be more nearly allied to this, than any of the arts. The man that is conſtantly purſuing the buſineſs, which nature has aſſigned to him, ſeems to have but little to corrupt him. In the many hiſtories of corruption, there is not any account, that the body of the huſbandmen ever became a corrupt, venal, and debauched generation. They muſt firſt be led to deſert their employments, or they muſt be blinded and deceived, before they can be made fit tools for politicians to corrupt, and manage. Their profeſſion tends to render them an induſtrious, hardy, incorrupted, and honeſt ſet of men. It is never in the body of the huſbandmen, but among the ſpeculators, politicians, and leaders of mobs, that we look for a ſettled trade, and high attainments, in venality and corruption.

AVARICE PUNISHED.

AN uſurer having loſt a hundred pounds in a bag, promiſed a reward of ten pounds to the perſon who ſhould reſtore it. A man having brought it to him, demanded the reward. The uſurer, loath to give the reward, after he had recovered his bag, alleged, after he had opened it, that there were an hundred and ten pounds in it when he loſt it. Gripus being called before the judge, unwarily acknowledged that the ſeal was broke open in his preſence, and that there were no more at that time, but a hundred pounds in the bag. "You ſay," cried the judge, "that the bag you loſt, had a hundred and ten pounds in it?" "Yes, my lord." "Then this cannot be your bag, as it contained but a hundred pounds: therefore the plaintiff muſt keep it till the true owner appears; and you muſt go and look for your bag where you can find it."

[*Hiſt. Mag.*

The WITTY PAINTER.

SIR William Lely, a famous painter in the reign of king Charles the firſt, agreed beforehand for the price of a picture he was to draw for a rich London alderman, who was not indebted to nature either for ſhape or face. The picture being finiſhed, the alderman endeavoured to beat down the price, alleging, that if he did not purchaſe it, it would lie on the painter's hand. "That's your miſtake," ſays ſir William; "for I can ſell it at double the price I demand." "How can that be," ſays the alderman, "for 'tis like nobody but myſelf?" "True," replied ſir William; "but I will draw a tail to it, and then it will be an excellent monkey!" Mr. Alderman, to prevent being expoſed, paid down the money the painter demanded, and carried off the picture.

[*Hiſt. Mag.*

CABINET

CABINET OF APOLLO.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The CLOSE of the WEEK at COLLEGE.

THE tedious ſtudies of the week
To reſt at length give place;
Amuſement now, inſtead of Greek,
Fills up the little ſpace.

In friendly groups the ſtudents ſit
Around the ſocial fire;
While pleaſant tales and harmleſs wit
Their hearts with mirth inſpire.

Some wander to yon towering hill,
Or range the diſtant wood,
Or ſtray along ſome purling rill
Near Charles's gentle flood.

Eas'd of their toils, they now prolong
The pleaſant healthful walk;
The hours unheeded ſteal along,
Beguil'd by cheerful talk.

Others, with ſmart vivacious look,
Bruſh'd coat and powder'd hair,
To ſee the world, or—buy a book,
To Boſton ſtraight repair.

Some to a neighboring village ride
To ſee a friend and dine;
While ſome the fleeting hours divide
With ſongs, and chat, and wine.

Some while away the lazy time
As cards or books invite;
While ſome, like me, too fond of rhyme,
Rack their dull brains to write.

C A M.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

REFLECTIONS

On viewing the Seat of Jos. BARRELL, *Eſq.*

WHERE once the breaſtwork mark'd the ſcenes of blood,
When freedom's ſons incles'd the haughty foe,
Rearing its head majeſtic from afar
The venerable ſeat of *Barrell* ſtands.
Like ſome ſtrong Engliſh caſtle much it ſeems,
When the great Barons of the fendal times
Had num'rous vaſſals waiting their command,
And each rais'd armies in his own domain.
Thoſe times for free urbanity were known,
And gen'rous hoſpitality renown'd.
The doors were ever open to the poor—
The wand'ring pilgrim was a welcome gueſt,
And found refreſhment in the plenteous hall.
But—
Such is the wiſdom of theſe later days,
Free hoſpitality's turn'd out of doors,
Among the meaner virtues; out of date
With all the rich and mighty of the earth.
Baniſh'd from courts and palaces long ſince,
It ſought for refuge with the middle ranks,
And humbler walks of life. With theſe alone
The faint and weary traveller finds repoſe,
And hearty welcome to the lowly cell.
The rich ſupport the rich, but grind the poor,
And ſpurn the needy ſtranger from their gate.
True Chriſtian charity dwells not with them,
Who, bleſt with plenty by a bounteous God,
Are ſtewards of his houſhold, if aright
They uſe the goods which Providence hath giv'n.
But thou, whoſe ſtately caſtle overlooks
The briny wave to Boſton's crowded ſhores,
And where yon bridge ſuperb extends its length,
(That proudly ſeems, when tides o'erflow the Charles,
Acroſs the ocean thrown)
Be thou excepted from the common herd
Of

Of selfish, full blown opulence and pride.
Love thou the virtues that once deign'd to dwell
In ancient years, beneath a roof like thine.
And in despite of modern won'dring eyes,
Bring back old fashion'd customs to our view,
The lib'ral train of virtues that adorn'd
The former ages of the English realm.

BLANDULUS.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The SONGS

of the five Bards, who sung by night: versified from the notes of M'Pherson's Ossian, by

LINUS.

NOW all the people to the hall repair:
The softly-sounding shells of feast are there.
Ten harps are strung; five bards by turns declaim;
And seek the glory of no vulgar name.
Their burning souls they pour fourth in the song,
While answering harps the melody prolong.
Of night they sing: and cheer the festive hall:
Their lays re-echo from the hollow wall.
While all the people silent sat around
The first of bards thus raised the silver sound.

FIRST BARD.

The hours of lonely night are dark and still:
The black clouds roll along the distant hill.
No star with trembling beam appears on high;
No moon looks smiling from the azure sky.
I hear the blast that hoarsely-sweeping moves:
But distant far I hear it in the groves.
I hear the murmurs of the valley stream;
But lonely, sad, remote the murmurs seem.
From yonder yew where sleeps our father's clay,
The owl is heard long howling from the spray.
I see a dim form on the plain arise:
It is a ghost! Alas! it fades—it dies,
Some solemn sun'ral soon shall pass yon road;
Some pallid meteor points the dark abode.
From yonder hut that tops the gray-browed height,
The surly house-dog bays the ghosts of night.
The stag is on the mountain moss reclined;
And at his side securely rests the hind.
Shrill in her branchy horns the rough winds sound,
She hears the noise and startles from the ground.
The roe lies silent on the rocky hill;
Beneath his wing the heath-cock hides his bill.
No wild beast roves, no bird now flits the air;
None but the owl and fox abroad appear.
She with her howl the gloomy forest fills;
He in a cloud bounds o'er the dusky hills.
Dark, panting, trembling, lost the traveller strays
O'er rugged heaths and unfrequented ways.
Thro' shrubs, thro' thorns, along the gurgling rill;
Now in the vale, now on the cloudy hill.
He fears the fen and rock's stupendous height;
He fears the ghost that wanders in the night.
The old tree groans beneath the angry gale;
The falling branches sound along the vale.
The furious winds that through the meadows pass,
Drive the clung withered burs along the grass.
Hark, hark, he sees a ghost—his tread how light!
He looks, and trembling fears amidst the night.
Now cold winds blow, and angry tempests lower,
My friends receive me from this dismal hour.

SECOND BARD.

The wind is up, the shower descends in streams,
The distant spirit of the mountain screams.
The tall firs fall, the tufted hut is torn,
The mists divided o'er the hills are borne.
The tempest howls, loud roar the falling woods,
And distant far resound the growing floods.
To pass the ford the weary trav'ler tries;
Hark, hear that shriek! he falls, he sinks, he dies.
Swift pours the rain, the winds with fury blow,
And from the hill descends the horse and cow:
They tremble as the dark'ning tempest roars,
And dread the billows on the rocky shores.

In

In his lone hut as loud the hoarse winds sweep,
The drowsy hunter startles from his sleep;
He wakes the fire: his wet dogs smoke around;
He fills with heath the chink; he hears the sound
Of mountain streams that loud and sullen roar,
And meet and foam before his cottage door.
Sad on the hill the wand'ring shepherd roves;
The trees resound; the streams roar thro' the groves.
He chides the lingering moon and bids it come
And lend her aid to guide him to his home.
Ghosts ride the clouds and wave their skirts behind:
Sweet is their voice between the squalls of wind.
Of other worlds they sing: they mount on high
And guide the storm along the gloomy sky.
The rain is past—streams roar—the dry winds blow—
The windows flap: the stars more brilliant glow.
But, see the darkning clouds again arise;
Gloomy and dread appear the western skies.
What dreadful tempests in the concave lower!
My friends, receive me from the midnight hour.

THIRD BARD.

The squally wind sounds o'er the woody hill;
And thro' the grassy rock it whistles still.
The burning stars look thro' the broken cloud;
The melancholy ghosts scream wildly loud.
The meteor bright portending dreadful doom,
Flies sparkling thro' the solitary gloom;
Far in the bosom of the grove it dies,
No more to dance along the sightly skies.
The withered fern, the dark brow'd rock I see;
But who is shrouded underneath yon tree?
Now on the lake dark-tumbling billows roar,
And foam and lash upon the rocky shore.
The boat brimfull is floating to the land,
The broken oars are scattered on the strand.
A maid sits sad beneath yon aged tree,
And kens the stream as far as eye can see.
Her lover promised that he'd meet her there;
She sits—she waits—but, sees no lover near.
Far on the lake she saw his light boat bound,
Ere night unfriendly spread her gloom around.
Is this *his* boat? Ah, yes: what groans I hear!
Are these *his* groans? Are these *his* oars? They are.
Hear how the hail malignant rattles round;
The snow descends and whitens o'er the ground.
But now the storm is hushed; no hoarse winds blow,
The clouds are fled, the hill-tops shine with snow.
Such changing glooms the moonless night o'ercast;
My friends, receive me from the chilling blast.

FOURTH BARD.

The night is starry, calm and fair and lone;
The howling winds with all their clouds are gone.
Just o'er the hills appear their sinking heads;
While the broad moon a silver twilight sheds.
The tall trees shine; the floods o'er rough rocks gleam;
Bright rolls the lake and bright the valley stream.
I see the corn o'erturn'd along the plain;
The wakeful hind rebuilds the shocks again.
He marks what ruin had despoil'd the groves;
And shrilly whistles as the field he roves.
Serl'd and fair is night: its storms are fled;
Who comes resplendent from the mighty dead?
She comes with robes of snow and blushes fair;
With starry eyes, white arms and dark-brown hair!
Lo! 'tis the daughter of our mighty chief!
She comes! she comes! magnificent in grief!
Ah! let us view thee, daughter of the night!
Thou who hast been the Hero's chief delight,

Before

Before the blaſt the empty phantom flies;
White without form, it mounts towards the ſkies.
Now ſoftly breathes the ſoul-delighting gale,
And drives the miſts along the narrow vale:
It mounts the hill, and lifts its head on high,
And ſhuts the bright moon from the wakeful eye.
The night is ſettled, blue, ſerene and bright,
My friends, receive me not from lovely night.

(The remainder next month.)

To the Editors *of the* Maſſachuſetts Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I do not remember to have ſeen Father Abbey's Will publiſhed in any late periodical work.—It was compoſed by Mr. Seccombe, formerly miniſter of Harvard, in this commonwealth, and who lately died, at an advanced period of life, in Nova-Scotia. I think it worth preſerving in your magazine.

FATHER ABBEY's WILL.

To which is added, a *letter* of *courtſhip* to his amiable and virtuous *widow*.

CAMBRIDGE, December, 1736.

"*Some time ſince died here, Mr.* MATTHEW ABBEY, *in a very advanced age: He had for a great number of years ſerved the college in quality of* bed-maker *and* ſweeper: *Having no child, his wife inherits his whole eſtate, which he bequeathed to her by his laſt* will *and* teſtament, *as follows, viz.*"

TO my dear wife,
My joy and life,
I freely now do give her,
My whole eſtate,
With all my plate,
Being juſt about to leave her.

My tub of ſope,
A long cart-rope,
A frying-pan and kettle,
An aſhes pail,
A threſhing flail,
An iron wedge and beetle.

Two painted chairs,
Nine warden-pears,
A large old dripping platter,
This bed of hay
On which I lay,
An old ſauce-pan for butter.

A little mug,
A two-quart jug,
A bottle full of brandy,
A looking-glaſs,
To ſee your face,
You'll find it very handy.

A muſket true,
As ever flew,
A pound of ſhot and wallet,
A leather ſaſh,
My calabaſh,
My powder-horn and bullet.

An old ſword-blade,
A garded ſpade,
A hoe, a rake, a ladder,
A wooden can,
A cloſe-ſtool pan,
A clyſter-pipe and bladder.

A greaſy hat,
My old ram-cat,
A yard and half of linen,
A woolen fleece,
A pot of greaſe,
In order for your ſpinning.

A ſmall-tooth comb,
An aſhen broom,
A candleſtick and hatchet,
A coverlid
Strip'd down with red,
A bag of rags to patch it.

A ragged mat,
A tub of fat,
A book put out by *Bunyan*,
Another book,
By *Robin Cook*,
A ſkein or two of ſpun yarn.

An old black muff,
Some garden-ſtuff,
A quantity of burage,
Some devil's weed
And burdock ſeed,
To ſeaſon well your porridge.

A chafing diſh,
With one ſalt-fiſh,
If I am not miſtaken,
A leg of pork,
A broken fork,
And half a flitch of bacon.

A ſpinning-wheel,
One peck of meal,
A knife without a handle,
A ruſty lamp,
Two quarts of ſamp,
And half a tallow candle.

My pouch and pipes,
Two oxen tripes,
An oaken diſh well carved,
My little dog,
And ſpotted hog,
With two young pigs juſt ſtarved.

This is my ſtore,
I have no more,
I heartily do give it,

My

My years are spun,
My days are done,
And so I think to leave it.

Thus father ABBEY left his spouse,
As rich as church or college mouse,
Which is sufficient invitation,
To serve the college in his station.

"Newhaven, *Jan.* 1731. *Our* sweeper *having lately buried his* spouse, *and hearing of the death and will of his deceased* Cambridge brother, *has conceived a violent passion for the* relict. *As love softens the mind and disposes to poetry, he has cased himself in the following strains, which he transmits to the charming* widow, *as the first essay of his love and courtship.*"

MISTRESS Abbey,
To you I fly,
You only can relieve me,
To you I turn,
For you I burn,
If you will but believe me.

Then gentle dame,
Admit my flame,
And grant me my petition,
If you deny,
Alas! I die,
In pitiful condition.

Before the news
Of your dear spouse
Had reach'd us at *Newhaven*,
My dear wife dy'd,
Who was my bride,
In anno eighty-seven.

Thus being free,
Let's both agree
To join our hands; for I do
Boldly aver
A widower
Is fittest for a widow.

You may be sure
'Tis not your dower
I make this flowing verse on;
In these smooth lays
I only praise
The glories of your person.

For the whole that
Was left by *Mat*,
Fortune to me has granted:
In equal store,
I've one thing more,
Which *Matthew* long had wanted.

No teeth, 'tis true,
You have to shew,
The young think teeth inviting,
But silly youths!
I love those mouths
Where there's no fear of biting.

A leaky eye,
That's never dry,
These woful times is fitting,
A wrinkled face
Adds solemn grace
To folks devout at meeting.

Thus to go on,
I would pen down
Your charms from head to foot,
Set all your glory
In verse before ye,
But I've no mind to do't.

Then haste away,
And make no stay,
For soon as you come hither,
We'll eat and sleep,
Make beds and sweep,
And smoke and talk together.

But if, my dear,
I must move there,
Tow'rds *Cambridge* strait I'll set me,
To towze the hay
On which you lay,
If age and you will let me.

Extracted for the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

From a work lately published in Scotland.

To a MOUSE,

On turning her up in her nest with the plough, November, 1785.

WEE sleek it, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty!
Wi bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chace thee,
Wi mud'ring pattle.

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle,
At me thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie thou maun live!
A daimenicker in a thrave
'S a small requeest
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An never miss't!

Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!
It 's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to beg a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An'

An' cozie here, beneath the blaſt,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till craſh! the cruel coulter paſt
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee-bit peap o' leaves an' ſtibble,
Has coſt the monie aweary nibble!
Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
But houſe or hald,
To thole the winters fleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, mouſie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *foreſight* may be vain:
The beſt laid ſchemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
For promis'd joy!

Still thou art bleſt, compar'd wi' me!
The *preſent* only toucheth thee:
But Och'e I *backward* caſt my e'e
On proſpects drear!
An' *forward* tho' I canna ſee,
I gueſs an' fear!

Extracted from a Britiſh publication.

SUNSET.

SOFT o'er the mountains purple brow
Meek twilight draws her ſhadows grey;
From tufted woods, and vallies low,
Light's magic colours ſteal away.
Yet ſtill amid the ſpreading gloom,
Reſplendent glow the weſtern waves
That roll o'er Neptune's coral caves,
A zone of light on ev'nings dome.
On this lone ſummit let me reſt,
And view the forms to fancy dear,
'Till on the ocean's darken'd breaſt
The ſtars of ev'ning tremble clear;
Or the moon's pale orb appear,
Throwing her line of radiance wide,
Far o'er the lightly curling tide,
That ſeems the yellow ſands to chide.
No ſounds o'er ſilence now prevail,
Save of the dying wave below,
Or ſailor's ſong borne on the gale,
Or oar at diſtance ſtriking ſlow.
So ſweet! ſo tranquil! may my ev'ning ray
Set to this world—and riſe in future day!

LINES,

To the Memory of Dr. LEVETT. *By Doctor Johnſon.*

CONDEMN'D to hope "delufive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By ſudden blaſts or ſlow decline
Our ſocial comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave deſcends,
Officious, innocent, ſincere,
Of ev'ry friendleſs name the friend.

Yet ſtill he fills affection's eye,
Obſcurely wiſe, and courtly kind;
Nor lettered arrogance, deny
Thy praiſe to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
His vigorous remedy diſplay'd
The power of art, without the ſhow.

In myſtery's darkeſt caverns known,
His ready help was always nigh,
Where hopeleſs anguiſh pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

No ſummons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain, diſclaim'd by pride;
The modeſt wants of every day
The toli of every day ſupply.

His virtues walk their narrow round,
Nor brade a horſe, nor left a void,
And ſure th' Eternal Maſter found
His ſingle talent well employ'd.

The lovely day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted glided by;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

When, with no throbs of fiery pain
No cold grandations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his ſoul the neareſt way.

Extracted from a Britiſh publication.

NIGHT.

O'ER the dim breaſt of ocean's wave
Night ſpreads afar her gloomy wings,
And penſive thought and ſilence brings,
Save where the diſtant waters lave;
Or where the mariner's lone voice
Swells faintly on the paſſing gale,
Or when the ſcreaming ſea-gulls poiſe
O'er the tall maſt, and ſwelling ſail.
Bounding the gray gleam of the deep,
Where fancy'd forms arouſe the mind.
Dark ſweep the ſhores, on whoſe rude ſteep
Sighs the ſad ſpirit of the wind.
Sweet is its voice upon the air
At ev'nings melancholy cloſe,
While the ſmooth wave in ſilence flows!
Sweet, ſweet the peace it's ſtealing accents bear!
Bleſt be thy ſhades, O Night! and bleſt the ſong
Thy low winds breathe the diſtant ſhore along!

MONTHLY

MONTHLY GAZETTE.

Summary of Foreign Intelligence.

PRUSSIA.

BERLIN, *Aug.* 9.

HOWEVER certain it ſeems that the Poles will not be able to make a long reſiſtance againſt the combined forces of Pruſſia, the unexpected delay in military operations, occaſioned by the backwardneſs of the Pruſſians, is accompanied by many inconveniences, at leaſt diſagreeable, if not fatal to the Pruſſian army. Private letters complain not only of the extreme dearth of all neceſſaries, but alſo of a real ſcarcity of proviſions in the Pruſſian camp, which is ſuffering for want of good water. A great number of the Pruſſian troops have died with the dyſentery; and the prince of Pruſſia himſelf was attacked by this ſickneſs, but is now recovered.

THORN, *Aug.* 16. The entrenched camp of Koſciuſko, before Warſaw, conſiſts properly of four camps, whoſe beginning and end touch upon the Viſtula, and from whence they fire very briſkly, one of their ſix pounders having the kitchen tent of the King of Pruſſia.—Koſciuſko himſelf is in Mokawto, and has Maduſiſky with him, and the generals Dambrowſky, Mokronowſky and Zagazeek, command under him in the camps. Above the river Bux, the Poles took from the Pruſſians a whole bridge of Pontoons, and upwards of 100 oxen. The Pruſſian colonel Tolſtoy, who paſſed thro' here for the Pruſſian camp, informs, that the Pruſſian Prince Repni is marching 40,000 men into Poland. A report that the Pruſſians had taken Wilna by ſtorm, and with the loſs of a great many men on both ſides, wants confirmation. Another report, that the Turks had made an attack upon Cammieck, is totally groundleſs.

HOLLAND.

HAGUE, *Aug.* 12. The ſtates of Holland, who muſt contribute more than two thirds towards the whole expenſes of the war, and the exigencies of the republic in general, have declared anew, on the 5th inſt. that they will ſacrifice life and property in the defence of the Republic, and therefore have adopted two new means of finances, having opened, (beſide the loans of laſt year and this year, which remain open) a new voluntary and unlimitted loan at 5 per cent. intereſt, where bullion, and manufactured ſilver and gold will be accepted.—The ſtates moreover, declare their full expectation, that every inhabitant will richly contribute towards it.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

An account of the political ſtate of ſeveral of the powers of the ELDER WORLD.

Of CHINA—The American public cannot be indifferent to the commercial events in ſo vaſt and rich an empire as that of China, which contains 50,000,000 inhabitants, and abounds with every article of commercial traffic. We are therefore happy in informing, that the ſplendid embaſſy of Lord Macartney, from the Britiſh court to the Emperor of China, has completely failed of ſucceſs, and that his Lordſhip has returned to England. The object of this embaſſy was to effect, as far as poſſible, a monopoly of the trade of China with the Chriſtian world, to the Britiſh flag. To give weight to the embaſſy, Lord Macartney carried with him the moſt valuable preſents, which the wealth, ingenuity and workmanſhip of England would produce. To theſe were added immenſe gifts from the Indian powers ſubordinate to the East India company. Theſe valuables, as was to be expected, where cordially received by the Chineſe Emperor; who in return gave the Ambaſſador ſeveral ſets of china, and preſents of tapeſtry and ſilks, but ſet his face againſt any acquieſcence in the commercial propoſitions made by his Lordſhip. Thus ended the miſſion, to the ſatisfaction, no doubt, of the mercantile world.—Americans particularly muſt feel happy in the picture of a ſpeculation, which might materially have affected a conſiderable portion of their commerce.—

In

In Canton, the American flag is admitted on the same conditions as the most favored nation. And here we cannot help mentioning, that to their so favorable admission, the United States are much indebted to the exertions of our late fellow townsman, *Samuel Shaw, Esq.* when Consul in China.

Of TURKEY.—To the Ottoman empire, the politics of which are so often affected by the contests of Europe, and the ambition of the sovereigns, some attention must be given. A rupture between it and Russia has been for some time expected; as not long since the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople delivered an official note to the Turkish Res Effendi, in which the empress demands, "That *the Porte should not intermeddle with the affairs of Poland: that it should grant a free passage to Russian frigates thro' the canal of Constantinople, and that it should treat with less rigor, the Greek princes and subjects of Moldavia and Wallachia.*" The Grand Signior answered these demands with firmness, refused compliance therewith, and declared he would not suffer any foreign power to interfere either in the external or internal affairs of the empire. Finding the Turkish government thus determined, the Russian relaxed in his demands; and from the tone of the communications which have since passed, there is a probability of the continuation of peace for some time: But neither the policy nor the interest of the Ottoman court can be reconciled to the annihilation of the independence of Poland. A considerable naval equipment has been made in Turkey—The Turkish government having admitted an ambassador from the French republic, a correspondence has taken place between the Res Effendi and the British minister on the subject. But in the answers of the Turk, a determination appears to support the independence and neutrality of the Porte. The French have been allowed to celebrate a national festival.

Of POLAND.

This Republic interests every friend to liberty and national justice. The American reader has already learnt by what "indirect and crooked ways" the voracious Empress of Russia, and the perfidious Frederick William, of Prussia, have conspired to cut it up, and bring it under despotic sway. Tired of reiterated usurpations, and roused by repeated insults, the gallant Poles, with a patriot king, and a virtuous nobility at their head, have risen in arms to oppose their oppressors. They have called to their chief command, the intrepid Kosciusko, the pupil of *Washington*, and the brave defender of the liberties of America. They have formed a revolutionary government, and altho' at the moment of their rising, some excesses were committed at Warsaw, they appear nevertheless to have adopted those principles of government which are most likely to effect their leading object, the independence and liberty of Poland.—Success and disaster have alternately awaited their military operations. On one side they have to contend with the numerous troops of Russia, while on the other they are assailed by the veterans of Prussia; the latter headed by their king, have advanced to the vicinity of Warsaw; (some accounts say, they have actually bombarded the city) before which the brave Kosciusko lies with his army; and the king of Prussia has summoned the unfortunate Stanislaus to surrender.

CONGRESS.

House of Representatives, Nov. 19.

This day, at 12 o'clock, The President of the United States met both houses of the legislature, in the hall of the house of representatives, and delivered the following ADDRESS.

Fellow-citizens of the senate, and of the house of representatives,

WHEN we call to mind the gracious indulgence of heaven, by which the American people became a nation; when we survey the general prosperity of our country, and look forward to the riches, power, and happiness, to which it seems destined; with the deepest regret do I announce to you, that, during your recess, some of the citizens of the United States, have been found capable of an insurrection. It is due, however, to the character of our government, and to its stability, which cannot be shaken by the enemies of order, freely to unfold the course of this event.

During the session of the year 1790, it was expedient to exercise the legislative power granted by the constitution of the United States, "to lay and collect excises." In a majority of the states, scarcely an objection was heard to this mode of taxation. In some, indeed, alarms were at first conceived, until they were banished by reason and patriotism. In the four western counties of Pennsylvania, a prejudice, fostered and embittered by the artifice of men, who

laboured

labored for an aſcendancy over the will of others, by the guidance of their paſſions, produced ſymptoms of riot and violence. It is well known, that congreſs did not heſitate to examine the complaints which were preſented, and to relieve them, as far as juſtice dictated, or general convenience would permit. But the impreſſion which this moderation made on the diſcontented, did not correſpond with what it deſerved; the arts of deluſion were no longer continued to the efforts of deſigning individuals.

The very forbearance to preſs proſecutions, was miſinterpreted into a fear of urging the execution of the laws; and aſſociations of men began to denounce threats againſt the officers employed.—From a belief that, by a more formal concert, their operation might be defeated, certain ſelf-created ſocieties aſſumed the tone of condemnation. Hence, while the greater part of Pennſylvania itſelf were conforming themſelves to the acts of exciſe, a few counties were reſolved to fruſtrate them. It was now perceived, that every expectation, from the tenderneſs which had hitherto been purſued, was unavailing, and that further delay could only create an opinion of impotency, or irreſolution in the government. Legal proceſs, was, therefore, delivered to the marſhal, againſt the rioters and delinquent diſtillers.

No ſooner was he underſtood to be engaged in this duty, than the vengeance of armed men was aimed at his perſon, and the perſonal property of the inſpector of the revenue. They fired upon the marſhal, arreſted him, and detained him for ſome time as a priſoner. He was obliged, by the jeopardy of his life, to renounce the ſervice of other proceſs, on the weſt ſide of the Alleghany mountain; and a deputation was afterwards ſent to him to demand a ſurrender of that which he *had* ſerved. A numerous body repeatedly attacked the houſe of the inſpector, ſeized his papers of office, and finally deſtroyed, by fire, his buildings, and whatſoever they contained. Both of theſe officers, from a juſt regard to their ſafety, fled to the ſeat of government; it being avowed, that the motives of ſuch outrages were, to compel the reſignation of the inſpector; to withſtand, by the force of arms, the authority of the United States, and thereby to extort a repeal of the laws of exciſe, and an alteration in the conduct of government.

Upon the teſtimony of theſe facts, an aſſociate juſtice of the United States notified to me, that, "in the counties of Waſhington and Alleghany, in Pennſylvania, laws of the United States were oppoſed, and the execution thereof obſtructed, by combinations, too powerful to be ſuppreſſed by the ordinary courſe of judicial proceedings, or by the powers veſted in the marſhal of that diſtrict."—On this call, momentous in the extreme, I ſought and weighed what might beſt ſubdue the criſis. On the one hand, the judiciary was pronounced to be ſtripped of its capacity to enforce the laws: crimes, which reached the very exiſtence of ſocial order, were perpetrated without control, the friends of government were inſulted, abuſed, and over-awed into ſilence, or an apparent acquieſcence; and to yield to the treaſonable fury of ſo ſmall a portion of the United States, would be to violate the fundamental principle of our conſtitution, which enjoins, that the will of the majority ſhall prevail. On the other, to array citizen againſt citizen—to publiſh the diſhonor of ſuch exceſſes—to encounter the expenſe, and other embarraſſments of ſo diſtant an expedition, were ſteps too delicate—too cloſely interwoven with many affecting conſiderations, to be lightly adopted. I poſtponed, therefore, the ſummoning the militia immediately into the field: but I required them to be held in readineſs, that if my anxious endeavors to reclaim the deluded, and to convince the malignant of their danger, ſhould be fruitleſs, military force might be prepared to act, before the ſeaſon ſhould be too far advanced.

My proclamation of the 7th of Auguſt laſt, was accordingly iſſued, and accompanied by the appointment of commiſſioners, who were charged to repair to the ſcene of inſurrection. They were authoriſed to confer with any bodies of men or individuals. They were inſtructed to be candid and explicit, in ſtating the ſenſations which had been excited in the executive, and his earneſt wiſh to avoid a reſort to coercion; to repreſent, however, that without ſubmiſſion, coercion *muſt* be the reſort; but to invite them, at the ſame time, to return to the demeanor of faithful citizens, by ſuch accommodations as lay within the ſphere of the executive power—pardon, too, was tendered to them by the government of the United States, and that of Pennſylvania; upon no other condition, than a ſatisfactory aſſurance of obedience to the laws.

Although

Although the report of the commiſſioners marks their firmneſs and abilities, and muſt unite all virtuous men, by ſhewing that the means of conciliation have been exhauſted; all of thoſe who had committed, or abetted the tumults, did not ſubſcribe the mild form, which was propoſed, as the atonement; and the indications of a peaceable temper were neither ſufficiently general, nor concluſive to recommend or warrant a further ſuſpenſion of the march of the militia.

Thus, the painful alternative could not be diſcarded. I ordered the militia to march, after once more admoniſhing the inſurgents, in my proclamation of the 25th of September laſt.

It was a taſk, too difficult to aſcertain with preciſion, the loweſt degree of force competent to the quelling of the inſurrection. From a reſpect, indeed, to economy, and the eaſe of my fellow-citizens, belonging to the militia, it would have gratified me to accompliſh ſuch an eſtimate. My very great reluctance to aſcribe too much importance to the oppoſition, had its extent been accurately ſeen, would have been a decided inducement to the ſmalleſt efficient numbers. In this uncertainty, therefore, I put into motion fifteen thouſand men, as being an army, which, according to all human calculation, would be prompt, and adequate in every view, and might perhaps by rendering reſiſtance deſperate, prevent the effuſion of blood. Quotas had been aſſigned to the ſtates of New-Jerſey, Pennſylvania, Maryland and Virginia; the governor of Pennſylvania having declared, on this occaſion, an opinion which juſtified a requiſition to the other ſtates.

As commander in chief of the militia, when called into the actual ſervice of the United States, I have viſited the places of general rendezvous, to obtain more exact information, and to direct a plan for ulterior movements. Had there been room for a perſuaſion that the laws were ſecure from obſtruction—that the civil magiſtrate was able to bring to juſtice ſuch of the moſt culpable as have not embraced the proffered terms of amneſty, and may be deemed fit objects of example; that the friends of peace and good government were not in need of that aid and countenance which they ought always to receive, and I truſt, ever will receive againſt the vicious and turbulent, I ſhould have caught with avidity the opportunity of reſtoring the militia to their families and home. But ſucceeding intelligence has tended to manifeſt the neceſſity of what has been done; it being now confeſſed, by thoſe who were not inclined to exaggerate the ill conduct of the inſurgents, that their malevolence was not pointed merely to a particular law; but that a ſpirit, inimical to all order, has actuated many of the offenders. If the ſtate of things had afforded reaſon for the continuance of my preſence with the army, it would not have been withholden: but every appearance aſſuring ſuch an iſſue as will redound to the reputation and ſtrength of the United States—I have judged it moſt proper to reſume my duties at the ſeat of government, leaving the chief command with the governor of Virginia.

Still, however, as it is probable, that in a commotion like the preſent, whatſoever may be the pretence, the purpoſes of miſchief and revenge may not be laid aſide; the ſtationing of a ſmall force, for a certain period, in the four weſtern counties of Pennſylvania, will be indiſpenſable, whether we contemplate the ſituation of thoſe who are connected with the execution of the laws or of others, who may have expoſed themſelves by an honorable attachment to them.

Thirty days from the commencement of this ſeſſion, being the legal limitation of the employment of the militia, congreſs cannot be too early occupied with this ſubject.

Among the diſcuſſions, which may ariſe from this aſpect of our affairs, and from the documents which will be ſubmitted to congreſs, it will not eſcape their obſervation, that not only the inſpector of the revenue, but other officers of the United States in Pennſylvania, have—from their fidelity in the diſcharge of their functions, ſuſtained material injuries to their property. The obligation and policy of indemnifying them, are ſtrong and obvious. It may alſo merit attention, whether policy will not enlarge this proviſion to the retribution of our citizens, who, though not under the ties of office, may have ſuffered damage by their generous exertions for upholding the conſtitution and the laws. The amount, even if all the injured were included, would not be great; and on future emergencies, the government would be amply repaid by the influence of an example, that he, who incurs a loſs in its defence, ſhall find a recompenſe in its liberality.

While there is cauſe to lament that occurrences

currences of this nature ſhould have diſgraced the name; or interrupted the tranquility, of any part of our community, or ſhould have diverted to a new application, any portion of the public reſources, there are not wanting real and ſubſtantial conſolations for the misfortune. It has demonſtrated that our proſperity reſts on ſolid foundations; by furniſhing an additional proof, that my fellow-citizens underſtand the true principles of government and liberty; that they feel their inſeparable union, that, notwithſtanding all the devices that have been made uſe of to ſway them from their intereſt and duty, they are now as ready to maintain the authority of the laws againſt licentious invaſions, as they were to defend their rights againſt uſurpation. It has been a ſpectacle, diſplaying to the higheſt advantage the value of republican government, to behold the moſt and leaſt wealthy of our citizens ſtanding in the ſame ranks as private ſoldiers; pre-eminently diſtinguiſhing, by being the army of the conſtitution; undeterred by a march of three hundred miles over rugged mountains, by the approach of an inclement ſeaſon, or by any other diſcouragement. Nor ought I to omit to acknowledge the efficacious and patriotic co-operation which I have experienced from the chief magiſtrates of the ſtates to which my requiſitions have been addreſſed.

To every deſcription, indeed, of citizens, let praiſe be given; but let them perſevere in their affectionate vigilance over that precious depoſitory of American happineſs, the conſtitution of the United States. Let them cheriſh it too, for the ſake of thoſe, who, from every clime, are daily ſeeking a dwelling in our land. And when, in the calm moments of reflection, they ſhall have retraced the origin and progreſs of the inſurrection, let them determine, whether it has not been fomented by combinations of men, who, careleſs of conſequences, and diſregarding the unerring truth, that thoſe, who rouſe, cannot always appeaſe a civil convulſion, have diſſeminated, from an ignorance or perverſion of facts, ſuſpicions, jealouſies, and accuſations of the whole government.

Having thus fulfilled the engagement which I took, when I entered into office, "to the beſt of my ability to preſerve, protect and defend the conſtitution of the United States," on you, gentlemen, and the people by whom you are deputed, I rely for ſupport.

In the arrangements to which the poſſibility of a ſimilar contingency will naturally draw your attention, it ought not to be forgotten, that the militia laws have exhibited ſuch ſtriking defects, as could not have been ſupplied but by the zeal of our citizens. Beſides the extraordinary expenſe, and waſte, which are not the leaſt of the defects; every appeal to thoſe laws is attended with a doubt on its ſucceſs.

The deviſing and eſtabliſhing of a well regulated militia, would be a genuine ſource of legiſlative honor, and a perfect title to public gratitude. I therefore, entertain a hope, that the preſent ſeſſion will not paſs, without carrying to its full energy, the power of organizing, arming and diſciplining the militia; and thus providing, in the language of the conſtitution, for calling them forth to execute the laws of the union, ſuppreſs inſurrection, and repel invaſion.

As auxiliary to the ſtate of our defence, to which congreſs cannot too frequently recur, they will not omit to inquire whether the fortifications which have been already licenſed by law, be commenſurate with our exigencies.

The intelligence from the army under the command of General WAYNE, is a happy preſage to our military operations againſt the hoſtile Indians north of the *Ohio*. From the advices which have been forwarded, the advance he has made muſt have damped the ardor of the ſavages, and weakened their obſtinacy in waging war againſt the United States, and yet, even at this late hour, when our power to puniſh them cannot be queſtioned, we ſhall not be unwilling to cement a laſting peace, upon terms of candor, equity, and good neighborhood.

Towards none of the Indian tribes have overtures of friendſhip been ſpared. The Creeks in particular are covered from encroachment by the interpoſition of the general government, and that of *Georgia*. From a deſire alſo to remove the diſcontents of the ſix nations, a ſettlement, meditated at *Preſq'Iſle*, on *Lake Erie*, has been ſuſpended; and an agent is now endeavoring to rectify any miſconceptions into which they may have fallen. But I cannot refrain from again preſſing upon your deliberations, the plan which I recommended at the laſt ſeſſion, for the improvement of harmony within our limits, by the fixing and conducting of trading houſes, upon the principles then expreſſed.

Gentlemen

Gentlemen of the house of representatives,

The time which has elapsed since the commencement of our fiscal measures, has developed our pecuniary resources, so as to open a way for a definitive plan for the redemption of our public debt. It is believed, that the result is such as to encourage congress to consummate this work without delay. Nothing can more promote the permanent welfare of the nation, and nothing would be more grateful to our constituents. Indeed, whatsoever is unfinished of our system of public credit, cannot be benefitted by procrastination, and as far as may be practicable, we ought to place that credit on grounds which cannot be disturbed, and to prevent that progressive accumulation of debt, which must ultimately endanger all governments.

An estimate of the necessary appropriations, including the expenditures into which we have been driven by the insurrection, will be submitted to congress.

Gentlemen of the senate, and of the house of representatives,

The mint of the United States has entered upon the coinage of the precious metals, and considerable sums of defective coins and bullion have been lodged with the director by individuals. There is a pleasing prospect, that the institution will, at no remote day, realize the expectation which was originally formed of its utility.

In subsequent communications, certain circumstances of our intercourse with foreign nations, will be transmitted to congress; however, it may not be unseasonable to announce, that my policy, in our foreign transactions, has been, to cultivate peace with all the world—To observe treaties with pure and absolute faith—to check every deviation from the line of impartiality—to explain what may have been misapprehended—and correct what may have been injurious to any nation; and having thus acquired the right, to lose no time in acquiring the ability, to insist upon justice being done ourselves.

Let us unite, therefore, in imploring the Supreme Ruler of nations, to spread his holy protection over these United States, return the machinations of the wicked to the confirming of our constitution—to enable us at all times to root out internal sedition, and put invasion to flight—to perpetuate to our country that prosperity which his goodness has already conferred, and to verify the anticipations of this government being a safeguard to human rights.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

United States, Nov. 19, 1794.

MARRIAGES.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boston*, Mr. Simon Hastings to Miss Mindwell Andrews; Mr. Joseph Balch to Miss Hannah Pope; Capt. Ezekiel Burroughs to Miss Sally Torry; Mr. Joseph Bond, of Watertown, to Miss Ruth Chittendon, of Scituate.

Dorchester, Mr. John Clapp, of Roxbury, to Miss Sukey Robins of Dorchester.

Hingham, Mr. Zeabilon Hall to Miss Patty Beals.

Salem, Mr. John Kettle, of Danvers, to Mrs. Ann Smith of Beverly.

Springfield, Mr. Pelatiah Bliss to Miss Polly Stebbins.

Watertown, Mr. John Williams to Miss Rhoda Willington.

Kittery, Mr. Joseph Keen to Miss Hannah Berald.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—*Concord*, Lieut. Ebenezer Durton to Miss Betsey Bryant.

Portsmouth, Mr. Joseph Dearborn to Miss Sally Seavey; Mr. Robert Oliver to Miss Mary Rand; Mr. John Libbey to Miss Comfort Noble; Mr. George Ham to Miss Joanna Beck; Mr. Walter Weeks to Miss Sarah Talton.

NEW-YORK.—Mr. Benjamin Shaw, of Boston, to Miss Charity Smith.

DEATHS.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Boston*, Capt. John Phillips, late of Canada, 58; Mrs. Mary Phillips, Mr. John Armstrong, 46; Mrs. Eunice Walner, 87; Mrs. Hannah Baxter 67; Mrs. Mary Gore, 39; Miss Hannah White, 22; Mrs. Sarah Sweetzer, 88.

Ipswich, Mr. Benjamin Fellows.

Shrewsbury, Mr. Simeon Parker.

RHODE-ISLAND.—*Cumberland*, Mr. E. Dexter.

Warren, Dr. Isaac Barras, 34.

VERMONT.—*Currituck*, Col. Hollowell Williams and his Lady.

CONNECTICUT.—*Hartford*, Miss Sally Olcot.

Norfolk, Capt. W. Bell.

VERMONT.—*Nansemond*, Solomon Shepherd, Esq.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Philadelphia*, Mr. Samuel Downe, of the yellow fever.

Between Forts HAMILTON and RECOVERY, by the Indians, Mr. Elliot.

WEST-INDIES, Mr. John Adams, 23, son of Mr. Elijah Adams of this town.

THE

MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY MUSEUM

OF

KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL *ENTERTAINMENT.*

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MDCCXCIV.

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December.	Six per Cents.	Three per Cents.	Defer'd Stock.	Maſſachuſ. State Notes.	U.S.B. Shares. ab. par.	Maſſachuſ. Bank Shares.	Union Bank Shares. ab. pr.	Final & L. Of. Cert. inter. fr. Jan. 1788.	Reg. Dt. with int. fr. March 4, 1789.	Indents. Int. on Loan Offi. Cer. & Reg. Dt.	New Emiſſion Money.	O. Emiſ. Mo.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	per ct.	dols.	per ct.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s.
1	20	11 4	13 2	16	32	None	11	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
2	20	11 4	13 2	16	32	at	11	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
3	20	11 4	13 2	16	32	mkt.	11	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
4	20	11 4	13 2	16	32		11	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
5	20	11 4	13 2	16	32		11	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
6	20	11 4	13 2	16 1	32		11	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
8	20	11 4	13 2	16 1	31		11	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
9	20	11 4	13 2	16 1	31		11	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
10	20	11 4	13 2	16 2	31		12	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
11	19 10	11 3	13	16 2	30		12	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
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13	19 10	11 3	13	16 2	30		12	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
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16	19 10	11 3	13	16 3	30		12	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
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18	19 10	11 3	13	16 3	30		12	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45
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31	19 4	11	12 9	16 3	30		13	19 0	17 6	10 6	8 0	45

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WINTER.

THE MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

FOR *DECEMBER*, 1794.

WINTER.

[The annexed PLATE is an emblematical representation of WINTER.]

THE wisdom and the power of the great Architect of the universe are not more conspicuous, in the worlds, which to the astronomer's view, rise on world, than is his goodness in the support furnished for the creatures that inhabit the earth. The natural causes, which occasion the frost and the storms of winter, give all the inhabitants of the earth, in turn, the beauties of Spring, the warmth of Summer, and the bounty of Autumn. Should the presiding Deity withdraw his hand from the system of nature, the heavenly bodies would interfere, and the beautiful structure of the solar system would return to its former chaos. Should the earth meet with obstruction in its diurnal motion, we might be scorched with the instant blaze of the sun, or left in perpetual frost and darkness. But uniform is the operation of the great principle of nature, benevolent is its Author, and with devout gratitude we may exclaim, Allelujah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

" Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!

Winter, that apparently is the destruction of vegetable life, fertilizes the ground.

" At present the earth is buried under ice and snow—the inhabitants of the forest howl more hideously—the wild beasts are pressed with hunger, the whole world appears dead: But under this appearance of death, God watches over fainting nature, and calls to existence things which are not yet in being."

Remember, ye wealthy and affluent, the sons and daughters of affliction and distress! Think of those, into whose shattered dwellings poverty enters to increase the inclemency and the horrors of the present season. Distribute bread to the hungry, and clothes to the naked.

Be

p the miniſters of heaven to the
or and the ſorrowful, God will
cept the tribute as the moſt pleaſ-
ng ſacrifice, and the bleſſing of
thoſe who were ready to periſh ſhall
come upon you——

——"Thought fond man
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills,
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life,
One ſcene of toil, of ſuff'ring, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs, rambling Impulſe, lean to think;
The conſcious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide ſoul Benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the ſocial paſſions work."

As paſs the ſeaſons of the year, ſo paſs the periods of human life.

"'Tis done! dread winter ſpreads his lateſt glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His deſolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life; paſs ſome few years,
Thy flow'ring ſpring, thy ſummer's ardent ſtrength,
The ſober autumn fading into age,
And pale, concluding winter comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the ſcene. Ah, whither now are fled
Thoſe dreams of greatneſs? thoſe unſolid hopes
Of happineſs? thoſe longings after fame?
Thoſe reſtleſs cares? thoſe buſy buſtling days?
Thoſe gay ſpent, feſtive nights? thoſe veering thoughts,
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life?
All now are vaniſh'd. Virtue ſole ſurvives,
Immortal, never failing friend of man,
His guide to happineſs on high.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The INVESTIGATOR. No. V.

The tune of my Colin, has ceas'd
To rouſe up the ſmile of content;
He once had my ſorrow appeas'd,
But now can no ſorrow prevent.

I feel that my riches are gone,
I know that my Colin is poor;
Then how can my nature be ſhown,
When poverty knocks at the door?

When the poor little child of deſpair,
All naked and wretched appears,
With form, that's enchantingly fair,
Yet waſh'd with the tide of her tears.

But, ah, I have nothing to give;
Yet, how can I turn her away?
How ſee the ſweet innocent grieve?
Or hear ſhe is gone to decay.

WHILE we allow *keen ſenſibility* to be one of the fineſt and moſt amiable traits in the character of man; one of the greateſt ſources of benevolence and humanity; we muſt, though ever ſo unwilling, pronounce the cauſe of wretchedneſs and affliction to many of its poſſeſſors. It is an indubitable fact recorded in legible characters on the death-roll of every nation.

May we not with propriety, in our reflections on human nature, ſet it down as a matter of doubt which is the happieſt of the two; the man who poſſeſſes a delicate formation of nerves, who melts at the

the tale of sorrow; shudders at the sound of affliction, and as far as in him lies, pours the oil of consolation into the wounds of misery; or the man, who jogs on through life with honesty and good nature for his companions; though little affected at any, save his own bodily infirmities, yet willing, if necessity required, to lend a lift "in helping a fallen brother, but awkward at weeping with the child of sensibility, and willing to bear the appellation of phlegmatic? Some, at first view, may be led to pronounce in favour of the former, and even allege it is beyond a doubt, that he is he happiest." To such we would recommend the study of human nature, and a dose of reflection which like elixir-asmatic has, happily, the power of quieting the nerves of inconsiderate impetuosity and of stopping the mouth of impudent folly.

The pleasure of that man, whose every feeling is alive, being founded on a peculiarity of incidents; being closely connected with the situation and circumstances of those around him, and particularly dependent on the interest he possesses; that very little occurrence affects him materially. If he sees an object of charity, his happiness depends upon alleviating his misery; the accomplishment of which is not optional, but dependent on the property of him, who has a desire to bestow. Now, if he is poor, he will not only have the pain, which arises from viewing a fellow mortal in distress, but the reflection of his impossibility to assist him.

The satisfaction and delight he experiences, be they ever so great, are of so nice and frail a nature, so peculiarly mental, that the closet of retirement seems to be the chief place of enjoyment. His passing by a scene of riot and dissipation (if a man of morality,) upon his return from visiting an expiring wretch, whom he had in vain attempted to relieve; must awake in his mind sensations truly distressing; such sensations, as the closet, instead of diminishing, would greatly increase.

An inadvertent remark on some character present, though contrary to the knowledge of the man of feeling; a remark trivial in itself, separate from its being made on a character, supposed to be absent, would unfit him for the pleasure of the society he was in, and afford ample reflection for the night ensuing.

The phlegmatic person, though he does not possess these finer feelings, is far from being brutal, stupid, or unthoughtful. The above mentioned incidents, it is true, affect him, but not so materially; they do not raise that disquietude in his mind, which operates so powerfully on the other, but give a pang like the electric shock, which is soon over. The time, which the other spends in viewing the minute occurrences of nature; he occupies in surveying the grand and mighty whole. His ideas are certainly more enlarged, though perhaps not so correct; while the other is gazing his life-time on a single planet, to trace out the finger of Deity, he looks on the sea, earth and heavenly bodies, with rapture and astonishment, as the works of God.

Though the pleasures of the phlegmatic are not so delicate and refined, they are more substantial, and unaccompanied with that anxiety, which gives a zest to those of the man of feeling. Is he not as beneficial to his neighbours as the former? They are generally of the same cast with himself: Now, if he

is,

...ch I think is beyond a doubt, ... is valuable a member of society. ...e endearments of life to him ...ar greater: he feels more con... ...ed with his condition; for it is ... that he expects his greatest enjoyments; the most solid happiness, and the only corporal pleasure. As to honesty and religion, they have an equal claim, for they are by no means connected with either, that is, it does not require honesty or religion to make a man keenly sensible, or truly phlegmatic. It is true he has an idea of heaven, and supposes it a place of solemn holiness, real virtue, and unending bliss; but cannot relish those fine poetic descriptions, which awake the lively imagination to ecstacy of delight, and elevate the soul to a foretaste of those celestial regions.

"Where all united praise the eternal One,
As from the orient rolls the radiant sun;
All join in concert, all in sacred praise
Attune their harps, and strike celestial lays,
Unceasing glory swells the holy space,
And little cherubs hymn eternal peace."

The man of keen sensibility, if poor, is miserable for life, without benefitting the meanest of creation. To the rich it opens a vein of happiness, not to be enjoyed by himself so much as by the sons of misfortune, who claim his protection, or inhabit his neigbbourhood. Its operations on the mind are so diversified, and lead to actions so entirely different in themselves, that it is impossible oftentimes to distinguish its subjects from those of folly. In *Harley's* munificence to the beggar, and attention to the unfortunate Miss Atkins, we behold its divine operations, and instinctively admire the man. But when we see "The Ghost, or oddish man" pinching the ear of a favourite lapdog, for laying in a chair, once occupied by this beloved and deceased friend, we may laugh at the action, but lose all respect for the character. Yet both of these were men of the tenderest feeling and keenest sensibility; their former actions evinced it—it was indisputable.

There are many things in life the generality of mankind look upon as trifling and unworthy attention, which to men of feeling, are materially pleasing or disgusting. It is with minds as with bodies; some can walk over stones and briers without feeling in the least incommoded, while a pebble in the shoe of *Harley* unfits him for pleasure.

A kind of lunacy is ever in attendant on people of this tender description; they appear contiually in a state of listlessness, alway aiming at something new and deal, which gives not only unhapiness to themselves, but renders them disagreeable to those who are their companions in life. They generally view the world on its sombre side; and sorrow cuts them with its sharpest edge. This makes them cry out with Goldsmith—

And what is friendship, but a name
A charm, that lulls to sleep;
A shade, that follows wealth, or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

The phlegmatic person is pretty easy and contented; willing to suppose others as good as himself; and if ever we hear him break forth in rapturous language, it is with Edwin, in this beautiful stanza.

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
For earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

The

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The ESSAYIST. No. XIII.

AVARICE.

——*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,*
Auri ſacra fames! VIRG.

Inſatiate avarice, curſed thirſt for gain!
What age, what nation has not own'd thy ſway!
Deſpair and horror wanton in thy train;
Crimes, pains, and ſlaughters, mark thy dreadful way,

MANY and various are the paſſions, which reign in the human heart. Of theſe, no one, perhaps is more deſpicable, with reſpect to its object, or more pernicious in its conſequences, than avarice. The miſchiefs, which it has occaſioned in the natural, civil, and moral world, deform the faithful page of hiſtory, and mark with blood the annals of man.

For one dreadful example let us turn our eyes to the conqueſt of Mexico and Peru. We there ſee the Spaniards, inſtigated by an inſatiable thirſt for gold, encountering the moſt incredible hardſhips, fatigues, and dangers; burſting every ſacred band of virtue, religion, and humanity; and wading to boundleſs wealth, through the blood of millions. The ſhocking barbarities exerciſed on thoſe, who had nothing barbarous but the *name*, and whoſe only crime was *to be rich*, have ſtamped indelible infamy on the characters of the brutal conquerors of the new world, and will never be forgotten, nor ceaſe to be deplored, while the leaſt ſpark of benevolence remains in the breaſt of man.

But the unhappy ſubject of this deſpotic paſſion ſuffers in himſelf greater miſeries, if poſſible, than thoſe, which he occaſions to others. He muſt therefore be allowed to poſſeſs *one virtue*, if he can boaſt no other. He loves his neighbour and himſelf with equal affection. He is perfectly diſintereſted in all his dealings, for he never conſults his own happineſs. Though immerſed in gold, the miſer is waſted with anxiety ſtill to accumulate. The pooreſt beggar has infinitely more real enjoyment, than this ſelf-tormentor. His affections know no object but riches; he adores no god but gold. He is guilty of the worſt of frauds; he cheats himſelf. He grudges the ſcanty pittance, which is neceſſary to ſupport his attenuated frame. In ſhort, he is an enemy to himſelf, a plague to his connexions, a peſt to ſociety, and a diſgrace to humanity.

At this dear rate do miſers purchaſe gold?
For glittering duſt is every pleaſure ſold?
Is honeſt fame with all its charms reſign'd,
Which feeds, which fills, which fires the high-born mind?
Muſt ſocial joys, and friendſhip's ſacred ties,
To ſordid avarice fall a ſacrifice?
Is innocence, and heaven and virtue loſt,
That here a uſeleſs treaſure they may boaſt?
Then farewel, gilded poiſon, farewel wealth!
Give me, kind heaven, but peace, content, and health;
Enough to ſpare, the beggar's ſuit to grant;
Relieve the widow's and the orphan's want;
Enough to cheer the fainting heart of grief,
And yield to modeſt ſuffering worth relief;
I aſk no more; the reſt let others ſhare;
For more would be the poverty I fear.

GALLANTRY:

GALLANTRY: An Anecdote.

THE following is an account of the courageous behaviour of one Gillet, a French quarter maſter, who, going home to his friends, had the good fortune to ſave the life of a young woman, attacked by two ruffians. He fell upon them, ſabre in hand, unlocked the jaw of the firſt villain, who held a poinard to her breaſt, and at one ſtroke pared the nails of the other (who was armed with a piſtol) juſt above the wriſt. Money was offered by the grateful parents; he refuſed it; they offered him their daughter, a young girl of 16, in marriage; the veteran, then in his 73d year, declined, ſaying, "Do you think that I have reſcued her from inſtant death, to put her to a lingering one, by coupling ſo lively a body with one worn out with age?" This action has been recorded by one of the beſt painters in Paris, and was exhibited, not long ſince, in the royal gallery at the Louvre. Several of the ſpectators wiſhed to ſee the hero of the tale; after ſome reſearches, the modern Perſeus was found in the infirmary within the college of invalids, where he had been for three months, without having uttered a word of his adventure. Monſieur de —— preſident of the parliament, brought him to the Louvre, where he was received amidſt the applauſe and congratulations of perſons of the firſt rank, who were all eager in offering him money; but this he abſolutely refuſed to accept of. The Governor of the college obtained of the then Miniſter, that the annuity of 200 livres, ſhould be continued to him during life, though that kind of half pay generally ceaſes when a veteran accepts of a retreat in the invalids.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

[Related in a letter from a gentleman at Smyrna to his friend in London.]

IN the night of the 5th of laſt June, the inhabitants of the iſland of Tonedos, in the Archipelago, were very much alarmed by ſeveral very ſevere ſhocks of an earthquake. In the morning, to their great ſurpriſe, they diſcovered a ſmall iſland, about half a mile in circumference, emerged from the ſea, between them and the Aſiatic ſhore. In the center was obſerved a ſmall volcano, out of which iſſued ſmoke of a reddiſh hue. When I heard this extraordinary account, I was determined to be an eye witneſs of it, and therefore hired a ſmall veſſel, which ſoon conveyed me there. I was told it had increaſed much ſince the night it firſt ſprung, and ſtill continued doing the ſame.

As the inhabitants are very ignorant and ſuperſtitious, they were afraid to venture near it; I therefore ſet out for the ſpot with my ſervant: We tied the boat to a rock of the new iſland, and proceeded upon it. I obſerved ſeveral branches of coral diſperſed upon the iſland; likewiſe, different ſorts of ſhellfiſh. A moſt wonderful noiſe proceeded from the volcano, reſembling the rumbling of waggons.

System of WAR among the INDIANS.

[From Dr. WILLIAMS's History of Vermont.]

THE civil regulations of the savages were all designed to qualify and prepare them for war. Among the causes that lead to this, an opposition of interests, was the most common and powerful. No people ever had more clear, or more just ideas of their own rights and property, than the Indians. They not only understood their own personal rights, but they were perfectly well acquainted with the rights and property, that were vested in the tribe. Each tribe claimed the soil in their own domains. This right was viewed as complete, perfect, and exclusive: Such as entitled them to the full and entire possession; and to oppose by force and violence, all encroachments upon the soil, or game, in any part of the their territories. The bounds of these territories were extensive, and ill defined. Real or supposed encroachments and injuries, were constantly taking place. Hence arose innumerable subjects of dispute and controversy, which easily inflamed the fierceness of the savage temper, and brought on mutual injuries, reproaches, hostilities, and war. In this state, most of the Indian tribes were found. Interest had become a source of discord, among the neighbouring tribes. From this cause, arose most of their inveterate and perpetual wars.

The manner in which the Indians carry on their wars, is very different from that of civilized nations. To defend themselves against an enemy, they have no other fortification but an irregular kind of fortress, which they call a castle, or fat. It consisted of a square, without bastions, surrounded with palisadoes. This was erected where the most considerable number of the tribe resided, and was designed as an asylum for their old men, their women, and children, while the rest of the tribe were gone out to war.—The weapons of the Indian were a club made of hard wood, a bow and arrow. Thus armed, the Indian takes with him a small bag of corn, and is completely equipped for a campaign. When he takes the field, it is with such a number of warriors as the tribe can supply. During their march, they are dispersed in straggling companies, that they may better supply themselves by hunting. When they approach near to the enemies' frontiers, their troops are more collected: All is then caution, stratagem, secresy, and ambuscade. Their employment as hunters has taught them great address and vigilance, in following and surprising the game. Their mode of war is the same, as that of hunting. With great ingenuity, they will find and follow the track of their enemies: With a surprising patience and perseverance, they will wait for the moment, when they find him the least able to defend himself. And when they can find an enemy unprepared, they make their attack with great fury, and with pretty sure success. In their battles, they always endeavour to secure themselves behind the trees or rocks, and never meet their enemy in the open field, or upon equal terms, if they can avoid it. The method of the Europeans, of deciding a battle in the open field, they regard as extreme folly and want of prudence. Their established maxims are to obtain a superiority in situation, numbers, concealment, or some other circumstance before the battle: In

In this way, to preſerve the lives of their own party, and deſtroy their enemies, with as little loſs as poſſible to themſelves. A victory obtained with the loſs of many of their own party, is a matter of grief and diſgrace, rather than of exultation: And it is no honour to fall in the field of battle, but viewed rather as an evidence of want of wiſdom, diſcernment, and circumſpection.—When the attack is to be made, nothing can excede the courage and impetuoſity of the ſavage. The onſet begins with a general outcry, terminating in a univerſal yell. Of all the ſounds that diſcord has produced, the Indian warwhoop is the moſt awful and horrid. It is deſigned and adapted to increaſe the ardour of thoſe who make the attack, and to carry terror and horror into the feelings of thoſe, on whom the attack is made. The Indians immediately come forward, and begin the ſcene of outrage and death. All is then a ſcene of fury, impetuoſity, and vengeance. So great is the rage of the ſavage, that he has no regard to diſcipline, ſubordination, and order. Revenge, takes an entire poſſeſſion of his ſoul: Forgetful of all order, regardleſs of diſcipline and danger, he aims only to butcher and deſtroy.—If the Indians remain maſters of the field, they always ſtrip and ſcalp the dead. Leaving the bodies of their enemies, naked, unburied, and often mangled, they carry off the plunder and ſcalps, and make a very ſwift and ſudden retreat. Upon their approach to their own tribe, a herald is ſent forward to announce the event: The tribe is collected, and the conquerors make their entry with their enſigns of triumph: The ſcalps ſtretched upon a bow, and elevated upon a pole, are carried before them, as the tokens of their valour and ſucceſs, and monuments of the vengeance they have inflicted upon the enemies of their country.

The priſoners which they have taken, make an important part of their triumph. The ſavages are anxious to take as many of theſe as poſſible. During their march, they are generally treated with a degree of humanity and kindneſs; but the greateſt care is taken to prevent their eſcape. When they arrive at the place of their deſtination, the old men, women, and children of the Indian tribe, form themſelves into two lines, through which the priſoners muſt run the gantlet to the village. If the priſoner is young, active, and a good runner, he makes his way through the lines without receiving much injury. If he is weak, old, and infirm, he receives much damage by the blows, ſtripes, and bruiſes, he receives. When this ſcene is finiſhed, the priſoners are conducted to the village, treated with apparent good humour, and fed as well as the Indians' fare admits.

To the village, thus aſſembled, the head warrior of the party relates every particular of the expedition. When he mentions their loſſes, a bitter grief and ſorrow appears in the whole aſſembly. When he pronounces the names of the dead, their wives, relations, and friends, put forth the moſt bitter ſhrieks, and cries. But no one aſks any queſtion, or interrupts the ſpeaker with any inquiry. The laſt ceremony is to proclaim the victory. Every individual forgets his own loſs and misfortune, and joins in the triumph of his nation. Their tears ceaſe, and with one of the moſt unaccountable tranſitions in human nature, they paſs at once from

from the bitterneſs of ſorrow to all the extravagance of joy. The whole concludes with a ſavage feaſt, ſongs, and dance.

The fate of the priſoners is next to be decided. The elders and chiefs aſſemble and deliberate concerning their deſtiny. The women and children are diſpoſed of, according to the pleaſure of their captors; but they are ſeldom or never put to torture, or death. Of the men, ſome are appointed to ſupply the places of ſuch Indians as have fallen in battle. Theſe are delivered to their friends and relations, and if they are received by them, they have no ſufferings to fear: They are adopted into the family, and ſucceed to all the privileges of the deceaſed; and are eſteemed as friends, brothers, and near relations. But if they are not received and admitted into the family, or if they are deſtined to be put to death, a moſt diſtreſſing and horrid ſcene enſues.

A ſtake is fixed firmly in the ground. At the diſtance of eight or ten feet, dry wood, leaves, and faggots, are placed in a circle round the ſtake: And the whole village is collected, to bear their part in the tragedy, which is to enſue. The priſoner is led to the ſtake, and tied to it by his hands, in ſuch a manner that he may move freely round it. Fire is ſet to the wood, that as it runs round the circle, the unhappy victim may be forced to run the ſame way. As the ſufferings of the priſoner begin to become ſevere, the acclamations of the ſpectators begin. The men, women, and children, ſtrive to exceed each other, in finding out new and keener methods of torment. Some apply red hot irons, others ſtab and cut with their knives, others mangle and tear off the fleſh, others again bite off the nails and joints, or twiſt and tear the ſinews. Every ſpecies and degree of cruelty, that ſavage rancour and revenge can invent and apply, is tried upon the wretched ſufferer. But great care is taken that the vital parts may not be ſo injured, as to bring the torments of the victim to a ſpeedy end.—In this horrid ſituation, the ſufferer is undaunted and intrepid. He reviles and inſults his tormentors. He accuſes them of cowardice, meanneſs, and want of ſpirit; as ignorant, unſkilful, and deſtitute of ingenuity and invention in the art of tormenting. Not a groan, a ſigh, a tear, or a ſorrowful look, is ſuffered to eſcape him. To inſult his tormentors, to diſplay undaunted and unalterable fortitude in this dreadful ſituation, is the moſt noble of all the triumphs of the warrior. With an unaltered countenance, and with the deciſive tone of dignity and ſuperior importance, the hero proceeds with great calmneſs to ſing the ſong of his death—"Intrepid and brave, I feel no pain, and I fear no torture. I have ſlain, I have conquered, I have burnt mine enemies; and my countrymen will avenge my blood. Ye are a nation of dogs, of cowards, and women. Ye know not how to conquer, to ſuffer, or to torture. Prolong and increaſe my torments, that ye may learn from my example how to ſuffer and behave like men!" With ſuch unconquerable magnanimity and fortitude, the ſufferer perſeveres under ever method of torment and torture. Wearied with cruelty, and tired with tormenting the man whoſe fortitude they cannot move, one of the chiefs, in a rage, concludes the ſcene, by knocking the priſoner on the head, or ſtabbing him to the heart.

Theſe ſcenes, however, were not

common.

common. They seem to have been kind of honours, reserved for the warriors; and were the trials of their courage and fortitude. And nothing was esteemed more base and ignominious, than to shrink from them, or to shew any sense of fear or pain under them.

When the prisoners were adopted into the tribe of the conquerors, nothing could exceed the kindness and affection, with which they were treated. All distinction of tribes was forgot; they held the same rank as the deceased person, whose place they filled; and were treated with all the tenderness due to the husband, the brother, the child or friend. And it was generally the case, that the savages avoided abuse and cruelty to the women and children, that fell into their hands.

The Indian method of carrying on a war, was so contrary to the maxims and customs of all civilized nations, that some of the European writers, judging from their own customs, have concluded it was founded on cowardice, and arose from an ignoble and timid spirit, afraid to meet its opposers on equal ground, and depending wholly on craft, and not at all on courage and firmness of mind. No conclusion was ever further from the truth. When placed in a critical and dangerous situation, no people ever discovered more valour, firmness, and intrepidity. When subdued, an Indian was never known to ask for his life. When compelled to suffer, the Indian bore it with a steadiness, a fortitude, and a magnanimity, unknown to all other nations; and of which, there are no examples in the history of war.—His method of war did not arise from a sense and fear of danger; he was well acquainted, and always in the midst of this; but it arose from his situation and employment, and was perfectly well adapted to it. From his situation and employment as an hunter, he acquired the art of ambuscade and surprise; and the method with which he could best succeed in taking his game, he found to be the most successful to ensnare and overcome his enemy. The situation and state of the country, overspread with thick forests, lead to the same method. The situation of the tribe, scattered and dispersed in the woods, suggested the same idea. The method of fighting could not be in the open fields, but among the trees. And he wisely placed the point of honour, in the public good; where the prospect and the probability of his success lay. Had the honour of the Indian warrior been placed, in courting fame and victory in the open field, the whole tribe would have been destroyed by the effusion of blood that must have succeeded. His maxims, therefore, were better chosen, and they were such as every circumstance in his situation and employment, naturally led him to: Not in an useless ostentation of daring courage and boldness, but in the public utility and advantage. So far as an enterprize depended on secresy, subtlety, surprize, and impetuosity, the Indian method of war seems to have been fully equal to the European. The Spaniards, the French, the English, and the states of America, have had many and painful proofs of their address and prowess in this method. But when a fort was erected, or a small fortification to be carried, the Indian method of war wholly failed. Neither their arms, their arts, or their customs, were of any avail here. Wholly unacquainted with the art of fortification, they could neither erect,

or

or take a fort of any ſtrength.—When the Europeans had once got poſſeſſion of any part of their country, and erected a ſmall fortification in their territories, they held it by a ſure poſſeſſion. The ſavages were wholly unable to diſpoſſeſs them by their method of war, and nothing was left for them but to retreat further into the foreſts.—In this way, the Engliſh and French were making conſtant advances into their country; and their art of war afforded them no ſufficient means, either to prevent or to redreſs it. But when the Europeans followed them into the woods, where their ſtrength and art might be employed to advantage, the Indians generally ſurpriſed and defeated their armies, with great havoc and ſlaughter.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The REPOSITORY. No. XXVII.

AN *undue* elevation muſt always be painful to an ingenuous mind. The trembling ſpirit, perturbed and anxious, ſurveys the picture, by a luxuriant fancy portrayed; it beholds it upon a lofty eminence; it compares it with the original; even ſelf-love heſitates to acknowledge a ſtriking conformity of lineaments, and honeſt veracity will hardly admit a reſemblance. The delicately ſuſceptible ſubject of too high wrought panegyrick, catches a glance at the ſtar-wreathed ſummit, on which imagination hath placed him; he ſnatches an agitated look; the conſcious bluſh is upon his cheek, and, all abaſhed, he ſinks to the valley below. It is true that praiſe is undoubtedly ſweet to the ear: It is like the gently murmuring ſtream, to the traveller emerging from the deſert, who, ſpent by a fatiguing march through a long, barren, and ſandy waſte, bleſſes the limpid flow of the reſtoring waters. Yet *reaſon* aſſures us, that time will awake our eulogiſt; that we ſhall not always be viewed through falſe opticks, but that ſooner or later, our abilities being impartially appreciated, our genuine character, with all its *real powers, yea*, and all its *imbecilities too*, will in its proper colours be diſcloſed.

CONSTANTIA.

The CONSTANT LOVERS: Or, the Adventures of PEDRO and CELESTINA.—*A TALE.*

[By the Chevalier de FLORIAN.]

CELESTINA, at ſeventeen, was the moſt admired beauty in Grenada. She was an orphan and heireſs to an immenſe fortune, under the guardianſhip of an old and avaricious uncle, whoſe name was Alonzo, and who paſſed his days in counting ducats, and his nights in ſilencing ſerenades, nocturnally addreſſed to Celeſtina. His deſign was to marry her, for the ſake of her great fortune, to his own ſon, Henriquez, who had ſtudied ten years in the univerſity of Salamanca, and was now able to explain Cornelius Nepos tolerably well.

Almoſt

Almoſt all the cavaliers of Grenada were in love with Celeſtina. As they could only obtain a ſight of her, at maſs, the church ſhe frequented was filled with great numbers of the handſomeſt and moſt accompliſhed youths of the country.

One of the moſt diſtinguiſhed among theſe was Don Pedro, a captain of cavalry, about twenty, not very rich, but of one of the firſt families. Handſome, polite, and witty, he drew on himſelf the eyes of all the ladies of Grenada; though he himſelf paid attention to none but Celeſtina; while ſhe, not inſenſible to his attachment, began, on her part, to take conſiderable notice of her admirer.

Two months paſſed away without the lovers daring to ſpeak, though, nevertheleſs, they ſilently ſaid a great deal. At the end of that time Don Pedro, found the means of conveying a letter to his miſtreſs; which informed her of what ſhe knew before. The reſerved Celeſtina had no ſooner read this letter, than ſhe ordered it to be ſent back to Don Pedro; but as ſhe poſſeſſed an excellent memory, ſhe retained every word, and was able to return a very punctual anſwer a whole week afterwards.

A correſpondence was now ſettled between the two lovers. Don Pedro was deſirous to be ſtill more intimate. He had long ſolicited permiſſion to converſe with Celeſtina through her latices; ſuch is the cuſtom in Spain; where the windows are of much more uſe during the night than the day. They are the places of rendezvous. When the ſtreet is vacant and ſtill, the lover wraps himſelf up in his cloak, and, taking his ſword, invoking love and night to favour him, proceeds to ſome low latice, grated on the ſide next the ſtreet, and ſecured on the inſide by ſhutters.

He waits not long before the windows opens, ſoftly, and the charming maid appears. She aſks, in a tremulous voice, if any one is there. Her lover, tranſported at her condeſcenſion, endeavours to diſpel her fears: They talk in a whiſper, and repeat the ſame thing a hundred times. The gratings cannot hinder their interchanging vows; though they may prevent their kiſſes. The lover curſes the envious bars, while his miſtreſs thanks them for their friendly interpoſition. Day, at length, approaches, and they muſt ſeparate. They are an hour in taking leave; and part, at laſt, without having ſaid half the tender things they intended.

Celeſtina's latice was on the ground floor, and opened into a narrow paſſage, where the houſes were ill built, and only inhabited by the lower claſs of people. Don Pedro's old nurſe happened to occupy a tenement directly oppoſite the window of Celeſtina. Pedro, therefore, repaired to his nurſe. My good woman, ſaid he, I have been much to blame to ſuffer you to live ſo long in this miſerable habitation; but I am determined to make you amends by giving you an apartment in my own houſe. Come and reſide in that, and leave me to diſpoſe of this.

The honeſt woman could not refrain from tears; and, for a long time, refuſed; but, at laſt, overcome by his ſolicitations, ſhe conſented to the exchange, with every expreſſion of gratitude, for the kindneſs of her benefactor.

Never did any monarch enter his palace with more ſatisfaction than Don Pedro took poſſeſſion of the hovel of his nurſe.

Early in the evening Celeſtina appeared

appeared at her latice. She promised to repair thither every other day, and she kept her word. These delightful interviews served only to increase the flame of love; and, very soon the lovers' nights were passed in pleasing conversation, and their days in writing passionate epistles.

At length they both arrived at that intoxication of delight and anxiety which is the last period of the passion of love.

Just at this time, Henriquez, the intended husband of Celestina, arrived from Salamanca; bringing with him a declaration of his passion in latin, which had been written for him by the head of the college. The lovers consulted each other on this event at the latice; but in the mean time the old guardian had drawn up a contract of marriage, and a day was fixed on for the celebration of the nuptials of Celestina and Henriquez.

Every one must perceive, that, under such circumstances, the only remedy was to fly into Portugal. This was determined on, and it was also settled that the two lovers, on arriving at Lisbon, should first marry, and afterwards have recourse to the law against the guardian.

Celestina was to carry with her a box of jewels which had been left her by her mother. These were very valuable, and would be sufficient to maintain the happy couple till their law-suit should be decided in their favour. No plan could ever be laid with more prudence.

Nothing was now wanting but to contrive how to effect this escape; and, for this purpose, it was necessary to procure the key of the latice. In this Celestina succeeded.

It was therefore resolved that the next night, at eleven, Don Pedro, after having ordered horses to wait without the city, should come and fetch Celestina, who should descend from the window into the arms of her lover, and immediately set off for Portugal.

Don Pedro spent the whole day in preparations for his departure. Celestina, on her part, was equally busy in getting ready the little box she was to take with her. She was very careful not to omit securing in it a very fine emerald, which had been given her by her lover.

Celestina and her box were ready by eight in the evening; and before ten, Don Pedro, who had already provided carriages on the road to Andalusia, arrived at the appointed spot; his heart beating with preturbation and hope.

As he approached the place, he heard persons calling for help, and perceived two men attacked by five assassins, armed with swords and bludgeons. The brave Pedro forgot his own affairs to defend the lives of the assaulted. He wounded two, and put the other three assassins to flight.

What was his surprise, on more attentively considering those he had delivered, to perceive they were no other than Henriquez and Celestina's guardian, Alonzo! Some desperate young cavalier of the city, who was in love with Celestina, knowing it was intended that Henriquez should espouse her, had hired bravoes, a species of rascals but too common in Spain, to assassinate them; and had it not been for the valour of Don Pedro, the young scholar and the old miser would have found it no easy matter to have escaped with life.

Pedro did his utmost to avoid their grateful acknowledgements, but Henriquez, who piqued himself on having learned politeness in Salamanca, swore he should not

leave

leave them that night. Pedro, in deſpair, had already heard the clock ſtrike eleven; Alas! he knew not the miſchief that had happened.

One of the bravoes, whom he had put to flight, had paſſed, muffled up in his cloak, near the latice of Celeſtina. The night was extremely dark, and the unfortunate fair, having opened the window, imagining him to be Don Pedro, ſhe preſented him the box with joyful impatience,

Take our diamonds, ſaid ſhe, while I deſcend.

At the word *diamonds*, the bravo ſuddenly ſtopped, took the box, without ſpeaking a word, and, while Celeſtina was coming down from the window, fled with the utmoſt precipitation.

Imagine the ſurpriſe of Celeſtina, when ſhe found herſelf alone, in the ſtreet, and ſaw nothing of him whom ſhe had ſuppoſed to be Don Pedro. She thought, at firſt, he had left her to avoid raiſing ſuſpicion or alarm. She, therefore, haſtily walked to a little diſtance, looked round on every ſide, and called in a low voice. But no Pedro could ſhe ſee; no lover could ſhe hear.

She was now ſeized with the moſt alarming apprehenſions. She knew not whether it was moſt adviſeable to return home, or endeavour to find the horſes and attendants of Don Pedro, that were waiting out of town. She continued to walk forwards, in the utmoſt uncertainty and diſtreſs, till ſhe had loſt herſelf among the ſtreets; while her fears were redoubled by darkneſs and ſilence.

At length ſhe met a perſon, whom ſhe aſked if ſhe were far from the gate of the city. The ſtranger conducted her thither, but ſhe found nobody waiting as ſhe expected.

She dared not yet accuſe her lover of deceiving her: ſtill ſhe hoped he was at no great diſtance. She therefore, proceeded along the road, fearful at every buſh, and calling Don Pedro at every ſtep; but the farther ſhe walked the more ſhe was bewildered; for ſhe had come out of the city on the ſide oppoſite to the Portugal road.

In the mean time, Don Pedro found himſelf unable to get away from the grateful Henriquez and his father. They would not ſuffer him to leave them for a moment, but obliged him to enter the houſe with them, to which Pedro, fearful of betraying his intent, and fruſtrating his deareſt hopes, and imagining too that Celeſtina might be ſoon ſatisfied why he thus delayed, moſt reluctantly conſented.

Alonzo haſtens to the chamber of his ward, to inform her of the danger he had juſt eſcaped. He calls, but receives no anſwer; enters her apartment, and finds the latice open; his cries collected the ſervants, the alarm is immediately given, Celeſtina is miſſing.

Pedro, in deſpair, immediately offered to go in queſt of her. Henriquez, thanking him for the concern he expreſſed, declared his reſolution of accompanying him. Pedro ſuggeſted that the probability of finding her would be greater if they took different roads. Accordingly, he haſtened to rejoin his domeſtics; and not doubting but Celeſtina had taken the road to Portugal, put his horſes on at full ſpeed. But their ſwiftneſs only removed him farther from the object of his love; while Henriquez galloped towards the Alpuxarian mountains, the way Celeſtina had actually gone.

In the mean time, Celeſtina continued to wander diſconſolate, along the road that leads to the Alpuxares, ſeeking her lover. Anon

ſhe

she heard the clattering of approaching horses; and, at first, imagined it might be her beloved Pedro: but, afterwards, fearful of discovery, the violence of travellers, or, perhaps, robbers, she concealed herself trembling behind some bushes.

Here she presently saw Henriquez pass by, followed by a number of servants. Shuddering at the danger of being again in the power, and dreading a second time to submit to the redoubled tyranny of Alonzo, if she continued in the high road, she turned aside, and took refuge in a thick wood.

The Alpuxares are a chain of mountains which extend from Grenada to the Mediterranean. They are only inhabited by a few peasants. To these, fear and terror conducted the unfortunate maiden. A dry and stony soil, with a few oak trees, thinly scattered, some torrents and echoing catteracts, and a number of wild goats, leaping from precipice to precipice, are the only objects which present themselves to the eyes of Celestina, as soon as day begins to break. Exhausted; at length, with weariness and vexation, her feet being torn by the rugged stones over which she had passed, she sat down under a rock; through the clifts of which a limpid water gently oozed.

The silence of this grotto, the wildness of the landscape around, the hoarse and distant murmur of several cascades, and the noise of the water near her, falling drop by drop into the bason it had hollowed beneath, all conspired to convince Celestina she was alone in the midst of a desert, abandoned by her lover, who to her was the whole world.

She sat herself down on the edge of this stream, to vent her grief in tears, reflecting on the miseries that seemed to threaten her; but, above all, on her lost Don Pedro, whom, at moments, she still flattered herself she should one day regain.

It certainly was not him, said she, whom I saw carry off my diamonds. I must have been mistaken. Yet, how was it possible that my heart should not have informed me of the truth? No doubt he is now far hence, seeking me with anxiety and distraction; while I, as far distant from him, here am perishing.

While mournfully thus she ruminated, she heard, at the bottom of the grotto, the sound of a rustic flute.

Upon searching, she found a young goat-herd sitting at the foot of a willow, his eyes bedewed with his tears, and fixed on the water as it issued from its rocky source. In his hand he held a flageolet, and by his side lay a staff and a little parcel.

Shepherd, said Celestina, have pity on one abandoned, and shew me my way among these mountains, to some village, or habitation, where I may procure, though not repose, at least sustenance.

Alas! madam replied the goat-herd; I wish it were in my power to conduct you to the village of Gadara, behind these rocks; but you will not ask me to return thither, when you are informed my mistress is this day to be married to my rival. I am going to leave these mountains, never to behold them more: and I carry nothing with me but my flute, a change of dress, which I have in this parcel, and the memory of the happiness I have lost.

This short account suggested a new project to Celestina.

My friend, said she to the goat-herd, you have no money, which you will certainly want, when you have left this country. I have a few

few pieces of gold; these I will divide with you, if you will let me have the dress you say is in your parcel.

The goat-herd accepted the offer, Celestina gave him a dozen ducats, and, having informed herself which was the road to Gadara, took her leave of the despairing lover, and returned into the grotto, to put on her newly purchased disguise.

She came out habited in a vest of chamois skin, with a shepherd's wallet hanging by her side, and on her head a hat ornamented with ribbons. In this attire she appeared yet more beautiful than when adorned with brocades and jewels. She took the road to the village, and, stopping in the market place, inquired of the peasants if they knew of any farmer who wanted a servant.

The inhabitants surrounded her, and surveyed the stranger with admiration. The girls expressed their surprise at the beauty of her flowing ringlets; her elegant form, her graceful manner, the brilliancy of her eyes, even though dejected, their superior intelligence and mild benignity, astonish and delight all beholders. No one could conceive from whence came this beautiful youth. One imagines him a person of high distinction in disguise; another, a prince, in love with some shepherdess, while the school master, who was at the same time the poet of the village, declared it must be Apollo, sent down, a second time, to keep sheep among mortals.

Celestina, who assumed the name of Marcelio, was not long in want of a master. She was hired by an aged alcade of the village, esteemed one of the worthiest men in the whole province.

This honest countryman soon contracted the warmest friendship for Celestina. He scarcely suffered her to tend his flocks for a month before he gave her an employment within his house, in which the pretended Marcelio behaved with so much propriety and fidelity, that he was equally beloved by master and servants.

Before he had lived here half a year, the alcade, who was more than eighty, left the entire management of all he possessed to Marcelio: he even asked his opinion in all the causes that came before him, and never had any alcade decided with so much justice as he, from the time he permitted himself to be guided by the advice of Marcelio. Marcelio was beloved, and proposed as an example to all the village: his affability, his pleasing manner, and his good sense, gained every heart. See the excellent Marcelio, cried the mothers to their sons, he is continually with his master, he is perpetually employed in rendering his old age happy, and never neglects his duty, like you, to run after the shepherdesses.

Two years passed away in this manner. Celestina, whose thoughts where continually employed on her lover, had sent a shepherd, in whom she could confide, to Grenada, to procure information concerning Don Pedro, Alonzo, and Henriquez. The shepherd brought word back, that Alonzo was dead, Henriquez married, and that Don Pedro had not been seen or heard of for these last two years.

Celestina now lost all hopes of ever again beholding her lover, and, happy in being able to pass her days in that village, in the bosom of peace and friendship, had resolved to bid an eternal adieu to

love,

love, when the old alcade, her master, fell dangerously ill. Marcelio attended his last moments with all the affection of a son, and the good old man behaved to him like a grateful father; he died, and left all he possessed to the faithful Marcelio. But his will was by no means a sufficient consolation to his heir.

The whole village mourned for the alcade, and, after funeral rites had been celebrated with more sorrow than pomp, the inhabitants of the place assembled to choose a successor. In Spain, certain villages have the right of nominating their own alcade, whose office it is to decide their differences, and take cognizances of greater crimes, by arresting and examining the offenders, and delivering them over to the superior judges, who generally confirm the sentence of those rustic magistrates; for good laws are generally perfectly consonant to simple reason.

The villagers, being met, agreed, with one voice, that no one could be so proper to succeed the late alcade, as the youth whom he seemed to have designed for his successor. The old men, therefore, followed by their sons, came with all the usual ceremonies to offer Marcelio the white wand, the ensign of the vacant office. Celestina accepted it, and sensibly touched by such a proof of esteem and affection from these good people, resolved to consecrate to their happiness a life she had formerly intended to dedicate to love.

While the new alcade is busied with the duties of her office, let us return to the unfortunate Don Pedro, whom we left galloping towards Portugal, and continually removing farther from her he so anxiously sought.

He arrived at Lisbon, without obtaining any intelligence of Celestina, and immediately returned by the same road, to research every place he had before in vain examined; again he returned to Lisbon, but without success.

After six months ineffectual inquiry, having assured himself that Celestina had never returned to Grenada, he imagined she might perhaps be at Seville, where he knew she had relations. Immediately he hastened to Seville, there he found the relations of Celestina had just embarked for Mexico.

Pedro no longer doubted but his mistress was gone with them, and directly went on board the last ship which remained to sail. He arrived at Mexico, where he found the relations, but alas, no Celestina! they had heard nothing of her: he, therefore, returned to Spain. And now the ship is attacked by a violent storm, and cast on the coast of Grenada: himself, and a few of the passengers, save themselves by swimming; they land, and make their way to the mountains, to procure assistance, and, by chance or love, are conducted to Gadara.

Don Pedro, and his unfortunate companions, took refuge in the first inn, congratulating each other on the danger they had escaped. While they were discoursing on their adventures, one of the passengers began to quarrel with a soldier, concerning a box, which the passenger asserted belonged to him.

Don Pedro, desirous to put an end to the contention, obliged the passenger to declare what it contained, opening it at the same time to discover whether he spoke truth. How great was his surprise to find in it the jewels of Celestina, and, among them, the very emerald he had given her. For a moment he

stood

ſtood motionleſs, examining attentively the caſket; and fixing his eyes, ſparkling with rage, on the claimant, how came you by theſe jewels? ſaid he, with a voice of terror.

What does it ſignify, replied the paſſenger, haughtily, how I came by them! it is ſufficient that I am poſſeſſed of them.

He then endeavoured to ſnatch the caſket from Don Pedro; but he, puſhing him back, inſtantly drew his ſword. Wretch, ſaid he, confeſs your crime, or you die this moment. So ſaying, he attacked him with great fury: his antagoniſt defended himſelf with equal bravery, but preſently received a mortal wound, and fell.

Don Pedro was immediately ſurrounded, and ſeized by the people of the houſe. They take him to priſon, and the maſter of the inn ſends his wife to fetch the clergyman of the pariſh, that he may adminiſter ſpiritual comfort to the dying man, while he runs himſelf to the alcade, to carry the caſket, and inform him of the whole adventure.

How great was the ſurpriſe, the joy, and the anxiety of Celeſtina, on perceiving her diamonds, and hearing the behaviour of the noble ſtranger. She immediately haſtened to the inn, the miniſter was already there, and the dying man, induced by his exhortations, declared in preſence of the alcade, that, two years before, as he was one night paſſing through a ſtreet in Grenada, a lady had given him that box, through a latice, telling him to hold it till ſhe came down, but that he immediately made off with the jewels; for which theft he aſked pardon of God, and the unknown lady, whom he had injured. Immediately after this confeſſion, he expired, and Celeſtina ran to the priſon.

How did her heart palpitate with expectation! ſhe could no longer doubt but ſhe ſhould again ſee Don Pedro, but ſhe feared ſhe ſhould be known by him; ſhe therefore pulled her hat over her eyes, wrapped herſelf up in her cloak, and, preceded by her clerk and the goaler, entered the dungeon.

No ſooner had ſhe got to the bottom of the ſtairs, than ſhe perceived Don Pedro. Her joy almoſt deprived her of ſpeech; ſhe leaned againſt the wall, her head ſunk on her ſhoulders, and the tears ſtreamed down her cheeks. She wiped them away, ſtopped a moment to take breath, and endeavouring to ſpeak with firmneſs, approached the priſoner.

Stranger, ſaid ſhe, diſguiſing her voice, you have killed your companion.—What could induce you to ſo horrid an action? Theſe few words were all ſhe could utter, and ſeating herſelf on a ſtone, ſhe concealed her face with her hand.

Alcade, replied Don Pedro, I have committed no crime; it was an act of juſtice; but I beg for death. Death alone can end the continual miſeries of which the wretch I have ſacrificed to my revenge was the firſt cauſe. Condemn me, I wiſh not to make a defence. Deliver me from a life which is hateful to me, ſince I have loſt what alone could render it delightful; ſince I can no longer hope to find——

He was unable to conclude, and his voice faintly expreſſed the name of Celeſtina.

Celeſtina trembled on hearing him pronounce her name. She could ſcarcely conceal her tranſports, but was ready to riſe and throw herſelf into the arms of her lover.

lover. The preſence, however, of ſo many witneſſes, reſtrained her. She therefore turned away her eyes, and faintly requeſted to be left alone with the priſoner; ſhe was obeyed.

Giving a free courſe to her tears, ſhe advanced towards Don Pedro, and, offering him her hand, ſaid to him, in a moſt affectionate tone, do you then ſtill love her who lives for you alone?

At theſe words, at this voice, Pedro lifts his head, unable to believe his eyes. Oh, heaven! is it—is it my Celeſtina! or is it ſome angelic being, aſſuming her form? Yes, it is ſhe, I can no longer doubt it, cried he, claſping her in his arms, and bathing her with his tears. It is my love, my life, and all my woes are ended.

No, ſaid Celeſtina, as ſoon as ſhe could recover ſpeech, you are guilty of bloodſhed, and I cannot free you from your fetters; but I will repair to-morrow to the ſuperior judge, will inform him of the ſecret of my birth, relate to him our misfortunes, and, if he refuſes me your liberty, I will return and end my days with you in this priſon.

Marcelio immediately gave orders for the removal of Pedro from the ſubterraneous dungeon, to a leſs hideous place of ſecurity; took care that he ſhould want for nothing, and afterwards returned home to prepare for his journey, the next day, when a moſt alarming event prevented his departure, and haſtened the delivery of Don Pedro.

Some Algerine galleys, which had for ſeveral days purſued the ſhip on board of which Don Pedro was, arrived on the coaſt ſome time after the ſhipwreck; and willing to repay themſelves for the trouble they had taken, had determined to land during the night. Two renegadoes, who knew the country, undertook to conduct the barbarians to the village of Gadara, and fulfilled their promiſe but too well.

About one in the morning, when labour enjoys repoſe, and villainy wakes to remorſe, the dreadful cry of *to arms*, was heard.

The Moors had landed, and were burning and ſlaughtering all before them. The darkneſs of the night, the groans of the dying, and the ſhrieks of the terrified inhabitants, filled every heart with conſternation. The trembling wives caught their huſbands in their arms: and the old men ſought ſuccour from their ſons. In a moment the village was in flames, the light of which diſcovered the goary ſcymitars and white turbans of the Moors.

Thoſe barbarians, the flambeau in one hand, and the hatchet in the other, were breaking and burning the doors of the houſes; and making their way through the ſmoking ruins, to ſeek for victims or for plunder, returned covered with blood, and loaded with booty.

Nothing is held ſacred by theſe monſters. They force their way into the temples of the Moſt High, break the ſhrines, ſtrip off the gold, and trample the holy relics under foot. Alas! what avail to prieſts their ſacred character, to the aged their gray hairs, to youth its graces, or to infancy its innocence? Slavery, fire, devaſtation, and death, are every where, and pity is fled.

On the firſt alarm and tumult the alcade made all poſſible haſte to the priſon, to inform Don Pedro of the danger. The brave Pedro demanded a ſword for himſelf and a buckler for the alcade. He takes Celeſtina by the hand, and makes his way to the market-place. There he addreſſes the fugitives.

My

My friends, cries he, are ye Spaniards, and do ye fly and abandon your wives and children to the fury of the infidels?

He ſtops them, collects them round him, inſpires them with his own valour, and, more than human, for he is a lover and a hero, ruſhes, ſabre in hand, on a party of the Moors, whom he breaks and diſperſes. The inhabitants recover their recollection and their courage, enraged behold their ſlaughtered friends, and haſten in crowds to join their leader.

Pedro, without quitting Celeſtina, and ever ſolicitous to expoſe his life in her defence, attacks the barbarians, at the head of his brave Spaniards, and, dealing deſtruction to all who make reſiſtance, drives the fugitives before him, retakes the plunder and the priſoners, and only quits the purſuits of the enemy to return and extinguiſh the fires.

The day began to break, when a body of troops, who had too late received information of the deſcent of the infidels, arrived from a neighbouring town. The governor had put himſelf at their head, and found Don Pedro ſurrounded by women, children, and old men; who, weeping, kiſſed his hands, with unfeigned gratitude for having preſerved their huſbands, their fathers, or their ſons.

The governor, informed of the exploits of Don Pedro, loaded him with praiſes and careſſes; but Celeſtina, requeſting to be heard, declared to the governor, in preſence of the whole village, her ſex; giving at the ſame time a relation of her adventures, the death of the bravo by Don Pedro, and the circumſtances which rendered him excuſable.

All the inhabitants, greatly affected with her ſtory, fell at the feet of the governor, intreating pardon for the man to whom they were indebted for their preſervation. The requeſt was granted, and the happy Pedro, thus reſtored to his dear Celeſtina, embraced the governor, and bleſſed the good inhabitants. One of the old men then advanced. Brave ſtranger, ſaid he, you are our deliverer, but you take from us our alcade; this loſs, perhaps, outweighs your benefit. Double our bleſſings, inſtead of depriving us of our greateſt; remain in this village; condeſcend to become our alcade, our maſter, our friend. Honour us ſo far as to permit nothing to abate our love for you. In a great city, the cowardly and the wicked, who maintain the ſame rank with yourſelf, will think themſelves, your equals; while, here, every virtuous inhabitant will look on you as his father; next to the Deity himſelf, you will receive from us the higheſt honour; and, while life remains, on the anniverſary of this day, the fathers of our families will preſent their children before you, ſaying, behold the man who preſerved the lives of your mothers.

Pedro was enchanted while he liſtened to the old man. Yes, cried he, my children; yes, my brethren, I will remain here. My life ſhall be devoted to Celeſtina and to you. But my wife has conſiderable poſſeſſions in Grenada. Our excellent governor will add his intereſt to ours, that we may recover them, and they ſhall be employed to rebuild the houſes which have been burnt by the infidels. On this condition alone will I accept the office of alcade; and though I ſhould expend in your ſervice, both my riches and my life, I ſhould ſtill be your debtor; for it is you who

have

have restored me my Celestina.

Imagine the transports of the good villagers, while Don Pedro spoke. The governor was a person of great power, and undertook to arrange every thing to his wish; and two days afterwards, the marriage was celebrated between Celestina and her lover.

Notwithstanding the late misfortunes, nothing could exceed the joy of the inhabitants.

The two lovers long lived in unexampled felicity; and, happy and virtuous themselves, made the whole district happy and virtuous likewise.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The GLEANER. No. XXXI.

Ten thousand ills from false conclusions spring,
Investigation still new lights should bring;
Explore the probable—the doubtful search,
Through possibilities inquiring march;
Suspend the judgment and delay to grieve,
For sure, full oft, *appearances deceive.*

I HAVE, for many weeks back, been largely in arrears to correspondents; and I have frequently contemplated a Gleaner, which should be wholly occupied by their various addresses, observations, and complaints. But such of my friends, whose letters have been long since received, will have the goodness to forgive my publishing those, which have more recently come to hand, when they observe, that the interesting subjects, which they take up, require immediate attention. And, in the interim, I give them my word of honour, that my first unappropriated essay shall be devoted to their service.—Proceed we now to bring forward three explanatory epistles:

LETTER I.

To the GLEANER.

Liberty Hall, Dec. 15, 1794.

UPON my word, Mr. Gleaner, I believe you are a sly old fellow, after all. Let me tell you, sir, it ill suits with your *assumed gravity*, to be thus foisting yourself into the secrets of all the young, handsome, married women, of your acquaintance. Mighty fine, mighty fine, truly. *Delicacy, forsooth, forbid Monimia to question her husband;* but *delicacy*, it seems, did not think proper to interfere, while she contrived to pour her pity-moving tale into the bosom of *nobody knows who—one who is here, and there, and every where, and very possibly not of much importance any where. A perfect Proteus to the imagination, assuming a thousand fantastical forms, and becoming stationary in no one respectable character; a bird of passage, emigrating from state to state, and picking up a scanty pittance, after a whole month's toil, which but ill repays the labour of travelling through the dull pages, which he is so studious to litter.*—You may think me severe, Mr. Gleaner, but I shall have the satisfaction of knowing, that I am *just;* and, I add, that you might have gone on with your itinerant gleaning, to the end of the chapter, for me, if you had not roused the feelings of an injured husband, by thus palpably insinuating, that you are

a greater

a greater favourite with his wife, than he is himself. Really, Mr. Morality, you make a very pretty, consistent, heterogeneous figure, and I should like vastly to have your motley image stuck up in a print shop, by way of relief to the studies of the chubby-faced school boy, as he trudges along the academical way to his daily labours.

The wise man says, that laughter doeth good, like a medicine; and it is undeniably true, that the ludicrous is a wonderful specific in every intellectual complaint. But let me whisper you, good Mr. Prig, you are a coxcomb, and you may bless your stars that I am not able to collect the trio, which you have huddled together in your last Gleaner; for, if I could name my fellow sufferers, we would unite together in tossing your worship in a blanket; but you are such a doughty hero, and, withal, so evanescent a sprite, that you elude the grasp of common exertions.

How you became acquainted with Monimia's tale of sorrow, is an enigma, of which it will be conceived, that *delicacy* forbids me to seek an explanation! The probability is, that you have practised upon her simplicity, and insinuating yourself into the good graces of the afflicted fair one, by some illicit methods, you have at length obtained her confidence; and, as I am one of the best natured men in the world, extending the sceptre of my clemency, I shall view, with proper indulgence, the *imbecilities* of *nature*. Doubtless I could have restored the tranquillity of my wife, without troubling either you or myself with my observations; but, besides that, I conceive your temerity merits chastisement, as you have impertinently precipitated me, and an affair which was wholly mine, upon the public view, I am induced to believe, that the ecclaircissement hath thus acquired a kind of right to publicity.

Monimia will remember, that I not long since paid a visit to my relations at B——. My kinsman, S. has a daughter, *who hath not yet rounded her twelfth year*—Miss S. is very ingenious, and handles her scissors to admiration; *she cut my watch paper, and she will be proud of furnishing Monimia with any little fancy pieces, which she may wish.* On my return home, I made a display of my acquisition. Monimia *hastily* and *tremulously made some round about inquiries, relative to the fair artificer—these I would not seem to understand; I dislike every symptom of suspicion in ladies; suspicion looks so like jealousy, and jealousy looks so like want of confidence, I remained silent, and affected a kind of what the ladies call, delicate embarrassment.* Perhaps I was wrong; but, had I been apprised, that the impression made by so *light a thing as a watch paper*, could have been so serious, I should certainly have endeavoured to have erased it.

I have, Mr. Meddler, the honor—*the honor—no, that's wrong, I have not the honor*—I have *the condescension* to be, with honest wishes for your reformation, and little or no esteem, your constant reader,

EUGENIO.

LETTER II.

To the GLEANER.

Candor Place, Dec. 18, 1794.

Mr. Vigellius,

AS you have given your examples under fictitious names, I am not furnished with a rational cause of anger: and yet, sir, you have so well pointed circumstances, that it is impossible for the real claimant to avoid assuming habiliments, which can fit no one but himself.

Mystery

Masia Mag. 1796.

PUBLIC

O Sir! Sir Save me! ajoust me!

Myſtery is indeed the parent of conjecture, and concealment moſt ſurely engenders ſuſpicion. Authors are doubtleſs juſtifiable in procuring every warrantable illuſtration of their ſentiments, and of thoſe inferences, which they wiſh to deduce; and even a *deſire* to inform, or to improve, is entitled to grateful reſpect. If my Clariſſa, or her favoured Altamont, can furniſh either amuſement or inſtruction to the Gleaner, and his numerous readers, any little anecdote relative to us, is extremely at their ſervice. My Clariſſa is more dear to my ſoul, than the life-blood which warms me to exiſtence; ſhe hath not, ſhe never had, nor ever can have, a rival in my affections: She reigns ſole miſtreſs in my heart, and to her peerleſs virtues my every thought does homage. Yet, while I avow a fealty ſo unreſerved, I am bold enow to confeſs my property in the beautifully gloſſy lock of hair, a diſcovery of which has been ſo ſurreptitiouſly obtained; that I have treaſured up this lock of hair I alſo acknowledge; nor will I conſent to part with it, until the laſt breath ſhall quiver upon my lips. Further, my own hands ſevered the conteſted lock from the head of a lovely female, who was dear to me as nature, as amity, or as my fondeſt hopes of happineſs. All this is moſt true; and it is likewiſe true, that this female was not Clariſſa! Are you immeaſurably aſtoniſhed? Step to the other ſide of the piece, and it will aſſume another hue—I am not a native of America; I have lived only five years in this paradiſe of liberty. I had a ſiſter—good God, how unfortunate was that ſiſter! amiable as virtue, and indulgent as heaven; ſhe merited every thing ſhort of adoration, from that world which perſecuted her, almoſt from the firſt hour of her exiſtence. Execrable world! The virtues of a Clariſſa were neceſſary to reconcile me to an abode among thy deeply deſigning, and treacherouſly murderous inhabitants! I have forborne to narrate to my Clariſſa the ſtory of my ſiſter's woes; her misfortunes were too ſtrongly marked with anguiſh, to be impoſed upon the exquiſitely tender feelings of that ſuſceptible boſom, which melts with ſoft regrets at the tale of woe; and which has a ſigh, even for the common ills of life. Thoſe deplorable circumſtances which hovered round the ſteps of my ill-fated ſiſter, I have ſedulouſly ſought to blot even from my own memory. I would remember only her virtues, her angel goodneſs, her beauteous image, and her ſaint-like fortitude; but, alas! thoſe recollections are ſo interwoven with the cruel events of her life, as to render a ſeparation impoſſible. Orphanaged in her earlieſt bud, the ſport of caprice, malice, and duplicity, through the unſuſpecting morn of life; and in her marriage choice, placing her virtuous confidence in a man, who, by a ſpecious exterior, villainouſly deceived her, who wore the garb of integrity, honour, generoſity, and a mild, and conceding diſpoſition of ſoul, on purpoſe to betray her eaſy faith; who no ſooner exchanged the nuptial vow, than throwing off the maſk, and commencing tyrant, he became unweariedly ingenious in his devices to torment the victim of his power, who perſecuted her to the death, nor ſuſpended, for a ſingle moment, his ſavage and deteſted operations, until, with a broken heart, ſhe yielded up her breath, falling the martyr of aſſumed prerogative, cruelty and deſpotiſm.—Angelic ſufferer! mild and ſubmiſſive; thou uttered no complaint;

not a vindictive expreſſion eſcaped thee, and had thy murderer poſſeſſed but common prudence, the knowledge of thy unprecedented wrongs would have been conſigned to the grave with thee. Through all thy hard fortune I followed ſtill an impotent ſpectator of thy injuries; but while appearances were preſerved, cuſtom forbid a brother's interference! and an impeachment of thy huſband's character, would have been an incurable wound to thy delicacy. What ſhall I further ſay? He who made her, regarded her with bland and ſacred pity, the pity of a God; her emancipation was accelerated, and ſhe drew her laſt breath in my arms. I ſaw her lovely boſom ſurceaſe the corroding ſigh; I ſaw her heavenly form quietly diſpoſed upon the bed of death; and, my Clariſſa, it was in that agonized moment, that I ſevered from its kindred treſſes the ſhining ringlet, which, ſtraying from its incloſure, fell unconſcious upon her ſnowy forehead. I grieve, my love, that it hath been to you the ſource of inquietude, but its value, at that diſtreſſing period, appeared to me immenſe, nor has reaſon, or time, eſſentially depreciated its importance; I could never perſuade myſelf to part with it to an artiſt, who would have oſtenſibly returned it to me, in the form of cherubs, urns, and inſcriptions, for I have ſtill preferred contemplating its natural beauties, and I employed my firſt ſerene moments, in preparing thoſe lines, in which to enſhrine it, that have been erroneouſly called poetical. For the gratification of the curioſity of your readers, Mr. Gleaner, I take leave to ſubjoin a copy of them:

AH then is the conflict no more!
And hath ſhe forgotten to weep!
Will nought the bleſt viſion reſtore!
Hath pity no laurels to reap?

How loud was that ſhriek of deſpair,
The bloſſoms of hope are all ſhed,
No altars to friendſhip I rear,
For friendſhip and honour are fled.

The ties are all broke which remain'd,
The ſtorm hath uprooted my peace,
Dark malice its purpoſe hath gain'd,
And love from my boſom ſhall ceaſe.

How bright was the morn of her days,
How charming the bud of her years,
Her form, it tranſcended all praiſe,
And her ſorrow was virtue in tears.

How ſoothing the words of her tongue,
While harmony wafted the ſtrain,
The chantreſs melodiouſly ſung,
And gladden'd the liſtening ſwain.

Bright honour enliſted the fair,
Maria her prieſteſs ſhe hail'd,
Ordained her paths to prepare,
The virgin her altars unveil'd.

But envy, will ſerpentine tread,
And ſcorn with its mercileſs ſting,
The wiles of deſtruction outſpread,
How deadly the arrows they fling.

What glooms have pervaded the plain,
The ſhepherds are ſilent around,
Neglected each ſweet flowing ſtrain,
So deep is the feſtering wound.

And muſt I her counſels reſign,
The guide and the ſtar of my youth,
Muſt friendſhip no longer be mine,
Integrity, kindneſs, and truth!

Alas! no lov'd ſolace ſuſtains,
How deep is the void in my breaſt,
This ringlet is all that remains,
Of what I ſo largely poſſeſs'd!

Dear veſtige of pleaſures enjoy'd,
By cruelty ſnatch'd from my graſp,
By rancour inſatiate deſtroy'd,
Though ſtill the ſweet ſhadows I claſp.

Memento of friendſhip poſſeſs'd,
On nature which bloſſom'd and grew,
Which on my fond boſom impreſs'd,
As innocence tender and true.

Athough you unconſcious entwine,
Yet beauty your texture deſign'd,
Sweet relic of charms that were mine,
Of elegance bland and refin'd.

My

My penfive regrets you fhall aid,
Companion of every woe,
Of forrow the talifman made,
While my tears all unceafing fhall flow.

The reader will indulge his own reflections; and I have chofen this method of making my communications to Clariffa, as the emotions which fwell my bofom, when I would attempt to retrace the misfortunes of my injured fifter, are too big for utterance.

I am, fir, with due refpect, and unfeigned wifhes, for your private felicity, and public celebrity, your moft obedient, humble fervant,

ALTAMONT.

LETTER III.

To the GLEANER.

Sententious Alley, No. 3, Dec. 21, 1794.

Courteous Gleaner,

IF Cordelia will take the trouble to order her fervant to make the proper inquiries at Mr. Lovegold, the jeweller's, in Middle-ftreet, fhe will find that her fleeve buttons are laid up there, for the purpofe of obtaining the neceffary repairs. As Cordelia and you feem to underftand one another, I thought beft to give her this information through the channel of your paper.

I am, moft profound, and fage fir, the inconfiderate, and *timely admonifhed*, HENRY.

"*Malice doth merit, as its fcale, purfue.*"

I could very modeftly propofe myfelf as a new proof of the truth of this oft-cited fentiment, which, if I miftake not, time and obfervation hath elevated into an approved axiom. I could, I fay, leaving thofe who are offended to chew the cud of refentment, eafily confole myfelf, by fo *convenient* an *appropriation*; but I freely confefs, that I fet a high value upon the opinion of the world; *I mean the worthy part of the world, to be fure*; and that ftimulated by this my ruling paffion, I feel myfelf impelled to make my defence, by producing a fhort fketch of my plan of operations.

When I was firft feized with the mania of fcribbling, I very wifely endeavoured to combat it by much deliberate conf deration, and many a falutary antidote. Wifdom, attired in the alluring habiliments of tranquillity, and armed with the rhetoric of reafon, fagely advanced her plea, and with great perfpicuity, and energy of argument, fhe advocated that kind of ferenity, which is the accompaniment of the unambitious man; who, gliding down the ftream of time, inhaleth not the feverifh gale; but wafted onward by the bland and equal breath of contentment, partakes its mildly influence, and lives but to blefs the gently undulating zephyr, that is thus filently impelling him athwart that ocean, upon which the *adventurous* voyager is fated to contend with hopes, and fears, and with all thofe tumultuous winds of paffion, which frequently involving him in a fearful hurricane, fail not to wreck his peace, whelming beneath their tremendous waves, the brighteft moments of his exiftence! Wifdom pointed out the wretched ftate of inquietude, anxiety, nightly watchings, and daily fatigues, to which that unhappy and mifguided wight is condemned, who, betrayed by an ignis fatuus, is allured from the humble, vail of foft and filent repofe; from the calm poffeffion of each focial and domeftic enjoyment, to encounter the various ills attendant upon a purfuit of *artificial good*. Wifdom enumerated a hoft of weary toils, of woe-begone regrets, of unrecompenfed deeds of worth, of thankleff achievements, and of barbed difappointments; and fhe

painted

painted in glowing colours the ingratitude of that world to which I would madly devote thoſe hours, which, zeſted by the ſweets of calm reflection, and entwining ſubſtantial pleaſures, would otherwiſe revolve, marked by the moſt refined, rational, and exquiſite ſatisfaction. Wiſdom delineated the thorny circles which begird the hill of fame; ſhe bid me haſte from the magic of her voice, from the mad contagion of her votaries, and, ſheltering in the ſweet and flowery walks of my natal humility, ſhe conjured me to emboſom my aſpiring views, in the deepeſt receſſes of that lowly grade, in which nature had indiſputably deſignated my walk; and, that ſhe might forever daſh my proud pretenſions, and invigorate that deſpair, which, with icy graſp, and torpid influence, hovered round my ſteps, ſhe repreſented in forms tremendouſly terrific, thoſe deadly fiends, that with ghaſtly features, and unrelenting rigour, eternally guard the glittering domes of fame. Envy, with ſnaky locks, empoiſoned veins, and peſtilential breath—Malice, with tongue envenomed, armed with ten thouſand ſhafts of inſtant death, and ſmiling at deſtruction—Pale diſappointment, marked by ſorrow's train, with ſad and ſolemn ſtep, heaving corroding ſighs, quaffing her copious tears, and in deſpondence garbed—and, laſt of all, deep Shame, with face averted, eyes withdrawn, and red conſuming anguiſh, confeſſed thy power—Oh, heart appalling, ſpirit damping, ſoul abaſhing, Scorn—afflicting Ridicule—Satire's dread ſting—the Critic's whip, which hiſſed along the air—with every plague which a poor author ever knew; theſe, wiſdom ſummoned, and, in fearful order the direful phalanx ſtood. Yet, my aſpiring mind, ſteeled for the conflict, all in armour clad, and ſhielded by temerity—aſſuming reſolution, and armed by perſeverance, preſumed with hardy ſteps, and enterpriſing raſhneſs, to penetrate the embodied oppoſition—*and, Reaſon plead in vain!* Headlong Ambition, all precepts notwithſtanding, continued inflexibly obſtinate, and contumacious perverſeneſs triumphed in the conflict. Ambition ſelected its ornaments, and it wore on its left breaſt, cloſe to the heart, a bouquet, whoſe perfumed buds were, with intrepid daring, ſnatched from the ſtock of ever blooming hope; in this it prided much, and foully fancied, that ſome future day, bedecked with ſunny beams, would give the deathleſs flowrets to enwreath its time diſtinguiſhed, time adorned brow. Thus breathing mid ſuch odoriferous airs; incenſe ſo ſweet inhaling, no wonder that intoxicated Reaſon, treading enchanted ground, by magic ſpells enfolded, and wrapped in gay deluſion, its firmneſs loſt—Ambition ſeized the reins—the die was caſt—and helter-ſkelter round the world we drove. But, ſeriouſly, although thus raſhly embarked, judgment occaſionally officiates, and while temerity ſets at the helm, ſhe often, matron like, interpoſes her cautionary directions, and to be duly influenced by her counſels, is a prime object, even in the arrangements of ambition.

There is hardly any thing which I have ſo much feared, as the ſands of oblivion; and that I might produce a ſtream of ſufficient depth, to fleet my little ſkiff, my faculties pretty diligently exerciſed, have been kept in almoſt conſtant circulation. Mankind have generally furniſhed my reſervoir; and I have ſet in the circles which I frequent, induſtriouſly improving a hint, marking

marking the ſentiment of worth, catching every unwrought gem, and eagerly availing myſelf of thoſe circumſtances, which I conceived that I might *honeſtly* appropriate. Names I have been careful to conceal; and ſtudiouſly embelliſhing events, and qualifying them to convey amuſement, information, or even inſtruction, I have produced them as candidates for the attention of a vacant moment. Thus occupied, it will ceaſe to be matter of ſurpriſe, that I have treaſured even the *whiſpers* of converſation; my ear is conſtantly on duty, and it hath proved to me a truly faithful ſcout. Collected in myſelf, I am often regarded as a mute in ſociety; but I am careful to hoard every remark, and bearing the multifarious burden to my working hive, it undergoeth a chymical proceſs; and after receiving in my pericranium the deſtined form, it is with all due humility ſubmitted to public obſervation.

Thus Eugenio, if he will give his candour full play, may perceive, that without being the favorite confidantee, "*of all the young handſome married women of my acquaintance,*" I may, *the loquacity of the ſex conſidered,* legally become poſſeſſed of *ſecrets,* which are *whiſpered to ſelect friends,* which are gathered from myſterious words, and which ſometimes reſult from thoſe expreſſive looks, in which the female world are ſuch proficients, and which they ſo well know when to aſſume. Upon the whole, while I have generally aimed at utility, I have ſtudiouſly endeavoured to avoid all occaſion of offence; but if my honeſt intentions have not been crowned with ſucceſs, as it is impoſſible to recal the paſt, I can only aſſure Eugenio, and every reader of his deſcription, that I will be indefatigably induſtrious to render my future numbers leſs exceptionable.

The CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

FLORIO and Emelina had lived even from their infancy in the habits of friendſhip; but at an age in which the ſexes find a vacuity in their hearts, they fanned the embers of friendſhip to that height, which neither of them choſe to own under the title of love.

The ſtronger the attachment of Emelina became, the more cautious ſhe was of diſcovering the predilection ſhe had; ſhe wiſhed for an *eclairciſſement,* but was reſolved to ſhun it.

Florio, either from pride, from too great delicacy, or from the ſame principle by which Emelina was actuated, would often ſuppreſs his attentions, leſt they ſhould diſplay the feelings of his heart. Though he was ſenſible that the queſtion could not come with any propriety from Emelina, he was almoſt determined it ſhould not come from him.

In theſe fluctuations of ſuſpenſe, they viſited each other for ſome time; and the reſtraints with which they ſhackled each other, at length made them ſuſpect, that the lamp of friendſhip began to grow dim, and that the flame was going to expire.

In theſe moments of ſuſpicion, they were each of them invited to a ball in the neighbourhood; but before they ſat out, both of them reſolved to aſſume a mutual coolneſs, to prevent any diſcovery of their attachment, or to afford the leaſt ſuſpicion that they were in a train

which

which might poſſibly terminate at the temple of Hymen.

Emelina was aſked by the maſter of the ceremony, whether ſhe would dance with Florio: ſhe refuſed with the frown of indignation, and conſented to dance with another. A friend of Florio's had previouſly hinted to him, that he expected he would lead out Emelina; but was anſwered with ſo quick a reply in the negative, as convinced him that he was not well pleaſed with the queſtion.

The dance began, but the agonies of jealouſy embittered all its pleaſure. While Emelina thought Florio too aſſiduous in his attentions to his partner, he, on his ſide, thought ſhe was more than merely complaiſant. After an elegant refreſhment, in which they behaved with an extraordinary coolneſs, which was noticed by every one that was preſent, the company broke up. On which Florio was in ſuſpenſe whether he ſhould offer his hand to Emelina or not: yet good-breeding getting the aſcendency of reſentment, he made her the proffer of his protection, which ſhe accepted of with the greateſt reluctance; a reluctance that was viſible both in her countenance and in the manner in which ſhe gave him her hand.

During the whole time they were on their way, no ſyllable broke the ſtillneſs of ſilence, and they parted with a very cold adieu on both ſides.

On going to bed, Florio gave himſelf up to all the tortures of jealouſy, and imputed Emelina's ſlight of him to a predilection ſhe had for her partner. Sleep did not cloſe his eye-lids the whole night; and when the morning beam darted through his curtains, he roſe in the ſame tortures with which he went to bed.

The emotions of Emelina were ſimilar, and her ſuſpicions were equally ſtrong of his attachment.

Florio now longed for an eccliarciſſement, and for that purpoſe went to Emelina's houſe. In his way he ſometimes thought of chiding her for her behaviour, at other times he was fearful that ſuch a conduct might give her ſome intimations, and that he might, by doing ſo, convince her that his attachments were more ardent than he choſe to own, or could wiſh to diſcover. At laſt he was determined to be guided by the reception he might receive from her.

On the opening of the door he was acquainted by the ſervant, that her miſtreſs did not ſtand in need of his ſervices any longer.

The meſſage filled him with horror; and in the heightof his ſurpriſe he formed a reſolution to ſhorten his exiſtence. He walked about the fields, for ſome time, like one who was frantic. A ſervant of Emelina, who was paſſing that way, noticed his behaviour, and on his return informed his miſtreſs of what he had ſeen. Emelina now loſt the reſtraints of caution, and liſtened only to the voice of love; ſhe ruſhed out of the houſe in diſhabille, with an intent to prevent an event which ſhe preſaged.

Florio in the height of his paſſion entered into a grove, flung himſelf on the ground, agitated with all the emotions of deſpair. His feelings were too great for nature to ſupport long; and his want of reſt operating with his paſſions, he at laſt fell into a kind of ſlumber.

In this condition Emelina found him, and ſuſpecting that he had ſhortened his life, gave way to her love, accuſing herſelf of cruelty, and profeſſing that happineſs ſhould never reaſſume its throne in her breaſt.

breaſt. Florio was waked with her lamentations; he roſe with tranſport on hearing her flattering expreſſions, owned a mutual flame, and preſſed her to name the day when he might have the happineſs of leading her to the altar. Emelina at firſt reſumed her former coyneſs, but finding love a more powerful principle than reſerve, ſhe conſented; and they now live in all that warmth of attachment, which muſt always render life deſirable, and matrimony happy.

An Account of MORNE GAROU, a Mountain in the Iſland of St. Vincent, with a Deſcription of the Volcano on its Summit.

[In a letter from Mr. James Anderſon, Surgeon, to Mr. Forſyth. From the Philoſophical Tranſactions, Vol. LXXV. Part I.]

THE many ridges of mountains which interſect this iſland in all directions, and riſe in gradations, one above the other, to a very great height, with the rivers tumbling from their ſides over very high precipices, render it exceeding difficult to explore its interior parts.

The moſt remarkable of theſe mountains is one that terminates the N. W. end of the iſland, and the higheſt in it, and has always been mentioned to have had volcanic eruptions from it. The traditions of the oldeſt inhabitants in the iſland, and the ravins at its bottom, ſeem to me to vindicate the aſſertion.—As I was determined, during my ſtay in the iſland, to ſee as much of it as I could; and as I knew, from the altitude of this mountain, there was a probability of meeting with plants on it I could find in no other part of the iſland; I ſhould have attempted going up if I had heard nothing of a volcano being on it. But viewing the mountain at a diſtance, the ſtructure of it was different from any in the iſland, or any I had ſeen in the Weſt-Indies. I could perceive it divided into many different ridges, ſeparated by very deep chaſms, and its ſummit appeared quite deſtitute of any vegetable production. On examining ſeveral ravins, that run from the bottom a great way up the mountain, I perceived they were quite deſtitute of water, and found pieces of pumice-ſtone, charcoal, ſeveral earths and minerals, that plainly indicated there muſt be ſome very ſingular place or other on ſome part of the mountain. I alſo recollected a ſtory told by ſome very old men in the iſland, that they had heard the captain of a ſhip ſay, that between this iſland and St. Lucia, he ſaw, towards night, flames and ſmoke iſſuing from the top of this mountain, and next morning his decks were covered with aſhes and ſmall ſtones. This, you may readily imagine, was excitement enough to examine it, if I poſſibly could; but I was much diſcouraged upon being told, it was impoſſible to gain the ſummit of it: nor could I get either white men, caribbee, or negro, that would undertake to conduct me up for any reward I could offer; nor could I get any information relative to it. But as difficulty to attain inhances the value of the object, ſo the more I was told of the impoſſibility of going up, the more was I determined to attempt it.

After I had examined the baſis of

of it, as far as I could for the ſea and other mountains, to find the moſt probable place to commence my journey, I obſerved an opening of ſeveral large and dry ravins, that ſeemingly ran a great way up: but I was not ſure if they were not interſected by ſome rocks or precipices I could not get over. I came to Mr. Malouné's, about a mile diſtant from the mountain, but the nigheſt houſe to it I could ſtay at all night. Here I met with a friendly reception and great hoſpitality. After communicating my intentions to him, he told me he would give me every aſſiſtance he could, by ſending ſome truſty negroes with me, and wiſhed he was able to go with me himſelf. This was a kind offer to me in my then ſituation, as negroes were what I only wanted, having only one boy belonging to Dr. Young with me. I knew, if I had great difficulties in the woods, he and I both ſhould be inadequate to the taſk, as in a ſhort time we ſhould be ſo wearied as to be unable to proceed: from what I had ſeen of the mountain, I knew I muſt be under the neceſſity of carrying water with me; and from the great diſtance to the top, and obſtructions we might naturally expect, I ſhould at leaſt require two days to accompliſh it.

By examining the ſide of the mountain towards me with a glaſs, I imagined I ſaw two ridges I might get up. I perceived they were covered, great part of the way, with thick wood; yet I hoped, with a little cutting, I ſhould be able to ſcramble through them. I appointed next morning to begin my route by one of theſe ridges.

February 26, 1784, I left Mr. Malouné's about ſunriſe, with two ſtout negroes, and Dr. Young's boy; each of us having a good cutlaſs, as well to clear our way through the woods, as to defend us in caſe we ſhould be attacked by caribbees, or runaway negroes.—We arrived at the bottom of the mountain a little before ſeven in the morning. To get to either of the ridges, we found we had a rock to climb above forty feet high: it was with great difficulty we ſcrambled up, aſſiſting one another in the beſt manner we could; here we found it neceſſary to contract our baggage. After getting up this rock, I found myſelf in the bottom of a narrow and deep ravin. Having aſcended this ravin a little way, I ſaw ſome cleared ground on its ſides, with tobacco growing. This I conjectured was the habitation of ſome caribbees; but I was much ſurpriſed when one of the negroes I had with me told me, it was the habitation of a Mr. Caſco, a Frenchman. What could induce a ſtout healthy man in the prime of life, and a good mechanic, with ſeveral negroes, to take up his reſidence among rocks and precipices, excluded from the whole world, is a myſtery to me. Beſides, by every torrent of rain that happens, he may expect himſelf and all his habitation to be waſhed over the rocks into the ocean. Notwithſtanding his ſingular ſituation, I found him an intelligent man, and I experienced every hoſpitality his poor cottage could afford.

The difficulty of going through woods in the Weſt Indies, where there are no roads or paths, is far beyond any thing an European can conceive. Beſides tall trees and thick underwood, there are hundreds of different climbing plants twiſted together like ropes, and running in all directions to a great extent, and even to the tops of the higheſt trees; by puſhing on they cannot

cannot be broke, and many of them with difficulty cut; besides a species of grass, the *Schoenus Lithospermos*, with serrated leaves, that cuts and tears the hands and face terribly. With such obstructions as these, it was above two hours before we got on the ridge, where I was in hopes our passage would have been easier; but I soon found my mistake, for I was surrounded with a thick forest, much more difficult to get through than before, on account of the large piles of trees broken down by the hurricanes, to pass which in many parts we were obliged to creep on our hands and feet to get below them, and in other places to climb a great height above the surface of the ground, to get over large trunks lying on one another, and these being frequently rotten, occasioned us to tumble headlong down to a great depth, among rotten wood and grass, so that it was with great difficulty I and the negroes could extricate ourselves. By constantly cutting to clear our way, I, as well as my companions, grew much fatigued, and they wished much to return back. About four in the afternoon I could not prevail upon them to proceed farther; if they did, they could not return before dark, and they would not sleep all night in the woods, but said if I stayed they would return to me next morning. I saw it was impossible to gain the summit of the mountain with the boy only by that route: I likewise saw the woods growing more difficult, my water also totally expended: From these considerations I intended to go down to the Frenchman's, and remain there all night, and try another route with my boy next morning, hoping I might be fortunate enough to find an easier passage. I arrived at Mr. Gascoe's a little after sun-set, being much fatigued and thirsty, and never experienced more hospitality and kindness than from this man in his miserable cot; for we ought not to judge of the value of the things received, but of the disposition of the heart with which they are given. He parted with his hammock to me, and slept on a board himself. This I at first refused; but he insisted on it, telling me, from my hardships of the day I was much more tired than he. I took the hammock, but I found it was impossible to close my eyes during the night with cold. His hut was built of *roseaux* or large reeds, between each of which a dog might creep through, and the top was covered with dry grass. It is situated in the bottom of a deep gully, where the sun does not shine till nine in the morning, nor after four in the afternoon. It is surrounded by thick wood, and during the night the whole of the mountain is covered with thick clouds, from which it frequently rains; this makes the night air exceedingly cold. I got ready to renew my journey next morning, having only Dr. Young's boy with me, who continued very faithful to me during this excursion, being very active and hardy: I do not know if I could have gone through this fatigue had it not been for his assistance. I now determined to commence this day's route up the ravin, as it seemed to widen and apparently run a considerable way up in the direction I wished for; and if I could get out of it upon the other ridge, it would at least be two miles nearer than the way I had attempted yesterday, and probably, after getting out of it, I might find wood easier of access. In this ravin I got up about a mile

mile and a half, without meeting with any conſiderable obſtruction. Encouraged by getting ſo far, although the ravin was narrowing faſt, with numbers of rocks and precipices to climb over with vines and buſhes difficult to get through, I was reſolved to perſiſt in this route and determined by every poſſible means to get to the object of my wiſhes, well knowing if I could not perform it this way, I might abandon it entirely. After climbing over a number of difficult paſſes, the ravin terminated at the bottom of a very high precipice; how far it was to the ſummit I did not know, being covered toward the top with thick wood: but from the bottom upwards it was looſe ſand as far as I could ſee, with ferns and tufts of graſs which, as ſoon as I took hold of them, came out at the roots. The precipice being ſo very ſteep, with no trees or buſhes on it to aſſiſt me in getting up, I plainly ſaw the attempting to climb it was at the riſk of my life: However, I was reſolved to try it; and telling the boy to keep ſome diſtance behind me, in caſe I ſhould tumble and drive him down along with me, I began to aſcend, holding the tufts of graſs as lightly as poſſible, and digging holes with my cutlaſs to put my feet in; but I often loſt my hold, and frequently ſlipped down a conſiderable diſtance; however, as it was nothing but looſe ſand, I could eaſily puſh my cutlaſs into it to the handle, and by graſping it could recover myſelf again. Had I not taken the reſolution, before I began to aſcend, to diveſt myſelf of fear, I could not poſſibly have gone, for the terror of falling would have been the means of it every inſtant. I got up to ſome wild plantains, which I ſaw continued all the way to the place where the buſhes and trees began to grow. I here reſted myſelf, and waited for the boy's getting to me, which he did much eaſier than I, although he had the proviſions and water, owing to the track I had made, and becauſe, being much lighter, he could better truſt himſelf to the graſs and ferns. After ſome labour we arrived at the top of the precipice. I found myſelf on a very narrow ridge, thickly covered with wood, and bounded by two ravins, the bottoms of which I could not ſee; the deſcent to them ſeemed to be nearly perpendicular, yet all the way covered with thick wood. After refreſhing ourſelves, we began our fatigue, the boy and I cutting, and carrying our water and proviſions alternately. When we had got ſome way, I found I was on an exceeding narrow ridge, in many parts not ſix feet broad; on each ſide a tremendous gulf, into one or other of which I was often in danger of falling, ſo that with great caution I was obliged to lie down on my belly, to ſee through the buſhes how the ridge tended. Here I began to ſmell ſulphur, or rather a ſmell like gunpowder. As I knew this ſmell muſt come from the top of the mountain, being in the direction of the wind, I was in hopes we could not be far from it, as the ſmell grew ſtronger and ſtronger as I aſcended. I ſaw a riſing before me, and thought if I was once on it, if the top of the mountain was near I could have a view of it, but having got on this riſing I could only ſee a high peak on the N. W. end of the mountain, and by appearance I thought myſelf very little nearer than when I was at the bottom. The woods now became very difficult to get through; great quantities of fallen trees lying buried under long graſs, and being

rotten,

rotten, when I thought myſelf walking on the ground, I was frequently buried a great depth among them. Being now about noon, and my turn to carry the baggage, and conſequently my turn of reſt, I was ſurpriſed to hear a ruſtling among the buſhes, and ſomething like a human voice behind me. As we were now in a place where I had little reaſon to ſuppoſe there had been a human foot before, and could not imagine there could be habitations of caribbees or run-away negroes, ſince from the barrenneſs of the mountain they could not poſſibly find any proviſions to ſubſiſt on, I told the boy to ſtand ſtill, and let us wait their coming up; for if they were caribbees advancing with an intention to hurt us, there was no alternative but to defend ourſelves. You may imagine my ſurpriſe when I ſaw one of the negroes who had been with me the day before, with three others, which Mr. Maloune had ſent to my aſſiſtance, with plenty of proviſions. After refreſhment, with this aſſiſtance, I renewed my labours with freſh ſpirits, and thought I was ſure of reaching the top before night. Having proceeded a little, I had a fair view of the ravin on my left, which was of prodigious depth, and ran from near the top of the mountain to the ſea; its bottom ſeemed to be a rock of a colour nearly reſembling lava, and appeared as if there had been vaſt torrents of ſulphureous matter running in it ſome time. I regretted much I knew not of this ravin before I commenced my excurſion, as by paſſing a head-land in a canoe, and getting into the ravin, I might have gained the ſummit of the mountain, without experiencing the delays and difficulties I here encountered. It was now about 4 P. M. and I had no proſpect of the mountain's top; but from the aſcent of the ravin below, I knew it was a great way off, I thought if I could get into the ravin before night, I could get eaſily up next morning. After cutting a great way through wild plantains, the ſun near ſitting, I found myſelf almoſt over the verge of a precipice; by catching hold of ſome ſhrubs, I prevented myſelf from falling. We were now about half way down; but all the way below us, as far as we could ſee, was a perpendicular precipice of rock, ſeveral hundred feet high, to paſs which was impoſſible. I had a view of ſome part of the top of the mountain, which I ſaw was yet far from me; nor could I attempt any other way than the ridge I had left. Being now ſun-ſet, and the negroes very diſcontented, becauſe they could not return that night, I found we muſt take up our night's reſidence in the place where we were. It was a very unfavourable one, there being nothing but plantains growing, which retaining the rain long in their leaves, and being frequently agitated by the wind, were conſtantly dropping, and kept the ground always moiſt. Being almoſt dark, we had time to make us no other habitation, than placing two or three ſticks againſt an old ſtump of a tree, and ſlightly covering them with plantain leaves. After getting together ſome little wood to make a fire to keep us comfortable, it began to blow and rain violently, which continued all night. We ſoon found our building afforded us no ſhelter, and the wood would not burn, ſo that we could not get any fire; and the ground on which we were ſituated would not allow the leaſt exerciſe to keep us warm. From ſuch a miſerable night I experienced no

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mitigation for the fatigues of the day. I wiſhed for the riſing ſun, to renew my labours; which I at laſt beheld with inexpreſſible joy.

As ſoon as we could ſee, we returned to the ridge we left the night before, and began to work with alacrity, as we were almoſt chilled with cold. I puſhed on as faſt as poſſible, and about ten o'clock found the woods began to grow thin. I could not ſee the top of the mountain, but had a view of ſeveral ridges that joined it. From the wind falling, and the heat growing intenſe, I thought we muſt then be under the cover of the ſummit: I here found many new plants. About eleven A. M. I was overjoyed to have a full view of the ſummit of the mountain, nearly a mile diſtant from us, and that we were nearly out of the woody region. The top ſeemed to be compoſed of ſix or ſeven different ridges, very much broken in the ſides, as if they had ſuffered great convulſions of nature; they were divided by amazing deep ravins, without any water in them. I obſerved where the ridges met the edge of a large excavation, as it ſeemed to be, on the higheſt part. I imagined this might be the mouth of the crater, and directed my courſe to a high peak which overlooked it. I found here a moſt beautiful tree which compoſed the laſt wood. After that I entered into a thick long graſs, intermixed with fern, which branched and ran in every direction. To break it was impoſſible, and with great difficulty I could cut it; ſo that in clearing our way through the graſs, eight or ten feet high, there was equal difficulty as in the woods, and it ſeemed to continue very near to the top of the mountain. Being now about noon, I and the negroes were ſo fatigued as hardly to be able to ſtand; our thirſt very great, to allay which, as much as poſſible, we chewed the leaves of the Begonia obliqua. Two of the negroes returned, and the others ſaid they would go no farther with me, as they muſt periſh for want of water, and it would be impoſſible to get to the bottom before night, and they muſt all die in the woods. The propriety of their reaſoning was evident to me; yet I thought it hard, after the fatigues of three days and two nights, to be within half a mile of the top, and not to be able to get up, and to know little more about it than I did at the bottom. As the negroes had not the ſame motive for going up as I, all my reaſoning was to them ineffectual: I found I was obliged to return myſelf, as I could not perſiſt alone. At half paſt twelve we began to deſcend the ſame way we came. As there was now a clear paſs all the way to the bottom, we got down to Mr. Caſco's by ſun-ſet. After ſitting ſome time here, I was hardly able to riſe again I was ſo tired, and my feet were ſo ſore I could hardly ſtand on them; for, my ſhoes being torn to pieces, I came down the whole way barefooted. I continued my journey, however, to Mr. Maloune's, where I arrived between ſix and ſeven at night.

March 4th, being the day I had fixed to finiſh my excurſion, about four in the morning, I left the houſe of Mr. Fraſer, who out of curioſity agreed to accompany me, of which I was very glad, as he was a ſenſible young man; and with the aſſiſtance of two negroes we purſued our journey. We found very little obſtruction in our way up, until we got to the place where I returned; and there, for about a quarter of a mile, we had conſider-

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able difficulty to clear our way through graſs and ferns. After we came within a quarter of a mile, from the top, we found ourſelves, in another climate all at once, the air very cold, and the vegetable productions changed; here was nothing but barrenneſs over the whole ſummit of the mountain. On the confines of the graſſy region and the barren I found ſome beautiful plants. Moſs grows here in ſuch plenty, that I frequently ſunk up to my knees in it. This is the only place in the Weſt-Indies that produced any moſs that I have ſeen. About noon we had gained the top of the peak I had directed my courſe to before; when, in an inſtant, we were ſurpriſed with one of the grandeſt and moſt awful ſcenes I had ever beheld. I was ſtruck with it amazingly, as I could not have conceived ſuch a very large and ſo ſingularly formed an excavation. It is ſituated on the center of the mountain, and where the various ridges unite. Its diameter is ſomething more than a mile, and its circumference to appearance a perfect circle. Is depth from the ſurrounding margin is above a quarter of a mile, and it narrows a little, but very regularly to the bottom. Its ſides are very ſmooth, and for the moſt part covered with ſhort moſs, except towards the ſouth, where there are a number of ſmall holes and rents. This is the only place where it is poſſible to go down to the bottom: It is exceedingly dangerous, owing to the number of ſmall chaſms. On the weſt ſide is a ſection of red rock like granite, cut very ſmooth, and of the ſame declivity with the other parts. All the reſt of the ſurrounding ſides ſeems to be compoſed of ſand, that looks to have undergone the action of intenſe fire. It has a cruſt quite ſmooth, of about an inch thick, and hard almoſt as rock; after breaking through which, you find nothing but looſe ſand. In the center of the bottom is a burning mountain of about a mile in circumference, of a conic form, but quite level. On the ſummit, out of the center of the top, ariſes another mount, eight or ten feet high, a perfect cone; from its apex iſſues a column of ſmoke. It is compoſed of large maſſes of red *granite-like* rock of various ſizes and ſhapes, which appear to have been ſpilt into their preſent magnitudes by ſome terrible convulſion of nature, and are piled up very regular. From moſt parts of the mountain iſſue great quantities of ſmoke, eſpecially on the north ſide, which appears to be burning from top to bottom, and the heat is ſo intenſe, that it is impoſſible to go upon it. Going round the baſe is very dangerous, as large maſſes of rock are conſtantly ſplitting with the heat, and tumbling to the bottom. At the bottom, on the north ſide, is a very large rock ſplit in two; each of theſe halves, which are ſeparated to a conſiderable diſtance from each other, is rent in all directions, and from the crevices iſſue effloreſcences of a gloſſy appearance, which taſte like vitriol, and alſo beautiful cryſtallizations of ſulphur. On all parts of the mountain are great quantities of ſulphur in all ſtates; alſo alum, vitriol, and other minerals. From the external appearance of this mountain, I amagine it has only began to burn lately, as on ſeveral parts of it I ſaw ſmall ſhrubs and graſs, which looked as if they had been lately ſcorched and burnt. There are ſeveral holes on the ſouth, from which iſſues ſmoke, ſeemingly broken out lately, as the buſhes round are but lately

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burnt. On two oppoſite ſides of the burning mountain, eaſt and weſt, reaching from its baſe to that of the ſide of the crater, are two lakes of water, about a ſtone's throw in breadth; they appear to be deep in the middle; their bottom to be covered with a clay-like ſubſtance. The water ſeems pleaſant to the taſte, and is of a chalybeate nature. I ſuppoſe theſe lakes receive great increaſe, if they are not entirely ſupported, by the rain that tumbles down the ſide of the crater. I obſerved on the north ſide of the bottom traces of beds of rivers, that to appearance run great quantities of water at times to both theſe lakes. By the ſtones at their edges, I could perceive that either abſorption or evaporation, or perhaps both, go on faſt. The greater part of the bottom of the crater, except the mountain and two lakes, is very level. On the ſouth part are ſeveral ſhrubs and ſmall trees.

There are many ſtones in it that ſeem to be impregnated with minerals: I ſaw ſeveral pieces of pumice-ſtone. I alſo found many ſtones about the ſize of a man's fiſt, rough, on one ſide blue, which appearance, I imagine, they have got from heat, and being in contact with ſome mineral. Theſe ſtones are ſcattered over the whole mountain, one or two of which I have ſent you, with ſome others.

After I had got up from the bottom of the crater, I could not help viewing it with admiration, from its wonderful ſtructure and regularity. Here I found an excavation cut through the mountain and rocks to an amazing depth, and with as much regularity and proportion of its conſtituent parts, as if it had been planned by the hand of the moſt ſkilful mathematician. I wiſhed much to remain on the mountain all night, to examine its ſeveral ridges with more attention next day; but I could not prevail on my companion to ſtay, and therefore thought it adviſable to accompany him. I obſerved the motion of the clouds on this mountain to be very ſingular. Although there are ſeveral parts on it higher than the mouth of the crater, yet I ſaw their attraction was always to it. After entering on its eaſt or windward ſide, and whirling round the northweſt ſide, they ſunk a conſiderable way into it; then, mounting the oppoſite ſide, they ran along a ridge, which tended nearly north-eaſt, and afterwards ſunk into a deep ravin, which divided this ridge from another on the north-weſt corner of the mountain, and the higheſt on it, lying in a direction nearly ſouth and north. They keep the courſe of this ridge to the ſouth end, and then whirl off weſt in their natural courſe.

I took my departure from the mountain with great reluctance. Although I encountered many difficulties to get up, yet it amply rewarded me for all my toil; but I had not time to examine it with that attention I wiſhed. When I got on the peak from which I had my firſt view of it, and from which I could ſee its different parts, I could not help reviewing it ſeveral times. After imprinting its ſtructure on my mind, I took my final adieu of it, and returned down, and got to Mr. Fraſer's houſe about ſeven at night, much fatigued.

I am ſorry I had no inſtruments to take the ſtate of the air, nor the exact dimenſions of the different parts of the mountain; but, I believe, on meaſurement, they will be more than I have mentioned.

From the ſituation of theſe iſlands to one another, and to the conti-

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nent of South-America, I imagine there are sub-marine communications between the burning mountains or volcanoes in each of them, and from them to the volcanoes on the high mountains of America.—The islands which are situated next the continent, seem to tend in the direction of those mountains; and I have observed, that the crater in this island lies nearly in a line with Soufriere, in St. Lucia and Morne Pelée in Martinique, and I dare say from Morne Pelée to a place of the same kind in Dominique, and from it to the others; as it is certain there is something of this kind in each of these islands, Barbadoes and Tobago excepted, which are quite out of the range of the rest.

There is no doubt but eruptions or different changes in some of them, although at a great distance, may be communicated to affect the others in various manners. It is observed by the inhabitants round these burning mountains, that shocks of earthquakes are frequent near them, and more sensibly felt than in other parts of the island, and the shocks always go in the direction of them.

I cannot omit mentioning the great assistance I received in the above excursion from Dr. Young, Mr. Malouine, and Mr. Fraser; for, without the aid of their negroes, I I could not have possibly gone through with it.

The SPECULATOR. No. V.

Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyria sol jungit ab urbe.——VIRG. Æn.

THE history of the human mind, as exemplified in its progressive passage, from the depression of barbarism to the elevation of refinement, is to the philosopher an object of research equally fascinating and profitable. To follow the first faint drawings of intellect, which, in the infancy of nations, burst by intervals through surrounding darkness, to that blaze and energy with which the powers of mind expand in the maturity of more polished times, is a contemplation that soothes the pride of man, and fills the soul with elevated ideas of the dignity of its own nature. Nor are such investigations to be held as merely abstract or inapplicable to utility. To him who carefully examines and compares the various pictures of national advancement, the chain connecting causes and effects is laid open, while he learns the influence of these powers, by which the progress of refinement had been hitherto hastened or retarded; he gains a knowledge which may not be unprofitably applied to the future.

In the study of a history so important as that of the mind, inquiries into the state of polite literature, as modified by various causes in different countries, have ever made a principal part. The more delicate and loftier efforts of imagination, the keen taste of beauty and elegance, tardily unfold themselves in the soul. They mark the maturity of nations like that of individuals, and the progress of the finer arts, is the standard by which the real intellectual rank of a people is usually best estimated.

The inquisitive and philosophic spirit of the English, has peculiarly prompted them to such researches.

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The plenteous field of foreign improvement has always excited the industry of innumerable labourers, and our eagerness to investigate the causes and conditions of refinement among the neighbouring nations has usually kept pace with our own advancement. At a period when this taste appears rather to be increasing than upon the wane and when the mutual intercourse of nations becomes, from a thousand causes, every day more facilitated, it appears singular, that one country alone, in which the sciences have been long and successfully cultivated, should experience a neglect as mortifying as it is undeserved. The polite literature of the Germans, has escaped the general spirit of inquiry, and by some fatality seems hitherto to have repressed learned curiosity, and damped the ardor of investigation. While the productions of the French, however uncongenial to the spirit of our island exert, as foreign, a peculiar claim on our complacency; this province, rich and inexhaustible as it promises to be, has little excited the ambition of conquest, or roused the cupidity of literary industry. A language inimical to the Germans, has been propagated among us by tradition, till it has nearly gained the authority of prescription. Dullness is, by a kind of charm, associated with their names, and the heresay sarcasm detailed from hand to hand, has filled our minds with prejudices against a people, whose merits we have hitherto been little able to appreciate. The professed language of panegyric, and the blind ignorance of prepossession, are equally unfriendly to the cause of truth. Later years have witnessed in Germany the cultivation of many of the finer arts; with what success, it is for candour and coolness only to determine. To attract some share of attention to a subject where curiosity is so laudable, and, by giving an idea, faint as it may be, of the exertions of the Germans, in works of taste and imagination, to enable others to judge a little better of the rank which literary justice should assign them, will be attempted in a few sketches, interwoven with the plan of the present work. Of these the execution may claim much indulgence, but their intention can hardly be unfavourably considered.

The introduction of German literature into England has taken place under circumstances the most unfavourable to its adoption. Our first acquaintance with the German Muse was formed on the commencement only of her progress to that maturity she has since attained. With this, other causes concurring, curiosity was little roused, indifference soon succeeded, and the impressions then received were transmitted to succeeding times. These continue to exert an influence in the present period, when the rapid progress of German improvement has rendered their application absolutely unjust. The French, from a variety of causes, ever inimical to their less volatile neighbours, have formerly exerted, at their expense, the powers of ridicule, which, however applicable, when directed to the dark age of German genius, loses all point, when the modern era is the object. The charge of tameness and want of fire has been made, till the stigma becomes difficultly inseparable from the efforts of German imagination. The wide diffusion of the French tongue, and the little sphere to which the other language is confined, has on one side given every advantage to propagate an accusation, and on the other rendered a public appeal almost

most impracticable. At a late period, however, the prepossessions even of the French are beginning to relax. The merits of those, they once opposed with acrimony and contempt, are daily making more impression; and the hostile obloquy they so long preserved, is atoned for by the eagerness with which the German literature is received and transfused into their language.—Little as our nation is acquainted with the modern writers of Germany, some specimens are familiar to us, which yield sufficient proof, that whatever deficiency of strength might mark the earlier compositions of that country, the spirit which pervades the later literary performances is of a character directly opposite.

The Sorrows of Werter, the beauties of which, glowing with all the fire of genius, and the enthusiasm of exquisite passion, have furnished so many themes to the poet and the painter, has, as a composition, long excited our admiration, though apparently without awakening much curiosity for the other numerous productions of Goethe's bold and vivid pencil. In the fister art of poetry, the Germans have long vindicated to themselves a rank among the highest; the whole of Europe has recognised the merits of a style of music, as original and touching as it is incompatible with mere laborious tameness. A music, to whose excellence the heart of feeling will ever bear the truest testimony, while it vibrates to the fiery wildness of an Haydn, or melts to the soft and passionate strains of the tender Pleyel.

To the common prepossession of want of spirit and interest, in the productions of the Germans, another cause has contributed. A peculiar fate attended some of the first poems which appeared among us in an English dress. Stripped of the poetic beauties of the original, the translations reduced the sublimity and varied measure of Klopstock's versification, and the harmonious softness of Gesner, to one standard of monotonous prose, which, from the peculiarity of structure, has long attracted the sarcasms of criticism. Little would it be suspected by the mere English reader, that Klopstock, in his Messiah has taken the Greek hexameter as the model of his verse, and has almost exhausted the riches of a language the most copious, in the varieties of his modulation and cadence. A literary process like this, few poems can sustain without the loss of half their beauties. Homer and Virgil themselves, would probably, if subjected to it, but little attract wonder, or arrest attention. An idea of difficulty almost insuperable, annexed to the acquisition of the language of the Germans, has tended to produce an indifference to their literature. That the language is not among those most easy of acquisitions will readily be allowed, though no small portion of the impediments may perhaps appear to examination founded on prejudice.

The sarcastic criticisms of the French and other nations on the harshness of our own tongue, will incline us not to sit in judgment too severe on the want of harmony in the German. Wieland, in his Musarion and Oberon, by shewing that the German language is not unsusceptible of musical softness and elegance, has performed a service to his native tongue, like that for which our own is indebted to Pope. The immediate connexion of the German language with the English, and the light which its direct relation is so able to throw

on many dark and ambiguous parts of the latter, is a claim to attention which it is singular to find has produced so little effect. The productions of a nation, near to us in point of situation and connexion, in a language from which so great a part of our own is evidently borrowed, have in some of our writers experienced a neglect, which would lead us to suppose the Germans were as remote and little interesting to us as the Chinese; and that their tongue emulated the Egyptian hieroglyphics in obscurity. Fortunately for the extension of English letters, these opinions have not been mutual. The language of England makes in Germany a part of education, and is even regularly taught by the professor of an university. The Germans have received the productions of the English with a degree of cordiality and eagerness which marks congeniality of sentiment, and have translated into their own language, most of our works that are distinguished by celebrity.

The progress of Germany towards the refinement of the politer arts, has been complicated with circumstances not a little singular. At a period when the more important of the European nations, after shaking off the mental slavery of so many ages of ignorance and darkness, were rising high in the scale of intellect, it was difficult among the writers of that country to find a single vestige which marked the developement of those faculties of mind, which have elegance and beauty for their object. The taste for the theology and logic of the schools, and the spirit of minute and laborious research, continued long after the revival of letters to keep possession of Germany, and effectually to repress the exertions of imagination, or the invention of genius. Even that great event in which Germany had so proud a share, which loosened the shackles from human reason, and vindicated the dignity of man, did not produce the effect of bringing forward the finer faculties of the mind, to which it seemed necessarily to lead. The efforts of Luther, Melancthon, Reuchlin, and Hutten, were able to break the bands of tyranny and superstition, but little to advance their cotemporaries in refinement.

A few exceptions to the general inactivity in which Germany appears so long to languish, are, however, to be made. The Minnesingern, a species of Troubadours, in the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries, have vindicated their existence from oblivion, by some works which are said to possess peculiar merit, as those of Reynard der Zeter, and Walter der Vogelweide; and in the later periods which were prior to the shining era of Haller, some names have reached posterity. Opitz, who preceded Haller by near a century, is even at present able to claim attention and admiration.

Various causes, the concurrence of which continued for so long a time to exert an influence unfriendly to the progress of the finer arts in Germany, are obvious to research. Among the first of these, is that severity of fate, which, from the earliest periods, has visited Germany with a series of destructive wars, of which the local situation has rendered it too opportune a theatre. When the darkness which had so long brooded thick and heavy over Europe, was beginning to disperse, and the exiled Muses once more claiming their naive seats, dared to vindicate their pristine honours, this country was visited by few and distant gleams of mental light, and could offer little shelter

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or protection to returning science. The influence of the feudal system continuing to operate from local causes for so great a length of time, the anarchy arising from the discordant principles of the Germanic constitution, and the ravages of war raging in the very heart of the empire, rendered Germany no asylum for elegant literature, when just escaping from the long oppression of the dark ages. Causes of this kind, particularly the last, have continued to act, though with diminished powers, even to a late period. As the scattered sovereignties that compose the imperial body, instead of multiplying the patrons of the arts, divided and weakened the power of protection; this circumstance contributed still farther to render the progress of the finer arts precarious, from the want of constant fostering care, and the sunshine of power.

To this was added, a contempt of literature, not difficult to be traced to its proper origin, which for a long time marked the character of the nobles of Germany. These, impressed with ideas of feudal dignity, looked down on the professors of literature as of a lower rank, and little entitled to respect or encouragement; while the man of science, excluded from courts and condemned to obscurity, felt the elevation of learning degraded, and the motives of activity grow languid. At a time when, from obstacles like these, the progress of Belles Lettres had been weak and tardy among the Germans, they became acquainted with French literature, which had arrived at a state of high elegance and polish. The little efforts they had made before this period became for a time still less; and dazzled with the superior splendor of French letters, they seemed almost to desert their own language. The decided preference of the great Frederic for the French tongue, and the contempt he so openly expressed for his own, contributed at least partially to keep up a taste so uncongenial to the real spirit of the Germans. Unable to contend in point of harmony and delicacy with the language of the French, the German writers felt their ardor damped, and the native literature was severely checked by the introduction of the foreign riches of another tongue.

Thus, for a long and barren period, the Muses of Germany slumbered in useless inactivity, while the spirit of patient investigation, or laborious industry seemed effectually to have extinguished the efforts of imagination, and the enthusiasm of the fine arts. The few and short exertions of native genius, which at intervals blazed for a moment, only marked more forcibly the surrounding darkness. But the opening of the present century, ushered in the dawn of that splendor which was at last to dispel the graceful shade that had so long hovered over Germany. The venerable names of Haller, and his cotemporaries, stand first on that list of fame which vindicates the Germans from the reproach of deficiency in inventive talents.—The call went forth which was to rouse the sleeping genius of the nation from the lethargy of ages.—An emulative spirit seemed to pervade the succession of writers that followed; and the creative wit of Wieland, the deep pathos of Lessing and Schiller, the tender simplicity of Gesner, and the fiery enthusiasm of Goethe, began to disclose themselves. The brilliant era was established in which the Germans saw the foundation of their literary glory secured, and looked forward, in well-founded confidence, to the

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ſpeedy approach of that time when they ſhould be enabled to conteſt the palm of fame with the proudeſt of thoſe nations, who would once have thought themſelves diſgraced by the very competition.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

REVIEW.

The Natural and Civil Hiſtory of Vermont.—By Samuel Williams, L. L. D. 8vo. price 12ſ.

THIS work we confidently pronounce a moſt valuable acquiſition to the republic of letters.

A wiſh to favour the moſt trifling literary effort in our country, or a more ſordid motive, has in too many inſtances proſtituted public commendation. The ſincere friends of genius and of ſcience, while, from the nature of the work, and the reputation of the author, they promiſed themſelves little amuſement or inſtruction, would not withhold their names from the liſt of ſubſcribers, much leſs would they withhold from the work ſo cheap a tribute as that of praiſe. But, we are confident, the talents and the exertions to which the public is indebted for the Hiſtory of Vermont, will find a recompenſe in a more intereſted motive. The philoſopher, the ſtateſman, and the naturaliſt, will find themſelves much amuſed and more inſtructed. Perhaps we ſhould not detract from the merits of the publications extant, ſhould we challenge their extenſive number for a work of this ſize, which diſplays a more general acquaintance with ſcience.

The ſtyle is not without its faults. Yet they are ſuch faults, as are always to be found in the writings of thoſe authors, who are more intent upon the matter of their narration, than upon the manner of framing their ſentences. Like the country which our author deſcribes, his ſtyle exhibits a native majeſty, not deprived of the charms of variety by the refinements of modern cultivation.

The work commences with the natural hiſtory of the ſtate. In this the reader will find an account of the ſituation, ſoil, mountains, rivers and lakes, climate, and vegetable productions of the country. In this account, many curious and philoſophic obſervations and remarks are made, which evince the author to be well qualified for this part of his undertaking.

The author then preſents us with a deſcription of the various quadrupeds, birds, fiſhes, &c. In this part of the work, the reader will find much amuſement, particularly in the hiſtory of the beaver.

To this ſucceeds a very intereſting account of the employments, government, education, manners, and cuſtoms of the original inhabitants of America. This part of the work is concluded with the following remarks upon the progreſs of ſociety among the Indians.

" The progreſs of ſociety among the Indians, would make a curious and the moſt uſeful part of their hiſtory. The rudeſt and moſt ſimple ſtate that took place among them, was that which I have been deſcribing. Whereſoever the ſavages continued to derive their ſupport from hunting, they continued from age to age in the ſame condition,

dition, and made no improvements. Where the means of subsistence were plentiful, and easy to be procured, the Indians had advanced beyond the state of an hunter, and began to increase their numbers, and their agriculture. In such places, society began to assume a different form, from what it bore in their rudest and most simple state. And the tendency of it was every where to *monarchy*.—In the southern parts of Newengland, and Virginia, some of the tribes were advancing fast to the form of hereditary monarchy. In the hotter climates it was already established. This was the case in Florida, among the Natchez on the Mississippi, in Cuba, Hispaniola, and all the large islands. In Bagotta, Mexico, and Peru, monarchy had acquired its perfect form, its full powers, and a complete establishment. In each of these places, the progress of government had been from perfect freedom and independence, to almost absolute and unlimited monarchy. In the course of this progress, two remarkable phenomena appeared: In one part of America, an empire and a monarchy was established, in most respects resembling those which had arisen in the other hemisphere. In another part of America, an empire and a monarchy was produced, far superior to those which were produced in the other parts of the globe.

"In the empire of Mexico, almost every thing had taken the Asiatic, and European course. The great body of the people were reduced to a degraded and humiliating state; and held their lives, and performed their labours, under various names and degrees of degradation and abasement. A body of nobility were possessed of ample territories, of great privileges, powers, and honours, under different names and degrees. Above and over all, was the monarch, enjoying supreme power and dignity. After being elective during the reign of eleven of their sovereigns, the monarchy was become almost absolute and hereditary, in Montezuma. The system of religion agreed perfectly well to the nature of the government: It was severe, cruel, and barbarous; and delighted in the sprinkling and shedding of blood: Human sacrifices of all others were esteemed the most acceptable and availing; and the priests had the privilege, the honour and the profit, of announcing or removing the vengeance of the gods. This system of monarchy had acquired a stability, a regularity, and a vigour equal to any monarchy that was then upon the earth. Upon comparing the spirit of monarchy, untempered by representation, in America, in Asia, and in Europe; the spirit and the principles of it, will be found every where to have operated alike. It degrades the body of the people below the condition and nature of man. It exalts the nobles and the sovereign above the condition and state, which nature designs or admits. In one form or another it has always been attended with a persecuting, cruel, and bloody religion, put into the hands of a wealthy and powerful priesthood. It has constantly produced the spirit of war and destruction; and generally derived to itself security, wealth, and power, from the misery, destruction, and slaughter, it has entailed on the human race. By placing the rulers in a situation altogether unnatural, that is, above all sense of accountability to their fellow men, it has produced that constant, steady, and universal abuse of power, which in every part of the globe, has been the distinguishing

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and certain effect of this form of government. Its spirit and principle have every where been the same; not the *honour* which the great Montesquieu wished to ascribe to it, and wanted to find in it, but that total want of regard and accountability to man, which with great accuracy and propriety, has been lately named *a contempt of the people.*

"The empire of Peru was formed and governed by a species of monarchy, different from what has ever taken place among any other people. Twelve successive monarchs, for a period of more than four hundred years, had been invested with hereditary and absolute power. They claimed this authority, not as derived to them in any manner or degree from the people, but as the absolute and exclusive donation of heaven. They announced themselves to be the children of the sun, and clothed with divine and unlimited power to direct all the civil and religious affairs of the people. The sovereign was named *Inca;* and so sacred and pure were the family of the inca's, in the minds of the people, that they were universally esteemed incapable of committing a crime, or falling into an errour: No other family might marry or mingle with it, for fear of polluting the heavenly blood. The people looked up to them, as to beings of a superior and heavenly race: And all disobedience to them, was viewed not barely as a crime committed against men, but as an act of rebellion against God. The nobility of course was nothing more than families of office. Though a difference of rank had taken place throughout the empire, all but the children of the sun, were supposed to belong to the common race of men. The people were well clothed and fed; every where distinguished for their industry, economy, moderation, contentment, and happiness. Over this people, the incas, though absolute in power, established a government the most mild and gentle, that has ever taken place in any part of the earth. The morals of the people were so pure, that few crimes were ever committed: The genius of the government was so mild, that few punishments were ever executed: And when they were, they were viewed as the necessary acts of God, and not of men. Their government, the dominion of prosperity and virtue, was esteemed by the people the dominion of God and his inca.—Their system of religion, like their government, was mild, gentle, and pacific. The sun, the emblem of light, serenity, fertility, beneficence, joy, and life, was the object of their adoration. They offered to him a part of those productions, which they derived from cultivating the earth, enriched by his genial warmth. They presented to him specimens of those works of ingenuity, which they had performed by his light. And they brought to him some of those animals, which were nourished by his influence. But the inca never stained their altars with human blood; or admitted the savage idea, that the source of beneficence could be pleased with the persecution, cruelty, and destruction of men.—Their system of war partook of the same spirit of mildness, and wisdom. They fought not to exterminate, but to conquer: They conquered not to enslave, but to improve, to civilize, and refine. No cruel torture awaited the captive; no barbarous marks of degradation, disgrace, triumph, or slavery, were reserved for the prisoners. They were taught the same system of government and religion,

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as the reſt of the people; they were admitted to the ſame privileges, and treated with the ſame lenity and mildneſs. Of all the triumphs of the inca, the nobleſt and the greateſt was to diffuſe the manifold bleſſings of peace and happineſs, to the people whom they had ſubdued.

"Such was the genius, the ſpirit, and the effect, of the ſyſtem of monarchy that was eſtabliſhed in Peru. We need not heſitate to pronounce it ſuperior to any, that was then to be found upon the face of the earth. The genius and the ſpirit of it were above all others, mild and gentle; the object and the aim of it, were in fact, the improvement and the happineſs of the people. And if any government ever produced this effect, that government was the monarchy of Peru: Not the attainment of the moſt poliſhed nations of Aſia, and Europe, of their arts, ſcience, and improvements; but of the greater wiſdom and ſimplicity of the Indians, and incas of America.

"We have here a phenomenon, new, and almoſt incredible in the political world. Abſolute, unlimited, and hereditary monarchy, which has never failed before or ſince to prove one of the heavieſt curſes, which has fallen upon mankind; in Peru became mild, gentle, and beneficent: And was conſtantly employed during the reign of twelve ſucceſſive monarchs, to refine, civilize, and improve the people; and to do the greateſt good to mankind. And yet this was a ſyſtem not founded in truth, or in nature; but in deluſion and ſuperſtition. What could give it a direction ſo ſteady, uniform, and benevolent? Not the form, but the principle of it. It contained the beſt and the pureſt principle, that can enter into the nature of human government. Its origin, duration, and power, depended wholly upon *the public ſentiment*. The inca claimed immediate deſcent, and relation to the ſun. The ſun was the emblem of peace, and benevolence. Had the monarch ſtained his character by enormity in crimes and vices, or by a conſtant abuſe of power, nature would have taught the Peruvians that monſters in corruption, vice, and cruelty, could not have been the favourite children of the Deity. If the inca had been viewed in this light, all his divinity, and his power would have ended. His power was founded altogether in the opinion the people had formed of his divine deſcent, qualifications, character, and virtues. So ſolicitous had the incas been to preſerve this opinion, that through the whole period of their ſucceſſions, they had taken the moſt ſcrupulous care not to endanger or oppoſe it, by any baſe and unworthy conduct. And while they thus proved the conſtant friends and benefactors of the people, the public eſteem and veneration increaſed.—In the benevolence and uſefulneſs of the inca, the people believed they ſaw the children of the ſun: And in the affections and opinions of the people, the inca found an abſolute and unlimited power. But if his conduct had plainly diſcovered, that inſtead of being the child of the ſun, he was the child of folly, of vice, and abominable iniquity, his divinity, his power, and his empire would have ceaſed with the public opinion.

"Inſtead then of being founded in a contempt of the people like the empire of Mexico, the monarchy of Peru had the ſingular good fortune of being founded in the public ſentiment. This rendered the inca accountable to the people for every

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part of his conduct: And this ſenſe of accountability would keep a conſtant ſenſe of duty and character upon his mind. Thus under the form of abſolute hereditary monarchy, the government of Peru had the uncommon advantage of excluding nobility with all its odious diſtinctions and claims; and of embracing the beſt and pureſt principles, upon which civil government can ever be founded. The Indians ſeem to have been the only people, among whom, a regard to the public ſentiment and benefit, did in fact conſtitute the ſpirit and principle of hereditary and abſolute monarchy."

The civil hiſtory of the ſtate is then introduced with an account of the firſt ſettlement of Vermont by the Engliſh. The oppoſition to the formation of Vermont into an independent ſtate, and the conſequent difficulties and diſturbances, together with the political conſequences of the controverſies, reſpecting the admiſſion of Vermont into the Union, are then ſtated with much apparent impartiality. After an account of the employments, cuſtoms, and manners of the people; their inſtitution and laws, with many uſeful remarks on the means of acquiring ſubſiſtence; on the cauſe and effects of the American war, the hiſtory concludes with the following beautiful obſervations on the nature and preſervation of freedom.

"No other cauſe but that which firſt produced the freedom of America, will prove ſufficient to ſupport and preſerve it. It is in the ſtate of ſociety that civil freedom has its origin and ſupport. The effect can never be more pure or perfect, than the cauſes from whence it ariſes; and all thoſe cauſes terminate in the ſtate and condition of the people. The form of government by which the public buſineſs is to be done, a bill of rights to aſcertain the juſt claims of the people, a conſtitution to direct and reſtrain the legiſlature, a code of laws to guide and direct the executive authority, are matters of high importance to any people; and are juſtly eſteemed among the wiſeſt productions, of ancient or modern times. But no people ought to expect that any thing of this nature will avail to ſecure, or to perpetuate their liberties. Such things are conſequences, not the cauſes; the evidences, not the origin of the liberties of the people. They derive their whole authority and force from the public ſentiment; and are of no further avail to ſecure the liberties of the people, than as they tend to expreſs, to form, and to preſerve the public opinion. If this alters and changes, any bill of rights, any conſtitution or form of government, and law, may eaſily be ſet aſide, be changed, or be made of none effect. For it will never be dangerous for the government of any people, to make any alterations or changes, which the public opinion will either allow, juſtify, or ſupport. Nor ought any people to expect, that their legiſlators or governors will be able to preſerve their liberties, for a long period of time. Any body of men who enjoy the powers and profits of public employments, will unavoidably wiſh to have thoſe profits and powers increaſed. The difficulties they will meet with in the execution of their office, the unreaſonable oppoſition that will be made by many to their wiſeſt and beſt meaſures, and the conſtant attempts to diſplace them, by thoſe whoſe only aim and wiſh is to ſucceed them; ſuch things, joined with a natural love of power

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and profit, will not fail to convince all men in public employments, that it would be beſt for the public to put more confidence and power in them. While they thus wiſh and aim to increaſe and add ſtrength to their own powers and emoluments, thoſe powers and emoluments will be called the powers and the dignity of government. It may be doubted whether men are much to blame, for wiſhing and aiming at that, which their ſituation and employment naturally leads to.—The effect ſeems to be univerſal. It has ever been the caſe that government has had an univerſal tendency, to increaſe its own powers, revenues, and influence. No people ought to expect that things will have a different tendency among them: That men will ceaſe to be men, or become a more pure and perfect order of beings, becauſe they have the powers of government committed to them.

"Upon what then can the people depend, for the ſupport and preſervation of their rights and freedom? Upon no beings or precautions under heaven, but themſelves. The ſpirit of liberty is a living principle. It lives in the minds, principles, and ſentiments of the people. It lives in their induſtry, virtue, and public ſentiment: Or rather it is produced, preſerved, and kept alive, by the ſtate of ſociety. If the body of the people ſhall loſe their property, their knowledge, and their virtue, their greateſt and moſt valuable bleſſings are loſt at the ſame time.—With the loſs of theſe, public ſentiment will be corrupted: With the corruption of the public ſentiment, bills of rights, conſtitutions written upon paper and all the volumes of written law, will loſe their force and utility. Their government will immediately begin to change: And when the people have themſelves loſt the cauſe, the principle, and the ſpirit of freedom, they will no longer be capable of a free government: They are better ſuited for the reſtraints of ariſtocracy, or what is far better, for the regulations of monarchy. The conſtitutions and the laws of ſuch a people, will no more preſerve their freedom, than the tombs and the coffins of Monteſquieu and Franklin, will retain their abilities and virtues.

"Ye people of the United States of America, behold here the precarious foundation upon which ye hold your liberties. They reſt not upon things written upon paper, nor upon the virtues, the vices, or the deſigns of other men, but they depend upon yourſelves; upon your maintaining your property, your knowledge, and your virtue. Nature and ſociety have joined to produce, and to eſtabliſh freedom in America. You are now in the full poſſeſſion of all your natural and civil rights; under no reſtraints in acquiring knowledge, property, or the higheſt honours of your country; in the moſt rapid ſtate of improvement, and population; with perfect freedom to make further improvements in your own condition. In this ſtate of ſociety, every thing is adapted to promote the proſperity, the importance, and the improvement of the body of the people.—But nothing is ſo eſtabliſhed among men, but that it may change and vary. If you ſhould loſe that ſpirit of induſtry, of economy, of knowledge, and of virtue, which led you to independence and to empire, then, but not until then will you loſe your freedom: Preſerve your virtues, and your freedom will be perpetual!"

The WELL-BRED MAN.

THE character of a well-bred man cannot be drawn to perfection by any but dramatic writers; becauſe they only have the power of placing him to advantage, in particular circumſtances and relations.

Other writers muſt be content with general deſcriptions, it being ſo great a difficulty to define *good breeding* in the abſtract as moral virtue, which depends upon circumſtances, and the relations in which one man ſtands to another; but like virtue too, it conſiſts in a happy mediocrity between two extremes, of which bluntneſs is the one, and fawning ſervility the other.

A well-bred man hath, in his behaviour, an equal mixture of modeſty and boldneſs, of loquacity and taciturnity, of freedom and reſerve, and of every other quality, *that* degree which is uſeful or commendable, but whoſe extremes are either criminal or ridiculous. Such a man is always condeſcending without falling into the meanneſs of adoration. He is not backward in profeſſing, but more ſolicitous in doing acts of beneficence: He is not ſcrupulous of owning his regard for merit, and of giving it due praiſe, for fear of being thought a flatterer. nor of expreſſing a juſt diſlike of vice, however dignified, to avoid the imputation of rigidneſs. In ſhort, all his actions flow from a good heart, and are noble, generous, ſincere, uniform, and graceful.

If theſe obſervations are true, good breeding is a ſocial virtue: It is benevolence brought into actions with all the advantages and beauty of proportion and ſymmetry. Complaiſance is indeed its reſemblance, as a ſhadow is of a ſubſtance; but complaiſance is only the varniſh, good breeding is the real beauty of the ſoul, made viſible and ſet in the faireſt point of light. The only difference therefore, between the virtuous and well-bred man, is, that the latter ſeems to act his part in life with a ſuperior grace.

ANECDOTE.

THE celebrated Voltaire, in his Treatiſe on Toleration, ſays, "Take a view of the Royal Exchange in London, a place more venerable than many courts of juſtice, where the repreſentatives of all nations meet for the benefit of mankind: There the Jew, the Mahometan, and the Chriſtian, tranſact buſineſs together, as though they were all of the ſame religion, and give the name of infidels to none but *bankrupts*: There the Preſbyterian confides in the Anabaptiſt, and the Churchman depends on the affirmation of the Quaker. At the breaking up of this free and pacific aſſembly, ſome withdraw to the ſynagogue, and others to the bottle; this man goes and is baptiſed in a great tub; that man has his ſon circumciſed, and cauſes a ſet of Hebrew words, to the meaning of which he is an utter ſtranger, to be mumbled over the infant; others retire to their churches, and there wait the inſpiration of heaven, with their hats on; and all are ſatisfied."

CABINET

CABINET OF APOLLO.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The SONGS

of the five Bards, who sung by night: versified from the notes of M'Pherson's Ossian, by LINUS.

(Concluded from page 696.)

FIFTH BARD.

DREARY is night and calm are all the winds;
Far in a cloud the western moon descends.
Slow moves that beam along the shaded hill;
The wave is heard; the torrent murmurs still.
In the lone booth the cock his clarion sounds;
The stars have travelled half their nightly rounds.
The house-wife, watchful of her little train,
Kindles with care her settled fire again.
The hunter thinks he sees the early day;
He calls his bounding dogs; his dogs obey.
Whistling he goes and mounts the woody height:
The surly blast removes the clouds of night.
Along the north the starry plough he sees;
And yet no day-star tops the eastern trees.
Much of the night is yet to pass, he finds;
In sleep he nods regardless of the winds.

Hark! a distant whirlwind seems to roar!
A murmuring flood seems thro' the vale to pour!
Lo! lo! the host of mighty dead appear,
Returning from their mansions in the air.
The moon has sunk behind the western hill,
The farewel beam is on the tall rock still.
From the high trees, the length'ned shadows fall,
A sober melancholy gloom now saddens all.
Me, from the cheerless night, my friends, receive;
And consolation to the wretched give.

THE CHIEF.

Upon the mountain let the dark clouds rest:
Let fear pervade the panting traveller's breast.
Let spirits fly; and let the winds arise;
Let sounding storms in thunder sweep the skies;
Let windows flap and mountain torrents roar;
And green winged meteors in the dark air soar.
Let the pale moon her silver radiance shed,
So deep in sky-born clouds enclose her head.
Stormy or fair, alike to me is night;
Dreary with clouds, or with the new moon bright.
Night flies away before the early beams,
When o'er the hill the golden morning gleams.
From the dark cloud young day returns again,
But man forever moulders on the plain.

Where are our chiefs of old, renowned in fame?
And where our many kings of mighty name?
Silent their battles on the crimson plain,
And scarce, alas! their massy tombs remain.
These domes must fall and we must also die,
And undistinguished in the dust must lie.
Our sons shall view the ruin of our halls,
And ask the old, "where stood our father's walls?"

Come, raise the song; the harp of glory sound;
And send the festive shells of joy around.
An hundred tapers from the wall suspend;
Ye youths and maids, the sportive dame attend.
Let some gray bard the song of honour raise,
And tell to me the deeds of other days;

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Of kings and chiefs whose glorious race is o'er,
Illustrious dead! whom we behold no more.
Thus let the night in pleasure pass away;
Till o'er the mountain peeps the dawn of day:
Then rouse the dogs, and let our bows be near,
Ascend the hill with day, and wake the drowzy deer.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

An ELEGY.

DEAR spotless shade! receive these lays,
Which flow from friendship most sincere;
If round this globe thy spirit strays,
Or haunts the scenes which once were dear.

The muse who knew thy tuneful powers,
Who oft admired thy flowing verse,
Shall deck thy grave with early flowers,
And all thy matchless worth rehearse.

When night his ebon throne resumes,
When Cynthia sheds her feebleſt ray
When plants exhale their soft perfumes,
Around thy dewy grave I'll stray.

Some friendly hand a tomb shall raise,
Or science rear the sculptured stone,
Which justly shall record thy praise,
And tell how bright thy virtues shone.

The youths, whose generous bosoms swell
With rapture at thy rising fame,
Shall all thy manly graces tell,
And hand to future time thy name.

For thee, on each revolving year,
Mary will heave the tender sigh;
For thee, shall drop the briny tear,
And all her native numbers try.

Eliza, too, with plaintive strains,
Shall tell thy virtues o' er and o'er;
Whilst mem'ry one fond trait retains,
In silence she'll thy loss deplore.

Around yon kind, paternal dome,
Where oft thy early footsteps strayed,
Methinks there hangs a solemn gloom,
Which saddens all the distant glade.

Like virtue's image sent on earth,
Thou charm'd'st awhile our wondering eyes;
Then sought the climes that gave thee birth,
And wing'd thy way to happier skies.

If virtue can a crown receive;
What dazzling glories deck thy head?
No longer then let friendship grieve,
Since thou from care to bliss art fled.

But why did all-indulgent heaven
Form such a faultless piece of clay!
Why was the transient blessing given,
Thus to be torn so soon away!

LINUS.

To a MOUNTAIN DAISY.

On turning one down with the plough, in April, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem,
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! its no thy neebot sweet,
The bonie lark, companion meet;
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
Wi spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth:
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O'clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i'the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskillful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n.
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till

Till wrench'd of every ſtay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, ſink!
Ev'n thou who mourn'ſt the daiſy's fate,
That fate is thine—no diſtant date;
Stern RUIN's *plough-ſhare* drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till cruſh'd beneath the *furrows* weight,
Shall be thy doom!

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

LINES, to a Mourning DOVE.

SAY, why lovely mourner, that muſical fall;
That accent that ſpeaks a diſconſolate mind?
Does ſome hidden tumult thy boſom appal,
Which leaves the ſad ſting of reflection behind?

The cauſe of thy anguiſh full well I diſcern,
The ſeaſons of beauty and pleaſure are paſt:
Yet ſilence, dear mourner, they ſoon ſhall return,
And nature with beauties be freſh overcaſt.

Though dark ſtormy winter howls over the plain,
Though the brooks ceaſe to murmur, the vallies to ſing,
Yet earth ſhall be cloth'd with her fragrance again,
And creation revive in the ſplendor of ſpring.

Even now, deareſt warbler, my fancy can ſee,
The ſeaſons of bliſs in futurity roll;
The far-ſpreading verdure, the white blooming tree,
And the ſunſhine of ecſtacy burſts on my ſoul.

Ye fields which but lately were ſilver'd by flowers,
My mind into rapture was kindled by you,
Now fancy impatiently waits for the hours,
When May's fairy pencil your charms ſhall renew.

How chang'd in a moment the ſurface of things,
The groves and the gardens are cover'd with ſnow;
Soon zephyr ſhall flutter your leaves with his wing,
And bathe his light limbs in the dews of the roſe.

Then faireſt complainer forbear thy ſoft lays,
Nor grieve for thoſe bleſſings which ſpring ſhall reſtore;
But mourn for the current of man's fleeting days,
That ſeaſon which flies and reviſits no more.

THE HERMIT.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

LINES, addreſſed to LINUS.

"*Tu eris Mæcenas mihi.*"

WHILE others ſtrive to ſtamp an heroe's name
On the tall pillars of eternal fame;
I chooſe a nobler theme—I fly to greet
Sequeſtered merit in his dark retreat.

You firſt enſnar'd me with poetic chime,
And taught my ſimple muſe to liſp in rhyme;
You taught her firſt to riſe, and nobly dare
Her new fledg'd pinions thro' the depth of air.

To thee, as to her parent, now the muſe,
Returns, and all her pleaſures paſt reviews.
O ſacred poeſy, how oft thy lays
Have wandered in dark falſehoods dreary maze;
Forſook plain reaſon, that illuſtrious guide,
To whiſper flatt'ry in the ear of pride;
Still may I ever ſpurn the golden bait,
Or live in this retreat, obſcurely great.
Not thoſe that in the round of affluence roll,
Direct, O Linus, thy aſpiring ſoul.
While humble, unaſſuming merit, ſhines,
Wove in the texture of your poliſh'd lines,
How oft have we in tranſport ſtruck the lyre,
And felt our boſoms glow with mutual fire;
To notes of rapture wak'd the ſilver ſtring,
And ſoar'd ſublime on fancy's airy wing.
But when old Homer, with majeſtic ſtrains,
Sung the dire terror of the Trojan plains,
In quick ſucceſſion on our raviſh'd eyes,
The illuſtrious ſhade of laurell'd heroes riſe.
What form is this that flits along the glades,
And ſhiv'ring wanders in the midnight ſhades,
Half wrapt in clouds the ghoſtly form appears,
His face bedew'd with viſionary tears,

In

In ſize a mountain, and in ſtrength an hoſt,
'Tis Ajax—obſtinately ſullen ghoſt.
But who is this that ſtalks of milder mein,
Calm is his aſpect, and his brow ſerene?
Hail, mighty Hector, thy renown ſhall laſt,
And brave the rage of envy's blighting blaſt.
The ſtateſman's policy, and hero's power,
Shone forth refulgent in that gloomy hour;
When rous'd to glory by the martial flame,
You ſtood the foremoſt of the Trojan name.
What ſullen ſpectre moves with graceful pride,
His beamy faulchion glitters at his ſide;
His radiant veſture purer than the ſnows,
And on his cheek the richeſt crimſon glows;
His ſhining helmet ſhoots a thouſand ways,
And to the moon in quiv'ring radiance plays;
Illuſtrious ſhade, renown'd Achilles, hail,
Thy deathleſs deeds ſhall over time prevail.
Thus the full moon, when midnight damps ariſe,
And clouds of darkneſs hover round the ſkies,
Still ſhines ſerene a floating orb of light,
Breaks from the clouds and gilds the brow of night.
But when ſoft Virgil tunes the Roman ſhell,
And bids his lays in mild meanders ſwell,
So ſtrong, ſo muſically ſweet, they roll,
A tide of ſoft emotions o'er the ſoul;
The waving trees the ſoftly murmuring gales,
That hum delightful thro' the ſcented vales,
With pleaſure bear the attentive mind along,
In the rich melody of Virgil's ſong.
There ſportive flocks, like mountain ſnows are ſeen,
And earth ſeems ſmiling in her livelieſt green.
But Oſſian, wild, irregularly wild,
The pride of genius—nature's darling child,
All blind and comfortleſs, would often go
Where the rude winds thro' dreary foreſts blow,
And ſtop to hear the mountain ſpirits rave,
In mild conjunction with the roaring wave.
Auſpicious fancy, hear my laſt requeſt,
Reviſit this fair empire of the weſt;
On ſome young poet all thy powers beſtow,
Bid from his pen ſpontaneous numbers flow;
Soar to the regions of immortal fame,
On time's ſwift wing, and *Linus* be his name.

THE HERMIT.

To the Editors *of the* Maſſachuſetts Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

You expreſſed a wiſh that ſome of your Readers would furniſh you with lines upon the cloſe of the preſent year—if you are not better ſupplied, the following are much at your ſervice, and their publication will oblige a correſpondent.

LINES,

Written DECEMBER *Thirty-firſt*, 1794.

"AND dare a female touch thoſe hallow'd ſtrings?
"Where ſtrains undying, *Della Cruſca* flings?
"Whoſe ſolemn, mellow, grave, melodious notes,
"Swell in the gale, and on the zephyr float!"

Ah, let the critic ſpare the unequal line,
Below his art the numbers I entwine!
Shield me ſweet candour, thy mild pleas prepare,
And, *bleſt good nature*, thy rich phalanx rear;
Nor let *compariſon* with blighting breath,
Prejudge, arraign, and follow to the death.
Some little niche the trembling victim give,
Permit her in the breezy vale to live:
For ſure, tho' heav'n-born genius cuts the ſkies,
Fathoms the depths, and new found ſtreams ſupplies,
Yet gratitude, implanted in the breaſt,
May ſtill in humble language be expreſt;
The world's benignant prince but waits thoſe fruits,
Which ſuits the ſoil, and which the culture ſuits,
Nor, *if the occupant improves his time*,
Imputes the ſingle talent as a crime,
'Tis *for the indolent and liſtleſs mind*,
The righteous cenſure was by heaven deſign'd.

"But of this day, pray what remains unſaid?
"Can Della Cruſcan laurels need thy aid?"
Yet let me ſwell the tribute of a tear,
And humbly conſcious in the vaſe appear,
The lowly flower may round the margin creep,

And

And common sorrows, common minds may weep ;
The language of the peerless bard, I own,
From rich parnassian founts hath copious flown ;
And, with the painter, fam'd in days of old,
While art and nature all their charms unfold—
Absorb'd in wonder, with rapt tongue I cry,
I too have written, and have swell'd the sigh ;
Have mourn'd the lapse of time, departed joys,
Those death-wing'd hours, whose torpid flight destroys ;
December oft hath mark'd my drowned eyes,
And its return mementos sad supplies!
Its gathering glooms, attir'd in sable vest!
With all their horrors on my mind impress,
Hears, or creates the storm, howe'er serene,
May's dewy zephyrs seem to intervene.
And, e'en since last its mantle swept the plain,
Drear harbinger of winter's snow clad reign,
Though oft before of many a good bereft,
And few to solace my torn heart were left!
Yet once again the missive weapon sped,
To swell the annals of the hallow'd dead,
With aim too sure the fatal mischief flew,
And from my grasp its beauteous victim drew!
Cherubic innocent, her lovely form,
Thus early fainted, 'scap'd from every storm,
Retention melancholy shall retrace,
Fond to delineate her angel face,
Too soon, alas, the infant voyager crown'd,
Her ærial mansion, and her heav'n hath found!
And tho' thro' paradise she wings her way,
Yet circling friends still tread the thorny way ;
Regretting tears we o'er sweet Anna shed,
And breathe new sorrows round her clay turf'd bed.
How sad the retrospect, how many throng!
What venerable shadows pass along.
Dear shades belov'd, next to my God rever'd,
Full many a pang of heart for me ye shar'd ;
Peace to your spirits, hovering seraphs wait,
Years must roll on, the hour ordain'd by fate ;
My work perform'd, the task assign'd complete,
Beyond this woe-fraught scene my friends I meet.
I hail this parting day, this closing year,
Full charg'd to me the length'ning hours appear,
This revolution tardy to my sight,
Delay'd too long its heavy, ling'ring flight,
Pregnant, and crowded with events it rose,
And still replete with ills the vision shows!
My native rocks, my native hills resign'd,
To my lorn breast new hopes and fears I bind ;
Boldly adventuring o'er the untry'd way,
Necessity my weary steps obey ;
And what, tho' wintry time advancing on,
Loudly proclaims of life the waning sun.
Tho' o'er the glossy honours of my head,
Its fleeting influence is insidious shed ;
What tho' the boisterous winds of heaven descend,
And to the narrow house I rapid bend,
Let me not mourn the universal doom,
Nor shrink reluctant from the opening tomb :
For sure these glooms which seem to shroud the grave,
Oblivion's wand o'er each career to wave,
Are but the prelude of returning spring,
Which in its train immortal joys shall bring,
The perfum'd breeze—gay summer's flowery vest,
Prolific autumn in rich purple drest ;
These shall perennial live, mid mildest skies,
While suns eternal shall unfading rise ;
No more shall winter's ever ponderous wing, [fling,
Wide o'er the globe its stormy horrors
But banish'd to the dark abodes of night,
Mankind shall hail the gladsome beams of light!
Through space interminable bend their course,
Knowledge inhaling from its parent source ;
Retracing suns and systems as they roll,
Amply dilating the expansive soul.
Then shall philanthropy—blest sovereign reign,
And every sentiment her rule maintain,
Sincerity with sky rob'd peace entwine,
And order, born of heaven, the trio join,
Till happiness eventual gathers round,
And truth consummate is with honour crown'd,
Till the bright day with deathless splendor breaks,

To

To new born joys till every ſenſe awakes,
Till man, no more regretting Adam's fall,
"One vaſt unbounded ſpring encircles all."

CONSTANTIA.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The FUNERAL.

WITHIN an oak's diffuſive ſhade, whoſe top
Waved high in air, and kiſſed each paſſing gale,
I gently laid me down; while naught was heard,
Save the ſoft ſound that whiſpering fancy wrought.
Sudden the deep-toned death-bells awful ſound
Came like low thunder rolling on the gale,
I turned, and lo! a melancholy train,
Moving in ſilence o'er the gloomy fields.
Juſt o'er their heads the diſmal urn was ſeen,
Slowly majeſtic waving; while the pall
Stretched its black ſkirts and flapped with every breeze.
Behind, the mournful, melancholy band,
Hung down their heads, and wet the ground with tears.
Slow they approached to where yon ſculptured ſtones
In length'ning ſolitary order ſtand! there ſtopt,
And freed their ſhoulders of the precious load.
Then in the boſom of the yawning grave
They laid their much-loved friend; and turning round,
Bade him a lingering, long and laſt farewell.
Then quick departing from the mournful ſcene,
With heavy pace, they meaſured back the ground.
All but Salima, who remained there ſtill,
To pay her laſt ſad tribute to her love,
And mourn the man ſhe ever held moſt dear.
With pleaſure once I view'd the ſun's broad beam;
But, now his joyful, ſoul-enlivening ray,
The clouds of ſorrow hide, alas! from me.
Once I, enraptured in the flow'ry ſpring,
Beheld the trees in all their beauty bloom;
From them I now avert my weary eyes,
Sad emblems of the youth whoſe loſs I mourn.
Once I frequented yonder pleaſing grove
And heard the nightingale's melodious laye
With pleaſing rapture and devotive awe.
Ye tenants of the air, no more will I
Attend to your enchanting ſongs, but ſeek
Some ſympathetic ſhades to eaſe my woe.
When gloomy midnight reigned, I often uſed
To ramble o'er the fields and taſte delights,
Whoſe every breeze brought pleaſure, health and love.
But, now far diſtant all thoſe pleaſing ſcenes,
Thoſe ſprightly thoughts that revel in my breaſt.
Adieu, ye venerable plains, where oft
In muſing ſolitude I loved to ſtray;
Ye dear retreats of innocence and mirth,
Receive my ſad, my long, my laſt adieu.
Soft ſighs the graſs that on the green tomb grows,
And ſofter ſtill the turtle coos her ſong;
So ſhall my numbers tell thy early fate.
With melancholy grief alone I'll ſeek
Yon dreary mountain's ſolitary cave,
And count my ſorrows all the live-long day:
For thee, dear youth, I'll tune my mourning harp,
And there ſecurely ſing down ſummer ſuns.

LINUS.

A DESCRIPTION of WINTER.

FROM mountains of eternal ſnow,
And *Zembla's* dreary plains;
Where the bleak winds for ever blow,
And froſt for ever reigns;

Lo! *Winter* comes in fogs array'd,
With ice, and ſpangled dews;
To dews, and fogs, and ſtorms be paid
The tribute of the muſe.

Each flowery carpet nature ſpread,
Is vaniſh'd from the eye;
Where'er unhappy lovers tread,
No *Philomel* is nigh.

No bluſhing roſe unfolds its bloom,
No tender lilies blow,
To ſcent the air with rich perfume,
Or grace my charmer's brow.

Hail! ev'ry pair whom love unites,
In *Hymen's* pleaſing ties;
That endleſs ſource of pure delights,
That bleſſing of the wiſe!

Tho' yon poor *orb* no warmth beſtows,
And ſtorms united meet,
The flame of love, and friendſhip glows
With unextinguiſhed heat!

MONTHLY

MONTHLY GAZETTE.

Summary of Foreign Intelligence.

GERMANY.

VIENNA, *Sept.* 23.

THE last official advices from Holland, received some days ago, state, that their condition is altered vastly for the better. In the different actions lately near the capital, the Poles always attacked, and were uniformly victorious. On the nights of the 28th and 29th, 200 men from the camp of General Zapazezek surprized two Russian batteries, cut the men to pieces, and carried off their artillery. The details of the particular actions which preceded the retreat of the King of Prussia, would be uninteresting, but all accounts concur in declaring, that the Prussians have entirely evacuated the territories of the republic.

The Austrians having continued to advance, though in an apparent friendly manner, were met by some Polish battallions, which defeated them, and took seventy of them prisoners with their arms and baggage.

The insurgents in Great Poland, on the 21st, sunk at Wrocklawck, fourteen vessels laden with military stores for the siege of Warsaw.

The Polish troops took possession of the Palatinate of Sandamin, and Cracow; and Kosciusko hangs upon the rear of the Prussian army. Discontents are manifesting themselves so strongly in Silesia, as to cause apprehensions for the safety of that province; and in Lithuania, the Poles have already possessed themselves of the cities of Minsk and Nieswick.

The two English plenipotentiaries have had their audience leave, and will shortly quit this city; but whether they will go direct to London, or to any other place first, we do not know.

With regard to the treaty between Great-Britain and Austria, the following farther particulars have transpired:

1. Great-Britain will immediately pay the subsidies to be granted as soon as Austria shall request them.

2. Great-Britain will most earnestly cooperate in the re-conquest of the Netherlands, to be effected as soon as possible.

3. The Netherlands shall have a standing militia sufficient to cover them.

4. The convention entered into at the Hague shall be annulled

5. Austria is to receive of Great-Britain the sum of 4,000,000 of florins per annum, for which it shall cover with troops, Maestricht, Breda, and all the frontier provinces.

BERLIN, *Sept.* 23. The king is arrived at Potsdam. The army of the Rhine will certainly be withdrawn, except seventeen thousand men as the electoral contingent. According to the most recent advices from south Prussia, the insurrection is still predominant. The insurgents are said to massacre all the small detachments of Prussians they fall upon unawares, and to hang the officers. This misfortune lately occurred to a counsellor of war, and a young receiver of the excise. Propositals of peace are generally talked of; and it is added that an officer of distinction will shortly be sent to Warsaw for the purpose of negociating.

NETHERLANDS.

MANHEIM, *Sept.* 25. Every thing in our neighbourhood has been quiet hitherto day before yesterday. A strong corps of French were said to be seen yesterday marching towards Rieseck. Field marshal Mollendorff is again at Kreutznach. The report of Neustadt being taken by the Imperialists is not true; on the contrary, the enterprize of Gen. Wartensleben has failed, and he has retreated with some loss.

MUNSTER, *Sept.* 30. We have heard nothing here of the approach of a Prussian army so much talked of, for the relief of Holland: But it appears certain that Gen. Mollendorff is preparing to advance with 12 or 5000 men to succour the Austrians near the lower Rhine

ENGLAND.

LONDON, *Sept.* 25. The following particulars, which have not yet appeared, are extracted from a variety of letters, which we have received from correspondents in the British army.

General Pichegru was near being taken on the 12th inst. when his adjutant gen. and another officer were taken by a party of the Hussars of Choiseuil.

The war of posts that has lately been carried

carried on, has given room for inſtances of cruelty unknown but in civil wars. The Huſſars of Choiſeuil, almoſt all emigrants, attacked on the 12th inſt. a party of the French called the Huſſars de la liberte, and cut every man to pieces.—The French Huſſars called out for mercy; but the emigrants, recollecting the mercy their unfortunate brethren had received, did not ſpare a ſingle man.

A ſquadron of ſix ſail of the line and 3 frigates, ſailed from Breſt on the 12th of Sept. to intercept the Mediterranean convoy; twenty other frigates are ſaid to be cruiſing in the bay of Biſcay. The port of Genoa is again open, and the Engliſh Miniſter is ſhortly expected there.

The towns and villages in France, which have changed their names ſince the Revolution, amount to 6000.

The contribution which the French levied on Ghent was 7,000,000 of florins.

The laſt mail brought a letter from Lauſanne, containing the following intelligence; Lyons has reſumed its name—It is rebuilding—The ariſtocrats have been recalled to it, and trade begins to revive there.

Yeſterday a courier arrived at the Spaniſh Ambaſſador's, with letters from the court of Madrid, by which we learn, that the courts of Spain and Naples are come to a determination to proſecute the war with the utmoſt vigor.

Sept. 29. It is with a degree of emotion which it is impoſſible for us to deſcribe, but in which we are certain that every loyal ſubject, and good man, will ſtrongly participate, that we communicate to the public the exiſtence of a plot for the aſſaſſination of our moſt gracious king.

The particulars of this alarming and atrocious deſign it would be improper at preſent fully to diſcloſe; but upon a point on which the public intereſt will be ſo much excited, the people have a right to expect ſome ſatisfactory information.

Yeſterday the privy council ſat in their chamber at Whitehall to examine two perſons, who where apprehended upon ſuſpicion of being materially concerned in this plot—The council met early in the afternoon and ſat until 4 o'clock—The perſons examined were of the names of William Higgins and John Pierre-Lemaitre. A poiſoned arrow was to be aimed at the breaſt of the king——This was to be directed from the pit, through an air machine of particular conſtruction, while a riot was to have been raiſed, which would of courſe, have attracted the general attention of the audience. Who was to have been the immediate agent in this buſineſs, we do not know, but Higgins was to have ſupplied the poiſon.—The ſuſpicion of the buſineſs firſt aroſe from the mechanic employed to make the inſtrument.

FRANCE.

Sept. 7. A letter was read from Cumell, adjutant general of the army in the Alps, informing the convention, that the Piedmonteſe to the number of 8000 men, attacked the French on the 17th, at three o'clock in the morning; but the diſpoſitions which the French commander with 3000 men, had made to receive them, prevented any deſire to return to the charge, and they left 30 priſoners in the hands of the French.

Sept. 17th. *Report of the telegraphe.*—The Republicans purſued, beat the enemy before Bois le Duc, the 28th Fructidor, to the evening; 1500 priſoners, 8 cannon, a number of fuſils, waggons and horſes are the fruits of the day.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Europe, to his correſpondent in this town.

"THOUGH I often pay my reſpects to Mr. Jay, when all preſent are in the American intereſt, yet we, none of us, ever could get from him, any thing reſpecting the ſtage or forwardneſs of his buſineſs, and from the neceſſity alone of the Britiſh cabinet's granting all and even more than he at one time would have exacted, we have reaſon to ſuppoſe that he will by and by return back, and be heartily welcomed by his fellow-citizens. It is rumoured, and not without ſome truth, that the Britiſh cabinet never had a harder or tougher hand to deal with than they find in Citizen Jay; this, with the critical ſituation of Great Britain juſt now, will inſure him ſucceſs; and it has been mentioned in circles where I have been, who are not in the American intereſt, that he, Mr. Jay, is embracing the preſent opportunity, and will obtain the privilege of the carrying trade to the Weſt Indies,

Indies, so far as that the United States shall have access to all the islands with free liberty to carry and bring any thing to and from them they please: For instance, a vessel not exceeding 120 tons burthen, may go from Boston, with a cargo of any thing to the island of Jamaica; there sell and purchase a cargo of sugar, and carry it back to Boston, land it, and then if you please, reship it, in any size vessel, and carry it to any European market, except Great Britain and Ireland—

"This point gained, as the United States can carry, in times of peace, for about one half what Great Britain can, she will go near to make a monopoly of the whole carrying business. Altho' Mr. Jay, as before observed, is close in the extreme, yet from this leaking out of the other party, I hardly doubt its truth, and as Great Britain must be at peace with the United States, she will just now grant almost any thing Mr. Jay may demand, and I do not think he will be wanting or sparing in his exertions.

"To attempt to give you a particular account of the political world at this time, would be endless, and needless, as you will doubtless have things detailed in your own papers; and give me leave to observe, generally, That France is every where successful, and such extraordinary genius and energy does she possess, that if the executive of that country should declare they would build a bridge from Calais to Dover, I should think it accomplished. Going on for three months more as they have for the three past, they will have all the cannon in Europe and half the merchant vessels of Great-Britain—Holland must either make a separate peace or be conquered in all the present month; and in either case, France will have the Dutch navy in her scale, and then, by next spring, she will be able to break the back of the British navy; of such importance does France conceive this object to be, that she will not make peace till it is accomplished."

Philad. Nov. 27.

By the Pigou, Loxley, arrived yesterday, papers are received only one day later than those before come to hand, but they contain intelligence of the first importance. The siege of Maestricht, that key to part of Holland, may be considered as the immediate consequence of the victory.

From the Courier of Sep. 26.

Yesterday a messenger arrived from the continent, with intelligence of an event perhaps as calamitous as any that has occurred this war.

General Clairfayt has been defeated after an engagement of three days.

His army consisted of between 60 and 70,000 men, and was posted between Maestricht and Liege; his right wing encamped in the neighbourhood of the former, and his left occupying the strong post of La Chartruese.

It was on the left wing the French made their principal attack. It commenced on the 17th inst. and it was not till the 19th, that the French succeeded with a loss on the side of the Austrians of from 12 to 13,000.

The Duke of York was defeated on the 17th, with the loss of 500 men—From the morning herald of Sep. 27. Government, we are informed, are in possession of intelligence of the most melancholy nature from the army of General Clairfayt. This brave, but unfortunate officer, with about 70,000 men under his command, was attacked by the enemy, in immense force, on the 17th instant, between Maestricht and Liege. He sustained the vigorous assault with his wonted courage and intrepidity, in a manner, which, although eventually overpowered by superiority of force, must reflect on him immortal honor. The engagement, it appears, lasted near three days with very little intermission; the two first of which he had apparently the advantage; but on the third the enemy unfortunately succeeded in turning his left wing, and obliged him to make a precipitate retreat to Aix la Chapelle, with the loss of upwards of 12,000 men.

This of course occasions a total change in the plan of operations in that quarter. Maestricht is now, we fear, left entirely unprotected, and Gen. Clairfayt must content himself with acting on the defensive in the best manner he can, and saving the shattered remains of his defeated army. General Jourdan commanded the French troops in this affair, whose loss is not mentioned, but must have been considerably greater than that of the allies.

General Pichegru is pursuing the Duke of York with a force consisting of 80,000 men; and as his Royal Highness cannot hope for any succours from the Austrian army, his plan, doubtless will be, to affect a farther retreat from the dangers with which he appears to be threatened.

The accounts from Holland are most alarming. The Duke of York is said to have

have paſſ'd Nimeguen and to be evidently on his retreat acroſs the Rhine; while by the laſt moveme nt of Clairfayt, he ſeems alſo to be on the route to croſs the ſame river. What may be the complete ſurrender of the field to the French, our intelligent readers will readily ſee—The poſſeſſion of Holland which nothing could have given the French but the guilt and folly of our miniſters, will add to the marein of our enemy ſuch power as muſt be tremendous, particularly when we conſider the ſituation and extent of the coaſt and ports from which this additional force will enſue—If already they have committed ſuch devaſtations on the north ſeas, what muſt be the havock on our trade, when, to ſuch a length of coaſt they add the ſhipping, the ſkill and the induſtry of the Dutch—We may then be reduced to the melancholy ſituation, when even our ariſtocrats will not object, in parliment, to the cutting of canals, as there will be other means of ſupplying London with coals.

BULLION.

In one of the veſſels juſt arrived from France, near three tons of ſilver in ingots have been imported—This may be a valuable acquiſition to the mint of the United States.

Dr. PRIESTLY

has been unanimouſly elected profeſſor of Chymiſty, of the univerſity of Pennſylvania—He has, however, declined the appointment, having purchaſed a lot on the banks of the Suſquehannah, in the town of Northumberland, where he intends next ſpring to build a houſe, and enjoy the pleaſures of rural and domeſtic life.

The troops which ware called out to act againſt the Pennſylvania inſurgents, have returned to their reſpective homes; except thoſe who have enliſted to ſerve nine months in order to ſecure the execution of the laws in the ſeat of inſurrection.

TREATY,

lately concluded between the United States and the Indians of the ſix nations.

The United States to relinquiſh all claims to the lands known by the name of the Oneida, Onondago and Cayuga reſervations, and another tract of country lying partly upon the lakes Ontario and Erie; to pay the ſix nations an annuity of 4500 dollars forever; and to deliver to them at the concluſion of the treaty, 10,000 dollars worth of goods. In conſequence of which, the ſix nations relinquiſh their claims to all other lands within the United States, and alſo grant the privilege of a waggon road from Sluſher to lake Erie, and the privilege of lading veſſels in any of the creeks or harbors within their country.

IN A TEMPEST,

which took place on the coaſt of England, about the 1ſt of october, a great number of veſſels were caſt away—we ſincerely hope that none of our American mariners, *were among the unfortunate.*

HARVARD COLLEGE LOTTERY.

On the 16th. the drawing of the firſt claſs of Harvard College Lottery ended—When leſs than an hundred remained in the wheels—No. 18547 drew 10,000 dollars. This is the property of the College.

MARRIAGES.

MASSACHUSETTS——*Boſton*, Mr. Matthias Crocker to Miſs Rebecca Vollentine. Mr. Joſeph Bond to Miſs Ruthy Chittenden.

Barre, Eleazer James, Eſq. attorney at law, to Miſs Brooks.

Holden, Mr. Rufus Flagg to Miſs Rachel Dwella.

Worceſter, Capt. Joſeph Torrey to Mrs. Azubah Goulding.

Lancaſter, Francis Blake, Eſq. attorney at law, to Miſs Eliza Auguſta Chandler.

Watertown, Mr. John Williams to Miſs Rhoda Willington.

DEATHS.

MASSACHUSETTS—*Boſton*, Mr. Joſeph Dolbeare, 30; Mr. Alexander Galloway, 32; Mrs. Ann Holden, 55; Mr. William Kennedy, 40; Maſter John Green, 12; Mrs. Martha Sniveron, of Newyork, 59; Mr. Ebenezer Weld, 37; Col. Joſiah Flagg; Mrs. Mary Woart, 57; Mr. Samuel Cooke.

Danvers, Mr. Nathaniel Goldthwait, 87;

Northfield, Rev. John Hubbard, 69.

Sutton, Rev. Grendall Rawſon of Dover, 73.

Warwick, Mr. Joſiah Gale, 72.

Worceſter, Doct. Thomas Nichols, 82; Mr. David Johnſon, 24.

Ipſwich, Mr. Benjamin Fellows, 83.

Gorham.—Mrs. Elizabeth Gould, aged 26, daughter of the Rev. Paul Coffin, of Buxton.

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